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THE FRENCH INTERVENTION.

IT must be owned that the Emperor of the French has, in his recent acts, adhered closely to the general policy of his reign. He had first to consider whether he would show a firm front to the Revolution; and this he has never hesitated to do, even though, in order to do so effectually, he has had to seek the co-operation, and appear to abet the schemes, of the Clerical party. No one can believe for a moment that he is fond of this party, or likes its ways of going on, or is blind to the extreme danger he would incur if he threw himself absolutely into its arms. But if it is a mere choice between priests and Garibaldians, between black and red, he is now, as he always has been, for the black. An Empire can make use of priests, but it cannot make use of revolutionists. The whole theory of the Republican party in France and Italy is utterly subversive of that scheme of government which LOUIS NAPOLEON embodies. But the Emperor has himself shown that the influence of the clergy may be brought to bear in favour of a sovereign whom, on the whole, it dislikes and distrusts. The EMPEROR has now once more decided that he will, if necessary, put down revolution with the sword. But he has done so in a manner to show as little sympathy as possible with the Clerical party. He has carefully guarded himself against being considered their ally, at Rome or anywhere else. It was far more difficult for him to decide what attitude he should assume towards the Italian monarchy. And here he has followed the path which for ten years he has marked out for himself. He is most friendly, and even indulgent, towards VICTOR EMMANUEL. He will see no grounds for quarrel that he can possibly avoid seeing. He has ordered a circular to be issued, in which the value which France attaches to the ties binding it to Italy is solemnly acknowledged and recorded. He has passed over in complete silence the extraordinary incident of GARIBALDI's last visit to Florence, and if he had been inclined to pick a quarrel he could not have had a better opportunity. Here is the leader and hero and mainspring of the Revolution, the man whom the Italian Government had arrested and kept in confinement because he was dangerous, and threatened to commit acts injurious to France and Italy, openly showing himself in the very capital of Italy, using Florence as the fountain of revolutionary enterprise, and announcing himself as determined to do what he had been expressly forbidden to do by his Sovereign. It was a most marvellous state of things for Italy to permit, and for France to overlook. Now that the French flag waves over Rome, the King of ITALY has determined that he too will intervene. Italian troops have crossed the frontier, and are in possession of a portion of the Papal territory. And yet France gives no sign of indignation or offence. All that LOUIS NAPOLEON seems to care for is that the revolution should be put down. He seems to have no objection to the Italian Government aiding in the task; and as the French Circular represents the intervention as intended to confer a signal service on the Italian monarchy, it would perhaps be inconsistent that VICTOR EMMANUEL should not be allowed to join in doing himself good. If GARIBALDI was not to take and hold Rome, it was obviously necessary that France should intervene; but if she was to intervene, it was impossible that the intervention should assume a form more respectful and kind and conciliatory towards Italy.

The EMPEROR has had, of course, to take account of the feelings of his own subjects; and what those feelings are it is not very easy for foreigners, perhaps not very easy for Frenchmen, to ascertain. The Clerical party are in a position to make the most noise, and they have made full use of the position they enjoy. They have made noise enough to feel sure that, so far as shrieking and cursing and imploring and praying go, they have done their duty. They can come

before the public at once, and use language as strong as they please. Every one of the ninety Bishops can issue a special appeal to his flock; every pulpit can be turned into a tribune; every church can be made a licensed place for a violent political meeting. The friends of Italy cannot say or do anything publicly. The law would be down on them at once if they uttered fierce addresses, or gathered together for mutual counsel and encouragement. But there have not been wanting signs that the project, attributed to the EMPEROR, of helping the POPE and the clergy to crush Italy, has aroused a very deep feeling of horror and indignation in the minds of a great many Frenchmen. A spirit has in the last few days been shown among the workmen of Paris which had for many years been wanting in the capital. They have behaved as if they had at last found out, much to their disappointment, that LOUIS NAPOLEON was no longer their friend. We may be sure that such a manifestation will not be without effect on the EMPEROR. It is not a manifestation against him or his dynasty, against his general system of government, or against social order. It is a manifestation against the idea of a ruler who boasts of being the chief of a democracy proving false to the cause of democracy; and this is a position which LOUIS NAPOLEON would not and could not accept for an instant. He has, in fact, done all that he could to show his democratic friends that he is still to be trusted. He has announced, in the most express terms, that he is not going to occupy Rome again. He will not commit so egregious a mistake. All he wishes is to put down revolution; and while he warns his subjects that they must no longer support GARIBALDI, or subscribe for him, or say kind things of him publicly, yet he only invites them to obey on the understanding that they shall have a reward for their obedience. The Roman question shall not be left as it is. The POPE shall not be merely guaranteed against revolution, and all things suffered to go on as before. A serious effort shall be made to arrive at some sort of satisfactory ending of this troublesome temporal power. The two things must be taken together. Revolution is to be put down, but democratic France is to be cheered by the knowledge that, after the revolution has been dealt with, the turn of the POPE is to come. It is entirely impossible that the arrangement which the EMPEROR contemplates as feasible should not be more unfavourable to the temporal power than the existing state of things; for if the existing state of things is to be preserved, what can be the use of entering on a discussion of the subject? And as the POPE will most assuredly not get more than he has got now, and as a change is to be made, it must be that he is to get less. Both to Italy and to the French democracy LOUIS NAPOLEON offers himself in the character of one who, although obliged to be a little severe and to choose his own way of working, is still their sincere friend at heart, and sure to render them important services.

The manner in which he announces himself prepared to bring about this satisfactory settlement of the Roman question is by summoning a Conference of European Powers. It has always been his great panacea for international difficulties, but hitherto it has not done much practical good. It is a suggestion, however, which for the first time will bring England into the discussion of a question which has hitherto been supposed to belong exclusively to the Catholic Powers. It is true that England might refuse to attend the Conference, but this mere refusal would be a step of great importance. It would be equivalent to saying that the maintenance or extinction of the temporal power is a question with which England has no concern. Whether England should go so far as this is a point that cannot be lightly decided. It is only by carefully considering the position of the Papacy in all its bearings that a sound judgment can be arrived at. We must weigh all that can be said against England taking part in such a Conference, and all that can be said for it.

But the time is not come yet to discuss the matter. There is a preliminary difficulty about the Conference which we should guess would be insurmountable. If there is to be a Conference, the POPE must consent to be represented at it; and what reason is there to suppose that he would consent to anything of the sort? It seems totally opposed to the whole theory on which the temporal power is based. That the kings of the earth should take counsel together about the possessions of the Church, and that the Head of the Church should attend the discussion, and listen to arguments as to how much ought to be left to him, seems incredible. If the POPE will have nothing to do with a Conference, it would be quite impossible that the other Powers should meet. The Catholic Powers might confer among themselves, but England and Prussia and Russia could not possibly undertake to discuss how much of his property should be left to the chief of an alien creed who entirely denied the competence of the tribunal making the decision. If the POPE disposes of this scheme of a Conference, France must take the initiative in proposing something, and must submit it for the consideration of other Powers, who will in some cases consent to give an opinion on it, and who in other cases will decline to say whether they approve of it or not; but who will all unite in throwing the sole responsibility on France, and leaving it to her to carry it out or not as she thinks best. Now what scheme can France recommend? That things cannot stay as they are, the EMPEROR himself acknowledges, and therefore he must propose something which is likely to give some sort of satisfaction to Italy. The Italians will not get all they want, but they cannot be wholly disappointed. The time has long gone by when the EMPEROR could believe that the POPE would secularize his Government, and adopt those reforms which, almost twenty years ago, the EMPEROR said, in his famous letter to EDGAR NEY, he should insist on. The area of the temporal power may be curtailed. If the POPE persists in governing in what laymen think a very bad manner, he may be compelled to do as little mischief as possible. The most obvious course is to patch up things for the present, by taking away another large slice of the Papal territory. The Italian Government could certainly restrain the revolution better if there were not such a large extent of the Papal territory for revolutionists to operate in. It is true that this would not dispose of the main difficulty for long, but it is perhaps the kind of temporary solution which would best suit the EMPEROR for the moment; and no solution seems more probable, unless he adopts the desperate expedient of declaring war, breaking up the Italian monarchy, and finally determining to show himself the ally, not of democracy, but of the priests.

#### MR. DISRAELI AT EDINBURGH.

MR. DISRAELI went to Edinburgh under circumstances peculiarly advantageous. If ever there was an occasion when the public were inclined to forget the faults of a Minister, and to remember only his merits, this was eminently such an occasion. Not even his bitterest enemy can deny that Mr. DISRAELI has great merits, and this was a time when they seemed to be brought into strong relief. He was going to be the guest of dukes and earls and mighty landholders in a part of Great Britain where dukes and earls crush the life out of men for a hundred miles together, and where sentiment throws its profusest charms over the ownership of the soil. Yet Mr. DISRAELI—not a rich or a great man by birth, the offspring of a despised and mistrusted race, the truest type of the political “adventurer,” whom Conservative peers warn constituencies to avoid—went among these men, not as their equal, but as their master, patronizing his dear BUCCLEUCH, and saying kind things of his good ELCHO. In the assertion of the equality to which Parliamentary success leads all English politicians of the first rank, he is immeasurably beyond his nearest rival. Mr. GLADSTONE makes as many apologies for shaking hands with a duke as if he were JACOB wrestling with an angel, and he treats even his best supporters with the most affronting arrogance unless they are socially greater than himself. Mr. DISRAELI is independent, courteous, and good-humoured, and there was something pleasant in thinking that such a man should have the Scotch aristocracy prostrate at his feet. Then he is fresh from the flush of a great success; and, whatever may be said of the way in which he managed it, he carried a Bill the main provisions of which most people agree to think likely to confer great advantages on the country, and it would be most inconsistent to own that he has carried a good measure, and yet say that he does not deserve to be thanked for doing so. There is also always something rather

interesting in the goings on of a successful man, and Mr. DISRAELI has a different view of success from that which ordinarily governs Englishmen. He likes, on the strength of his success, to do quaint, popular, striking things. There was a vein of the true Napoleonism in the effective artifice which he played off of stopping at one or two Scotch stations, and asking the crowd that happened to be there how they would like to be dealt with under the new Scotch Reform Bill. It was but the ebullition of a happy man, counting in the joy of his heart on the idiocy of mankind, and calculating that a great many people would seriously believe that the chance cries of a random crowd would have, or ought to have, some practical weight. Under these circumstances of almost unexampled good fortune, Mr. DISRAELI spoke for two or three hours to an admiring audience. Those who heard the speech may have liked it, but what can those who read it say? Half of it consisted of an audacious travesty of history. It was altogether in the style of the worst parts of *Coningsby* and *Sybil*. The speaker seemed to assume, with a confidence suggested probably by his acquaintance with Scotch earls and dukes, that the minds of all men are a perfect blank as regards the past, that no one knows anything of what has happened, and that, with a little ingenuity and audacity, any assertion may be made. We do not see that there is any use discussing such wild statements as that the Tory party has been for nearly a hundred years in favour of Reform. It is absurd to go back to remote periods, and to debate about PITT and LIVERPOOL and CANNING when things that have happened, not only in our own time, but within our most recent recollection, are suddenly changed like the patterns in a kaleidoscope. Mr. DISRAELI, speaking to real live working-men, ventured on the assurance that throughout his life he had done his utmost for their class, and promoted every measure by which they had profited. He seemed to be possessed with a genuine confidence that no one of those he addressed would recollect for a moment that he had risen into eminence solely by the pertinacity with which he resisted the proposal to give the poor cheap bread. Encouraged by the sympathy of his different audiences at Edinburgh, he went almost wild in his assertions. He had a malicious pleasure in seeing how far he could try it on. He even went so far as to state that almost all the great measures of the last twenty years have been carried by Lord JOHN MANNERS. Are the Scotch really such fools as he thought they looked?

By far the most amusing and instructive part of his speech was that in which he treated of his relations with his own party. He informed his hearers that the whole scheme of the present Reform Bill was conceived by himself and Lord DERBY in 1859, and has been steadily pursued by them ever since. But he was aware that it would seem curious that no one ever dreamt during all this long time what the two Tory leaders were about; that their supporters did not know, and their colleagues did not know. Even at Edinburgh it would have been dangerous to assert that a year ago Lord CRANDORNE and Lord CARNARVON were aware that household suffrage was the watchword of their party. Mr. DISRAELI owns that this was not so. He and Lord DERBY held their creed, but they held it secretly. He himself only let so much of it appear as from time to time he judged safe. In fact, as he blandly said, he had to educate his party, and they were rather a difficult party to educate. But the beauty of it was that, when they were educated, they were educated all of a rush. They were finished in a day, and their finishing was something really superior in its way. There was no keeping them in; they would tear ahead, and drag their teachers on. Mr. DISRAELI did not feel sure that they had come to the end of their lessons, and he wanted to put them through one or two more exercises. They were invited, for example, to see what they could make of the Ten Minutes' Bill; but they scorned such a simple test, and clamoured for the household suffrage they loved and understood so well. They were like the children in instructive story-books, who for a page or two care for nothing but ponies and picnics, and then all of a sudden have an unquenchable desire to know what a rhomboid is. The Tories know what a rhomboid is now, or at least they ought to know. Not that the education of all of them seems to be practically finished. The Duke of RUTLAND, whose case ought to have received more attention from his teachers, has this week been addressing some friends as backward as himself, and has informed them that, “as for the leap” in the dark, he hoped it might be a leap in the light; and “as for the cattle plague, they would never have had it but for Free-trade.” Surely His Grace may be classed among the people who for all these long years have not had the remotest notion of what Lord DERBY and Mr. DISRAELI were driving at.



Mr. DISRAELI made some remarks about the future, and we naturally care more about his views of the future than of the past, for the future is to him a field of practical exertion, while the past is only an arena for a poetical imagination to play in. He was of opinion that the effects of the Bill would not be at all democratic. There were only so many hundred thousand electors joined to so many other hundred thousand electors, and how could this hurt any one? This is all very well; and we might suppose that Mr. DISRAELI, who has studied the subject so much, must know more about it than any one else. But immediately a dreadful suspicion comes over us. How are we to know that this assertion was not merely a means of educating Scotch Tories? They want educating very badly, and this sounds uncommonly like an educational statement. There is an air of MANGNALL'S *Questions* about this purely arithmetical view of the subject. Seven years hence Mr. DISRAELI may be at Edinburgh congratulating a triumphant democracy on its triumph, and how easily he would then explain that all this little innocent juggling was merely a way he had of getting Tories to do the bidding of the people! We can understand that he has been educating his party; but that he should now explain to them that he has been educating them, and should propose to go on educating them still further, is wonderful enough. But very probably he may do it. The Tories are like little boys who have got over their first cigar, and very likely they will go on smoking. But Mr. DISRAELI not only discoursed on generals; he also entered into particulars. He announced that the Government intended next Session to bring in a comprehensive measure of National Education. To Tories this may not seem much. If there is a Reform Bill, they will argue, why not National Education? If education makes us enjoy a rhomboid, why should it not also make us like a hypotenuse? Nothing, to minds so susceptible of instruction, can be more natural or trivial. But to those who have welcomed the Reform Bill, not as an engine for keeping this or that Ministry in power, but as a remedy necessary, though dangerous, for a state of utter political stagnation, this announcement comes with a very reassuring sound. Whence is all this sudden zeal for Education? Is it not solely because the Reform Bill has passed? Mr. DISRAELI talks with rapture of what he calls the Albertine movement. Who ever heard of or cared for the Albertine movement a year ago? People were ready enough to pay for and unveil the most hideous bronze images purporting to be likenesses of the poor Prince, or to erect Druidical cairns to him, or to stick up a very tall stone in a garden, to show their respect for him; but as for educating the poor out of love for his memory, they would as soon have thought of reading sermons on a week-day. But now there is to be a new grand Albertine movement, and the poor are to be educated with a freshborn zeal and a passionate earnestness that borrows its strength, not from religious zeal, or from philanthropy or from political wisdom, so much as from sheer fear of the multitude. Mr. DISRAELI said that the Reform Bill had been pressed on the Government by the nincompoops of politics, and "nincompoops" seems to us a mild, impartial word of which Mr. BEALES and his friends have no pretence to complain; but then these nincompoops have set in motion a very powerful machinery, and one which, among the many evils it will entail, promises, we hope, to produce a balance of good.

#### ITALY AND ROME.

EVENTS succeed each other with marvellous rapidity, and it is not easy at the close of one day to predict where the Italian question will have moved to at the beginning of the next. General CIALDINI's shortlived tenure of power is over, and French troops have not only returned to Civita Vecchia but have occupied Rome. Not until their disembarkation on Italian soil did the King of ITALY take a step which, if it could safely have been taken at all without endangering his throne, ought to have been taken three weeks before. In entering office upon moderate Conservative principles, General MENABREA stipulated two things; and his conditions have been at last fulfilled. VICTOR EMMANUEL has disavowed complicity or sympathy with the Revolution in the Roman States. One wonders why this could not have been said while there was time honourably to say it? The Royal Proclamation teems with disinterested sentiments, but it comes very late. The second step is also one that, however necessary, can scarcely be called premature. On the *Moniteur's* announcement that the French had landed at Civita Vecchia, the Royal army crossed the frontier and holds a portion of the country between it and

Rome. Unless the Italian monarchy had been prepared to drain to the dregs the cup of humiliation, it could have done nothing less.

Had the King of ITALY or his advisers acted from the first with even moderate capacity, his subjects might perhaps have been spared the national indignity of a second French intervention. At the commencement of the Roman outbreak, the Florence Cabinet had a clear line of action open to them. If the popular movement towards the Papal frontier could have been controlled by any exercise of official vigour, they were bound by the Convention to repress it. It was quite within the limits of possibility, upon the other hand, that such a movement might be, what it appeared to Europe, too strong for the feeble Executive of a new Kingdom. In such a case the Italian Government was called upon to do its best for the independence and honour of the nation. Instead of waiting till the golden opportunity was gone, VICTOR EMMANUEL's duty and interest was to disavow the insurrection, as he has at last seen fit to do; to abjure all idea of profiting by a movement to which he was not a party; and—if he could have done so without precipitating a French war—to have anticipated foreign intervention, and prevented useless bloodshed, by throwing his army between the insurgent forces and the Holy City. In the face of the September Convention, an honourable Government could not have legitimately seized on Papal territory while professing to defend it; but even if the Royal troops had only remained within the Roman frontier for a week, they would have won for their master a moral triumph of which Italian diplomacy might have been proud, and which would, beyond a doubt, have speedily led to a solution of the Roman question. The Florence Cabinet blew both hot and cold. They gave Europe to understand that they could not without danger to the monarchy do more than they had done to check the Garibaldian wave. But they failed at the same time to carry out this view by despatching their army across the frontier. At the critical moment they, or their KING, flinched. They felt the danger of appearing to affront France at a time when France could not bear to be affronted: perhaps NAPOLEON III. threatened them and VICTOR EMMANUEL lost nerve. The resignation of M. RATTAZZI signalled the abandonment in mid course of a policy which, sincere or insincere, was at least bold and intelligible. So half-hearted a line of conduct on the part of Italy led to the natural inference that her Government had been trafficking with GARIBALDI, and pretending to be unable to put him down. Henceforward the French EMPEROR held the key of the situation, and Europe has been disposed to believe M. MOUSTIER when he implies that the Italian authorities have deliberately chosen to neglect their international obligations. All this might have been avoided. Had care been taken to make it clear to Europe that the King of Italy was resolved to save Rome and not to annex it, to protect the Pope and not to drive him from his throne, the Cabinet of the Tuileries would perhaps have thought it unnecessary to complicate the situation by an intervention which could not but be humiliating to Italy. Had it been clear that nothing more was intended than the despatch of a co-operative French fleet from Toulon, little harm would in that case have been done. There would have been no insult, and but slight appearance of coercion or hostility; and we cannot doubt that the moral effect of the crisis would have been to advance the cause of Italy and Rome. Indiscreet apologists of M. RATTAZZI have invented a damaging excuse for him, to the effect that France was privy to the intrigues of the Florence Cabinet, if any intrigue there were. It was all, they say, a piece of acting; only France chose, for purposes of her own, to turn round and play at last in real earnest. Such a plea does M. RATTAZZI no good. All manœuvring of the sort, whether winked at or repudiated by France, must be emphatically pronounced unworthy of a free Government and a great people. The Italian Ministry ought to have strained every nerve to keep the Revolutionary party quiet. If all efforts possible had been tried and failed, the Italian troops might this day three weeks have been doing with a good grace what French troops say they are going to do now. The only possible justification of the delay is that Italy felt, when the supreme hour for a decision came, that to cross the frontier was to kindle a certain war with France.

Whatever the shortcomings of the Italian Government may be, France has adopted a course which is full of danger to Italy. Allowances must no doubt be made for the exigencies of the Imperial position. Still it is impossible not to regret what France has done. Her troops have sailed from Toulon amidst the murmurs of many of her own subjects, and

to the great regret of the well-wishers to liberty throughout Europe. The French EMPEROR has not himself seriously been faithful to the spirit of the September Convention. At the time of its signature it was hoped and believed by the world that the POPE, under pressure of circumstances, would be forced to come to terms with his misgoverned subjects and his impatient neighbours. He might have done so, but that French intervention did not really cease even when the French flag was withdrawn. French officers and French soldiers, with the connivance of their Government, still remained to organize and to swell the Papal legions. It is believed, both in Italy and France, that whole companies belonging to the French army have been drafted continuously, under the guise of volunteers, into the Pontifical service, and subscriptions to maintain the Roman garrison have been openly received at the offices of French journals. While Italian soldiers were deserting to GARIBALDI, French soldiers on furlough were notoriously crowding to the POPE. The *Times* is correct in stating, what no one ever had forgotten, that the Convention reserved to the POPE the right of maintaining a force of Catholic volunteers. Such a force was in effect the sole one on which he was to rely; but it was not part of the proviso that the French Empire should furnish him indefinitely with the means of adjourning for ever all decent government at Rome. Yet, even if France has as certainly observed as Italy has possibly infringed the mutual compact between them, it is melancholy to think that the French EMPEROR should feel himself forced to repeat the error of French policy twenty years ago. The astonishing vacillation of the English leading journal, which on one day adopts one view of the Italian question, and the next its precise opposite, might be accounted for by the disposition of the English middle-class to worship successful force, if it were not possibly the result of habitual political indecision. For the censures lavished on GARIBALDI, whose candour of character is spoiled by an imprudence and restless incoherence that know no bounds, there is considerable ground. In a moment of unusual second-sight, caused by an access of literary and political despair, the *Times* has even looked into the future, and seen the Italian question settled by the shooting of GARIBALDI. The bullet which disposed of the revolutionary hero would put an end, no doubt, to occasional journalistic difficulties. But to heap ridicule on the whole Roman population, whose wrongs are acknowledged even by the French Foreign Office, for their slowness to engage in a street warfare, or rather to submit to a street massacre, at a moment when they are overawed by a garrison, and almost within cannon-shot of a French army, is a feat of humour which might have been left to the Ultramontane press. Not one French Liberal journal of note—except the courtier-like organ of M. DE LA GUERONNIÈRE—has witnessed this new occupation of Rome without sorrow; but the admiration which the French Empire cannot extort in Paris, it has found ready-made in London.

It is not the least of the evils of the Toulon expedition that it places the Italian monarchy in a perilous position. There are times when a King cannot afford to turn his cheek to a foreign smiter, however unequal may be the encounter. The French army went to put down the revolution at Rome, and took the chance of establishing it in Italy. VICTOR EMMANUEL had virtually no choice left. His crown would not have been worth a month's purchase if he had stood by with *sang-froid* and allowed France to be the sole agent in settling the destinies of Rome. How much danger attaches to this last Italian movement depends on the amount of common understanding between the French and Italian Cabinets that may have survived the recent dissension. Whatever the risk, the step was probably a necessity; and all that can be hoped is, that it may result in nothing which will compromise the peace of Europe or the ultimate enfranchisement of Rome. If General GARIBALDI would abandon a now hopeless enterprise, the French EMPEROR might, without loss of dignity, concede to Italy what he could not afford to permit her to usurp. M. MOUSTIER's Circular promises nothing; but by any possible arrangement that can be made Italy must gain.

#### AUSTRIA.

THE Emperor of AUSTRIA probably enjoys his visit to Paris as a short interval of leisure in a troubled reign. Having for nearly twenty years struggled with imperfect success against internal dissension and foreign hostility, he is now hospitably entertained by one victorious antagonist; and during his journey he has exchanged

courtesies with a still more formidable rival. His own Empire, although its organization is still incomplete, enjoys comparative tranquillity, and the portion of his dominions which has been most habitually discontented is now paying, in exceptional loyalty, the price of tardy justice. Not yet landed on the shore, the Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH watches from a moderately quiet haven the troubles of two Governments which have in former times been allied against the Austrian power. Recent experience has taught him that the rejection of the extreme pretensions of the Church is an indispensable condition of tranquillity; and he perhaps regards with compassion a Sovereign, far less devoted than himself to the Holy See, who is almost compelled by circumstances to reverse his own policy in deference to a hierarchy which regards him with aversion. A few years ago it would have been the business of Austria to repel invasions of the Roman territory, with the certainty of increasing the accumulated ill-will of the Italian nation. The sentry who was relieved against his will may derive a malicious satisfaction from watching the irksome duties which devolve on his intrusive successor. The loss of Italy, and the concession of Hungarian rights, have removed two almost hopeless embarrassments, and the establishment of constitutional government in the Western portions of the Empire may perhaps solve the most difficult of remaining problems. The dynasty which seemed to exist only for purposes of repression is now the hope of Poland, and the object of genuine Hungarian attachment. Even the compulsory exclusion of Austria from Germany may prove a source of strength if it terminates the incessant struggles and intrigues which attended competition for supremacy with Prussia. For the most irreconcilable of her enemies, united Austria would be a match in South-eastern Europe. It is only when the guardian of the Danube is artificially weakened that Russia can advance in the direction of the Bosphorus. The attempt to propagate defection among the Slavonic subjects of Austria may be baffled by appeals to Polish patriotism; and the Emperor of AUSTRIA has no reason to fear the repetition of the untoward event which threw a cloud over the reception of the Emperor ALEXANDER at Paris.

A visit to the Exhibition may, in conformity with many precedents, be paid without any political meaning. The Emperor of RUSSIA and the King of PRUSSIA have preceded a more welcome guest; and the results of the journey to Salzburg offer little encouragement to ambitious projects. Baron BEUST must by this time be fully aware that it is useless to enter into agreements with France for the enforcement of the Treaty of Prague. The military demonstrations and the unofficial menaces which followed the former interview only tended to accelerate the political approximation of the Southern German States to Prussia; and recent complications have provided full occupation elsewhere for the warlike energies of France. If statesmen and sovereigns cannot meet without discussing public affairs, the visit to Paris will furnish opportunities for arriving at an understanding on the means of checking Russian encroachments in the East; but the popular acclamations which represent the goodwill of the French people to Austria, and perhaps, to a certain extent, their irritation against Prussia, will be the chief political result of the Imperial exchange of civilities. If the Bohemian campaign of 1866 had ended in an Austrian victory, the jealousy which is now felt towards the actual conqueror might perhaps have taken a different direction. But under present circumstances there is no rivalry or collision of interests between France and Austria; and, in the absence of political antipathies, it is natural and pleasant to sympathize with an illustrious guest. The few Liberals who regret the quarrel with Italy know that Austria no longer interferences in the affairs of the peninsula; and even religious zealots, if they disapprove of the modification of the Austrian Concordat, have no more orthodox champion of Rome to applaud, unless they have recourse to Spain.

If great potentates care for historical or genealogical associations, the visit of the Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH to the tomb of his ancestors at Nancy may have suggested many curious reflections. The Dukes of LORRAINE, who deduced an apocryphal pedigree from CHARLES the GREAT, had been for many generations subject to French encroachments before they were finally driven from their dominions, with the remarkable destiny of succeeding the extinct MEDICI at Florence, and ultimately of ascending the Imperial throne, and incorporating into their own the dynasty of HAPSBURG. NAPOLEON I., in the extravagance of his vanity, with a confused remembrance of the history of Lorraine, sometimes called the Emperor of AUSTRIA a rebellious vassal of France, mistaking perhaps the head of the ancient ducal family for the cadets who,



as Dukes of GUISE, contended for power almost on equal terms with the decaying House of VALOIS. The elder branch, before its transfer to Florence and Vienna, was less prosperous, although some of its members were remarkable for their military qualities. The Emperor of AUSTRIA may possibly have thought that, if his ancestors had remained Dukes of LORRAINE, they might never have risen to higher fortunes. The German duchy is now one of the most loyal provinces of France, and, if it had not been detached from the nation to which it belongs by race and language, it would inevitably have been merged in the territory of Prussia. Before its formal incorporation into the French monarchy, Lorraine served as an appanage for a dethroned King of Poland, who had the good fortune to be father of a Queen of France. In the eighteenth century German patriotism was extinct or dormant, and the Revolution cemented the attachment of the people of Lorraine and of Alsace to the country which already claimed their allegiance. When there was lately an expectation of a war with Germany, it was asserted that Strasburg and Nancy were especially vehement in their zeal against an enemy of their own race and language. The sovereign of Austrian Germany, of Galicia, of Bohemia, of Hungary, and of Servia is not likely to believe implicitly in the capriciously applied and modern doctrine of nationality; but the time has passed in which it was possible to distribute provinces among princes as dowries with royal brides, or as compensations for confiscated patrimonies. The Duchy of Milan, awarded to Austria at Utrecht as a part of the great Spanish inheritance, and the territory of Venice given by BONAPARTE at Campo Formio in exchange for Lombardy, have at last reverted to their natural connexion, and Austria is substantially stronger for the separation. The heterogeneous Empire which remains derives its only legitimate principle of cohesion from the inability of its component parts to maintain a separate independence. The mediæval marriages and treaties which produced the Austrian Empire were in some degree founded on the necessity of joint defence against the Ottoman Power which then corresponded to the modern force of Russia. There is no Magyar nation for Hungary to join, and unfortunately there is no longer a Poland which could claim the restoration of Galicia. The treasonable bias of Bohemian and Servian malcontents towards Russia is perhaps only a transitory expression of disloyalty. At present the German provinces which form the nucleus and the most civilized portion of the Empire have shown no disposition to join the incomplete national Confederation. If the Tyrolese are dissatisfied with the resistance of the constitutional Government to the pretensions of the clergy, they will certainly not be inclined to form a close alliance with the heretical Government of Prussia; nor will the people of Vienna waive their metropolitan rank in favour of the upstart city of Berlin. Of the many advantages which have long secured to France the first rank on the Continent, the most enviable is the unity which enables the Government at any moment to exert the entire force of the nation. It is only of late that Italy has ceased to be a geographical expression, and one or two generations may elapse before Germany becomes, like France, an undivided State. Austria can only aspire to a more complex and less effective organization.

#### WORKING-MEN IN PARLIAMENT.

THE scheme of sending working-men to Parliament to represent the interests of labour is a natural fruit of the new Reform Bill. The suffrage could not well have been extended to its present dimensions without suggesting a new class of Parliamentary candidates. As nine-tenths of the new voters will come from the ranks of the working-men, it is obvious that they will have a preponderating influence in choosing the members of large boroughs. It was therefore to be expected that they would not omit an opportunity of selecting some of their own body. Accordingly, we see the scheme advocated by the usual organs of the working-men, and discussed by Liberal journals and politicians.

Obvious, however, as the idea was, it seems to lack tangibility and body. It floats before the gaze of its worshippers like the phantom of a German tale, wooing and encouraging, advancing and receding, but always eluding the grasp of the pursuing votary. The more one tries to realize the Working-man M.P. the more shadowy and impalpable does he become. It is not so much that he is objectionable as that he is, in our present social state, impossible. Were he possible, he would be unobjectionable; at least there would be a good deal to be said in his favour. A number of men from the lower grades of society, elevated above their fellows by

superior virtues, industry, and knowledge, might form a very becoming and a very useful element in Parliament. They would have much information to communicate as regards their several callings, and more as regards their feelings and interests. If they were numerous enough, they might, in combination with others, influence in no slight degree legislation on matters relating to their employments. But here occurs the first difficulty. In order to be powerful, they must be numerous. Half a dozen working-men sitting below the gangway by themselves would not be powerful for any legislative purpose. Now, from which of the boroughs are the workmen likely to come, and how many of them are there likely to furnish the required complement? We believe that one dozen would be in excess of the number likely to supply workmen as candidates, to say nothing of electing them as representatives. Thus our first considerations lead us to the conclusion that the grander objects proposed in the election of working-men cannot be attained, even if working-men should be elected.

This is the first disappointment; but this is not the only one. The more we attempt to grasp the scheme, the more it eludes us. Suppose that ten seats were open to working-men—that is, were ready to be filled up by working-men, if the proper steps were taken to secure their election. Is it likely that the men would be forthcoming, or that, if they stood, they would be chosen by their own class? We must remember that no ordinary average working-men will answer the required qualifications. Those of whom we are speaking must be not only superior in intelligence, but superior in industry, knowledge, address, presence, power of calculation and power of speech, to the average workmen of their own class. They must be such men as a House mainly composed of gentlemen will listen to without fatigue, and without disgust. But does the working-man who has reached this condition remain a working-man? Is he still in the receipt of daily wages, or is he not either an employer of labour on his own account, or a manager of it on behalf of others? If he is in either of the two last-named positions he is not strictly what we mean by "a working-man." And this is the difficulty. When a working-man has distinguished himself for conduct and capacity through a succession of years, he virtually passes out of the sphere of working-men. Thanks to the vicious repression exercised by Trades' Unions, this may not happen so frequently as once it did. Still, the despotism of the Unions has not yet succeeded in crushing out all personal ambition, and crushing down all independent action, on the part of the best class of operatives. There are men among them even now of original minds and independent action. But these are infallibly, sooner or later, absorbed into a higher class. They would do great credit to the working-men if elected as their representatives, but they cannot fairly be reckoned as belonging to the class which lives on daily wages. Then, as for the grade permanently below them—men who are always handicraftsmen and nothing else—several objections combine to make their election doubtful. First, there is the feeling of jealousy, as powerful and as widespread among working-men as among ladies, popular preachers, and major-generals; a jealousy not only of individuals, but of classes. The working-men will talk loudly enough about sending one of their own body to St. Stephen's, but, when it comes to the point of choosing their man, envy, jealousy, and distrust will probably interpose to mar their efforts. Suppose the designated member to belong to one of the better-educated departments of mechanics—the Amalgamated Engineers, for example—what has he in common with the ordinary masons, bricklayers, plasterers, or carpenters? Of course the power of the Unions may be brought to bear upon all the trades, and their members may be coerced into voting for the favourite of the Trades' Caucus. But this very supposition implies the use of means which, if persevered in, would be fatal to a repetition of the same tactics. Great, too, as the jealousy might be among different trades competing to furnish a candidate for the suffrages of their followers, the jealousy among the men themselves would be greater still. A common working-man presenting himself for the approval of the electors would nowhere meet with so much ridicule and disparagement as among his own fellow-workmen. "Here's 'BILL STUBBS going for to be a Member of Parliament! Oh, my 'eye!' would provoke shouts of laughter from a crowd which, despite its occasional violence, still looks on a member of Parliament as a sort of superior being. This feeling might indeed be surmounted or evaded by dexterous management and drilling. The men who manipulate the Unions would be able to manage the branch Leagues with equal adroitness. But this, again, points to something very different from the election of some working-men to be the representatives of

others. It points to the nomination of those clever and active agitators who have hitherto managed the politics of the operatives for the joint benefit of themselves and those whom they govern. That Mr. ROGERS and Mr. POTTER would be energetic representatives of working-men, no one doubts. But their election would be a very different thing from that of actual working-men, and the working-men know it. Some of them, who are keenly sensitive as to the difficulty of selecting representatives from their own body, no less keenly feel the objections which might be urged against the choice of men whose advocacy of working-men's rights has not been unprofitable to themselves. If they cannot find men of their own class to represent them, they say, they may just as well be represented by any manufacturer or aspiring barrister as by such persons as Mr. ROGERS or Mr. POTTER.

Again, there is another most important impediment in the way of making working-men M.P.s. That impediment is the want of an income. The M.P. who gives up the wages of his normal calling must be indemnified in some way. This matter has not escaped the attention of the Reform League, and already schemes are propounded for raising incomes of 500*l.* a year to support "operative" legislators. We shall, of course, be denounced for a miserable and ignoble scepticism when we avow our total disbelief in the willingness of the ordinary working-man to contribute towards salaries of 500*l.* for his exalted fellow-workman. The British working-man does not like giving his money to subscriptions; witness the sorry contributions towards the indemnification of the martyr BEALES, and the application of the screw to recusant or reluctant members of the Unions. If the carpenters and the painters are so backward in meeting the calls of the Unions from which they expect some direct personal benefit, how can they be expected to be prompt in their contributions towards the support of members whose services are remote, indirect, and separately inappreciable? If the British working-man is to sacrifice two or three gallons of beer a week for any object, it must be for some object more distinctly and directly useful to himself than providing means for some other workman to live among "swells" in West-end lodgings and at West-end Clubs. The deified working-man representing his "order" among the "nobles of the land" is a very fine subject for abstract contemplation; but he is not sufficiently near and practical to inspire his lowly brother with a self-denying passion to stint himself in beer and baccy for his exaltation. If 1,000*l.* a year were raised to support two members for one Session, we believe that this would be the first and the last subscription on the part of working-men for this purpose. And, Mephistophelic as the suggestion may appear, we cannot but think that average working-men deem it a more blessed thing to receive than to give, especially at the times of electing members of Parliament.

The whole question may be summed up thus. The best of the working-men might be of use in Parliament, but then the best of them are in a chrysalis state, just on the eve of breaking their shell and becoming something else. Then, working-men are jealous, and not likely to combine in proclaiming the superiority of any of their own class by conferring the dignity of M.P. upon them. Lastly, they are, on the whole, better inclined to receive handsome honorariums from rich candidates than to club their own earnings for the support of poor candidates; and rich candidates will never cease out of the land so long as there are poor electors in it.

#### AMERICA.

THE most conservative element of American politics, since the decay of the old reverence for the Constitution, is to be found in the oscillation of the electoral balance between the extreme sections of contending parties. It is highly desirable that moderate and timid men who are thrust aside in the heat of conflict should have occasional opportunities of exercising a regulating influence; and perhaps an optimist might discern an unexpected use in the habitual extravagance of language and of conduct which constantly tends to promote a reaction against the dominant majority for the time being. The exaggerated nonsense of the slaveholders, who had erected a casual abuse into a law of nature, provoked the irritation which finally expressed itself in the election of Mr. LINCOLN; and for several years the Republicans, after their long exclusion from power, have delighted to prove that they were as violent, as unjust, and, above all, as fond of paradoxical bluster, as their defeated antagonists. Converts from the Democratic creed, such as General BUTLER, seeking to distinguish themselves among their new allies, find it diffi-

cult to outbid the genuine Republicans in measures or in words. Although the Democrats appeal more consistently and successfully to dishonest instincts, the proposal to repudiate the national debt has been simultaneously advanced by leading members of both parties; and the ultra-Republicans have identified their faction with uncompromising hostility to the South. In a free country, the party which has conducted a successful war enjoys an overwhelming advantage in the struggles for power which follow the conclusion of peace; but the impulse necessarily becomes feebler, as the excitement of the war gradually dies away; and presumption, engendered by victory, often renders a party careless of sound legislation, and of the conditions of lasting popularity. A far-seeing politician would never have risked his fortune on the transient preference accorded to the negroes over the legitimate citizens of the Southern States. Mr. STEVENS could only appeal to angry passions which were rapidly subsiding when he threatened the confiscation of Southern lands for the benefit of the freedmen. Mr. WADE was too late, or perhaps too early, with his menaces of subverting the bases of property in the North as well as in the South, forgetting that the rabble which governs a few great cities still forms a minority in the entire Union.

The defeat of the Republicans in California has been followed by a more alarming reverse in Pennsylvania, and by a significant check in Ohio; and unless the PRESIDENT is tempted by the partial triumph of the Opposition into some fresh blunder, it seems probable that the leaders of Congress will be interrupted in their aggressive policy. The majorities in the Senate and the House have not been affected by the elections; but American representatives are quick to discern a change in popular opinion. A year ago the moderate Republicans formed a respectable party in Congress, and on slight encouragement they will once more reappear from the mass in which they had allowed themselves to be absorbed. Without the control of two-thirds of the members in both Houses, the extreme Republicans are powerless, inasmuch as their measures would be invariably subjected to the PRESIDENT's veto. If it appeared clear that the tide had turned, an immediate secession from the party would be organized; and if it were impossible to reverse the measures of the last Session, there would be at least a respite from further persecution of the South, and there would be an end of the project of impeachment. The PRESIDENT is not respected even by the party which he favours; but judicious politicians will hesitate to suspend him from office in order that a professed communist may succeed to his functions. Mr. WADE and Mr. COLFAX, in their attempts to terrify their enemies, have only succeeded in frightening their friends. The recent State elections, although they have no direct political effect, intimate the opinion of the more dispassionate part of the community that the President of the Senate ought not to advocate the spoliation of the rich, and that the Speaker of the House of Representatives is indiscreet in menacing the President of the Republic with the gallows. A Democratic majority would be as unscrupulous and reckless, and its policy would be condemned by a similar protest. For the present, however, the Republicans, as the party in power, are responsible for oppressive legislation and for corrupt administration; and it is right that the actual perpetrators of wrong, and not the potential culprits, should be held responsible.

There is reason to believe that the immediate cause of the political reaction is to be found in the practical working of the Acts of Reconstruction. In nearly all the Southern States the white citizens have allowed the negroes an undisputed triumph at the polls. The best part of the population has been wantonly disfranchised by Congress, and the residue has felt itself degraded by a contest with the inferior race. Fanatics and demagogues probably approve the consequence of their own legislation, but prudent men perceive that, even if negro supremacy were desirable, it can by no possibility be permanent. The whites outnumber the liberated slaves in the proportion of two to one, and they are incomparably superior in intelligence, in vigour, and in all moral and material resources. A wise friend of the coloured race would have deprecated the invidious preference which will inevitably lead to an exclusion of the negroes from power, and perhaps to harsher measures of retaliation. The hope that the Republicans could perpetuate their supremacy by the aid of delegates elected by Southern negroes was utterly futile and absurd. There is little advantage in obtaining a fictitious majority in Louisiana and Georgia at the cost of alienating Pennsylvania and Ohio. The Northern population will never ally itself with the negro against its own kindred in the South, although the Reconstruct-



tion Acts were sanctioned by public opinion as effective methods of punishing the States of the former Confederacy for their contumacious resistance. The issue of negro equality was fairly raised in Ohio by a popular vote on a proposed change in the State Constitution for the admission of coloured voters. The Republicans, notwithstanding the progress of reaction, carried the State elections with a narrow margin, but the Constitutional Amendment was rejected by an enormous majority. The Republicans who voted against the negro franchise must have been fully aware that they were rejecting the opportunity of strengthening their party by 40,000 votes; but, although the negro resident in Ohio is far more intelligent and civilized than the emancipated plantation hand on the coast of the Gulf of Mexico, the State condemned the principle of inverting the conditions of natural order. It might have been just and expedient to enfranchise the coloured minority in a Northern State; but it was thought necessary to condemn by implication the transfer of the government of the South to an utterly incompetent body of electors. Mr. SUMNER and Mr. STEVENS idly threaten to overrule the decision of the State constitutions by the legislation of Congress; but, although it might have been possible to disregard the rights of Maryland, it was unsafe to strain Federal authority in Connecticut; and an attempt to usurp the sovereignty of Ohio would be a wanton exhibition of impotent violence. The Republican Representatives and Senators of the States which have rejected negro suffrage will assuredly not insult their constituents by proposing to reverse their decision, or by invoking Federal power to redress the alleged miscarriage of State legislation. The restoration to the citizens of the Southern States of their suspended rights will certainly follow, after a longer or shorter interval. Few Republicans in Ohio will seriously maintain that the system which they reject at home can be reasonably imposed by external force on Virginia or Carolina.

One of the results of the late elections is a general inclination on the part of the Republicans to select in General GRANT a popular and colourless candidate for the next Presidential term. The leaders of the party would have preferred Chief Justice CHASE, Mr. WADE, or Mr. COLFAX; but a tottering faction cannot afford to select a violent partisan. It is not perhaps a healthy symptom when Republicans court military leaders, or when their political parties select candidates because their opinions are unknown; but General GRANT has a good chance of the Presidency, whether he accepts a Republican or a Democratic nomination, and both parties are consequently eager to secure the credit of his personal ascendancy. His reticence, arising perhaps from an absence of definite opinions, has hitherto served his purpose so well that he may perhaps suspend his choice between two masters, until both are pledged to secure his election. It would at present be hazardous to count either on the progress of reaction or on the recovery of the Republicans from their recent defeat. Much will depend on the demeanour of the PRESIDENT; nor is it improbable that some of the leaders of the majority may be startled by their reverses into moderation. The ultimate victims of faction will too probably be the unhappy clients whom the Republicans have, for their own purposes, elevated into an untenable position. The negroes are not to be blamed if they are occasionally arrogant and turbulent; but they may still have to pay dearly for the pleasure of making Constitutions for the government of their former masters.

#### THE SHEFFIELDISM OF SHEFFIELD.

IT is announced that "rattening" has been renewed at Sheffield. The case exhibits the elementary simplicity of the practice. A Unionist in the edge-tool trade is in arrears with his society, and the wheel-bands of his employer are stolen. With what we venture to think a very superfluous courtesy, the master, a Mr. WARD, informs the Union Secretary of the theft; and the Union Secretary, one STACEY, coolly replies that the information is no news to him, and, as he expresses it, "certainly I would rather hear of some arrangement being made betwixt you and your men." That is to say, he has the impudence to suggest that Mr. WARD should pay his workman's private debt, and then he would get his own property back again. The egregious morality of the Unionist Secretary may be illustrated by supposing that a curate owed a butcher's bill, and that when the butcher had stolen the rector's spoons by way of material guarantee, it were suggested that, if the rector paid the curate's account, he would most likely get his spoons back again some day. We are not much surprised that rattening goes on, and the case only justifies the suspicion which we hazarded a week

or two ago, that the Saw-grinders' "recommendation" that rattening should be discontinued promised but little amendment in Sheffield life. On the other hand, we should have had more hope had Mr. WARD, instead of entering into a whimpering correspondence with the presumable abettors of robbery, summoned the magistrates to act, and had public opinion in Sheffield—the public opinion of masters as well as men—pronounced on the occasion. And this leads us to inquiries on a broader subject than the little incident of which we have spoken.

What we want to know is whether or not Sheffield outrages are, if not as much the fault of masters as of men, at least partly owing to the supineness of employers and magistrates; and, if so, whether there is a peculiar and local moral disease which we may venture to call Sheffieldism—a malaria and pestilential fog which saps the energies of Hallamshire in particular, and which infects the particular trade of cutlery and steel goods, or the employers in that particular trade, with an indigenous cretinism and a paralysis of the moral functions that secrete the function of responsibility. Or can it be that this same disease is at work with English employers and the middle-class mind generally throughout the country, and that it only exhibits itself in Sheffield with more virulence because the germs of the plague find in that town exceptional and too favourable aids to development? We have seen a pamphlet, entitled *Public Opinion and Public Spirit in Sheffield*, in which the writer leans to the opinion that Sheffield is altogether a singular and exceptional place; and he adduces, in a very quiet way, a whole string of illustrations of his view that Sheffield is totally devoid of a healthy public opinion, and that the leading men there are crushed down by a universal apathy. He accounts for this state of things by pointing to the sixty Trades' Unions of Sheffield, all of them secret societies, and resorting to the foulest means of coercing all healthy and independent action both as regards masters and men. This may be true as far as it goes, and it would be difficult to deny that, when all England was ringing with the atrocities of BROADHEAD and his assassinations and robberies, the chief men and honourable of Sheffield exhibited only a terrorized cowardice and helplessness. We cannot recall to our recollection any indignation meeting, or any spirited policy adopted, or even any straightforward resolution passed, by Sheffield authority. So far from it, that it is on record that when, six years ago, the Trades' Association itself issued an address denouncing the Acorn Street atrocity, and some attempts were made to discover the perpetrators, the Mayor and leading men of Sheffield refused to co-operate. If this is so, it would be scarcely too much to say that the leading men not only failed in their duty at a particular emergency, but that they are indirectly responsible for BROADHEAD's crimes and the excesses of Unionism. The pamphleteer goes on to pile up superfluous proofs of Sheffield imbecility and incapacity and sullen indifference to duty. He says that the Sheffield Infirmary is disgracefully neglected; that the Cambridge Local Examinations suffered because no Sheffield man could be found to take the chair; that Sheffield has no public hall, and that the Social Science Congress could only meet in a singing-saloon; and that neither the men of position in Sheffield nor the rising intelligence of Sheffield ever exhibit the slightest interest in public life, or do much for the welfare and prosperity and social advancement of the town. All this is, the writer says, in melancholy and sombre contrast with the active life and noble institutions of Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Bradford, and Birmingham. We cannot contradict either the assertion or the inference. No doubt even the Baron of BRADWARDINE felt a failure of self-respect when he hinted at his agent paying black-mail to FERGUS M'IVOR. His conscience whispered unpleasant things about "theft-boot or composition of felony"; and if it be true, as is vehemently suspected, that Sheffield manufacturers are in the habit of conniving at the settlement of rattening cases, it is small wonder that the honour and credit of Sheffield suffer at their hands. Public spirit is incompatible with private terrorism. But, after all, this is to say but little. The apologists of Unionism have always argued that in Sheffield is to be found a very full-blooded spirited stock—that it is quite a model town for energy, and that BROADHEAD's little excesses only show the exuberance and vigour of Yorkshire life. If so, it would seem that the artisan class have sucked out and absorbed the general life of the community of Sheffield, and that the dull, spiritless, enervated employer only compensates for the excessive activity of the workman. But this is talking nonsense. We do not believe in this idle doctrine of localisms. Sheffield is not an isolated ulcer in the midst of

healthy English vitality. The blood and air of Hallamshire are much the same as the blood and air of Hallamshire's neighbours and kinsmen.

We are forced back therefore on the position that what has happened at Sheffield might happen elsewhere, and we begin to inquire whether there are evidences, not so developed and unmistakeable, of the working of the same law under conditions happily less favourable for its full development in other forms of English society. Like causes produce like effects; and we have to see whether in certain classes public spirit is not getting seriously weakened among us. In France, at the present moment, a popular and able writer finds that provincial life is fast dying out; he deplores that Paris has absorbed France, and that under the rule of *préfets* and Government officials, what were once local centres of intellectual activity and moral responsibility have faded into a pale mediocrity. To use a Frenchman's phrase, French society generally is boned; that is, there is the outward form and contour of organization, but there is no stiff skeleton and articulation of structure. Certainly our own municipal system is a corrective of this social abuse; but if we look closely into English life we shall see that in the middle-classes something of the same process is going on which has ruined French provincial life. The lime has been lost to a portion of the social system, and some of us, our tradesmen in particular, are only pulpy men. Mere commercial pursuits have this tendency, and a general survey of English life seems to hint at this unpleasant process. Ideas are scouted. We are not a nation that goes to war for an idea; we are not convinced that it is worth while to hinder the progress of production for sterile unremunerative theories. If we want to have thoughts and views, there is what we call the press, ready to furnish them to order or on speculation. It is the business of professional writers to produce a ready-made public opinion; it is not a private duty to opine. It is the sole function of middle-class life to push trade—to get as much out of it as possible with the least possible expenditure of thought. Not slothful in business is one thing, but to be also fervent in spirit is another; and St. PAUL was an enthusiast for bracketing them as equally necessary for man. If we cannot resist Unionism, or the extortion of the butchers, or false weights and measures, we must make up our minds to be bullied and cheated; not more perhaps than is inevitable, but still we must submit. It was a bad thing that the Hyde Park railings were thrown down, and nobody wanted a Reform Bill; but on the whole it was well that it was no worse, and as London might have been looted, the Oxford Street mind consoled itself with the reflection that it got off so cheaply. The patriotism of the tradesmen and manufacturers, and the public opinion of the folks in the railway and omnibus who go up to their shops and business every day, takes its affronts patiently, and is a very much long-suffering and patient ISSACHAR. This is what we mean by the decay of public spirit in the middle-classes; and unless something like this were very influential, the middle-classes would have not silently submitted to the transference of political power to the working-man. The result is that corporate life, and the reverence for it, only exists at the top and bottom of society. Public duties, institutions, subscriptions, education, and the like, are not undertaken and supported by the middle-class. Moral force is not in their way. Popular literature and its easy manufacture illustrates this tendency. It may be that some unexpected influences may retard, or even prevent, the decline of England; but there is an ominous uniformity in the opinions expressed by the voice of all the jurors at the Paris Exhibition, that, as Professor TYNDALL says, "England must one day, and that no distant one, find herself outstripped by the nations both in the arts of peace and war." Even in manufacturing and mechanical industry the last decade of years only registers an inferior and stumbling progress compared with that of the rest of the world; and, of all British centres of trade, Sheffield takes the most ignominious place. Everything shows that the great central strata of English society only live to save themselves the trouble of spending personal activity on the causes and objects of life. Few things perhaps contribute more to this decadence of the middle-classes than the modern habit or necessity of having a place of business apart from the home. When tradesmen occupy London or Liverpool shops and offices, and sleep at suburban or more distant villas, their life is extinguished. They occupy a solitary cell for the noble purposes of dining and sleeping, but they have no dwelling-place for duty, and no centre for energy and responsibility. They have literally no home, and belong to no corporate organization. They do as little as they can in the city, and as little as they can

in the country. They are lodgers in either home, neither of which is a home, without a citizen's sense of duties or responsibilities. The rich man and the poor man alone have citizen's homes, and therefore they alone develop a citizen's feelings. When the prosperous tradesmen give—and they are not much given to giving—they write a cheque, to save themselves the bore of thought and intelligence. With all its horrors and abuses Trades' Unionism shows that the working-man still cherishes, and exaggerates it may be, the notion of corporate life, and, had he not done this, he would not have compelled the middle-class to abdicate. It is most likely futile to hope that the middle-class in England will ever recover its influence. LOUIS PHILIPPE's reign tried the *épiciér* mind, and it was found wanting; and it seems to be coming to this, that the future of civilization—decivilized it may be—will be only a choice between a despotism, paternal or not, and democracy. In either case the middle-class is crumpled up, and Sheffieldism is an instance, or rather a forecast, of what may, unless our middle-class witnesses a great revival, be the future of England.

#### INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

AN American writer in the *Atlantic Monthly Magazine* has lately recommended the concession of an international copyright; and although there is little chance that Congress will adopt his views, an attempt to redress an indefensible wrong is entitled to notice and support. If the American reasons for protecting the property of foreign authors were wholly disinterested, they would be absolutely ineffective. In a country which sanctions monopolies in every trade, under the erroneous belief that it is gratifying an enlightened national selfishness, it would be useless to propose a measure by which no class of the indigenous community could immediately profit. Some American artists lately demanded protection against European genius, and, except for their pretensions to a higher cultivation, they were not more censurable than the ironmakers of Pennsylvania or the cotton-spinners of Massachusetts. The novelists and verse-writers of the United States might perhaps be willing to exclude English fiction and poetry from the market; but they regard with reasonable disfavour a contraband importation by which they are habitually undersold. Publishers who are legally allowed to steal necessarily become disinclined to buy. When the works of an English writer can be had for nothing, the manuscripts of his American competitor are deteriorated in value, especially as the customary price of books is determined by the cost of pirated literature. For once, just legislation would practically impose a protective duty, to the common benefit of the European producer and of his American rival. In this instance, however, the consumers, who in other departments of commerce allow manufacturers to tax them at their pleasure, have learned to estimate the convenience of cheapness, which derives an additional zest from the consciousness of injury inflicted on the English author. The publishers can scarcely be blamed for appropriating a profit which would otherwise be acquired by their neighbours, especially as in some cases they hand over a fraction of their gains as conscience-money or damages due to the real owner of their commodities. The writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* would scarcely find that popular English authors were profoundly grateful to American publishers; but he partly excuses their niggardly payments by explaining their practice of stereotyping first editions, which naturally indisposes them to encourage future improvements of an original work.

If the writer of the article is correctly informed, the publishers themselves have become convinced of the expediency of an international copyright. There is a precarious and arbitrary code of honour, called the courtesy of trade, which regulates, as far as it prevails, the American title to English literary wares. The first occupant of a book is supposed to enjoy an exclusive right, not only to the profits of the work itself, but to the property of future editions, and even of other writings by the same author. As long as scrupulously respectable publishers have to deal only with one another, the enjoyment of the goods belonging to the third party in Europe is sufficiently secured by understanding or etiquette.

Thus honour rooted in dishonour stands,  
And faith unfaithful keeps them falsely true;

but upstarts and interlopers propound and practise a morality of their own, and even when advanced proof-sheets from Europe have been obtained for valuable consideration, new works are republished in a cheap form by strangers, almost as soon as they have issued from the press. The unjust law, or



absence of law, which was intended only to operate against the foreigner, renders the calculations of enterprising publishers insecure, and other inconveniences necessarily result from the anomalous institution of legalized piracy. According to the by-laws of the trade, a mere announcement of the intention of publishing an English book vests a monopoly of the work in the enterprising discoverer; and, by a natural abuse, the flag is often hoisted on a literary rock or island which is not ultimately occupied by the expected settler. In such cases the courtesy of trade operates as a prohibition against reprinting in the United States a book which may be instructive or otherwise valuable. In short, plundered authors have, in lieu of payment, the consolation of knowing that their property, like the legendary treasure of the Nibelungen, disturbs the peace and complicates the relations of its lawless possessors. The few American authors whose works are read in England suffer precisely the same injustice, with the aggravation of still more rarely receiving payment from English publishers. The insular conscience perhaps finds a salve in the knowledge that the fault of an unjust state of things rests exclusively with the American Legislature, or rather with the people. England has long since entered into treaties for reciprocal copyright with all other countries which possess a literature; and the United States might at any moment effect a similar arrangement. It would indeed matter comparatively little whether there were a copyright treaty between two countries speaking different languages, except for the possible importation of pirated books in bulk. England and the United States are, like France and Belgium, one community for literary purposes, except that the Americans think fit to confiscate for their own benefit the works of English authors.

It may be admitted that the question of international copyright affects no general or important interest, unless American authors are justified in the belief that it dwarfs their national genius. English writers may in some degree console themselves for the spoliation of their property by the wide circulation which ensues from the cheapness of piracy. Zealous missionaries sometimes leave chests of Bibles, as if by mistake, on an uncivilized shore, in the hope that ingenious natives, coming to steal, may remain to learn and to pray. The English philosopher or poet involuntarily undergoes a similar process of plunder, with much more definite results in the shape of fame and influence. The unbought mental food of the American nation constitutes a great part of its intellectual wealth; and, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, England is denounced in vituperative phrases which are expanded from the simpler language of English books. It is no discredit to a vigorous and growing population that it has yet scarcely a literature of its own. Two or three valuable histories by American writers are rather cosmopolitan than national works, and WASHINGTON IRVING, FENIMORE COOPER, MRS. STOWE, and MR. LOWELL are the only well-known representatives of imaginative and general literature. Italy and Spain, notwithstanding their glorious traditions, are in modern times far more barren; and even Germany has, during the present generation, been fertile only in the products of erudition. If the advocates of copyright appeal skilfully to patriotic prejudice, they may perhaps ultimately convince their countrymen that a protective duty in the form of purchase-money would tend to exclude the corrupting tendencies of European literature. The incidental benefit which might accrue to popular English authors ought, as far as possible, to be kept in the background; but American writers might fairly insist on their claim to a protection in foreign markets, which can only be obtained by reciprocal justice. If the controversy turns on abstract rights, stringent arguments will be perpetually neutralized by plausible objections. When the present copyright law in England was discussed a quarter of a century ago, MR. MACAULAY contended with perverse ingenuity against the principle of recognising literary property. It might be urged that an English author has received full consideration for his productions when he has received the price which represents the home circulation of his works. It is but an accident that the English language is spoken in a foreign country by an equally numerous population, including a much larger proportion of readers. The spectators who stand outside the privileged inclosure do no wrong to the manager who provides fireworks for his own customers; and foreign fame is in itself a clear gain, not requiring the supplement of solid profit. It is not worth while to disentangle sophisms which would be employed only to sustain a foregone conclusion; and it may be useful to suggest excuses for an injustice which is perhaps not deliberate and wilful. The tariff which the

Republicans have secured as the reward of their patriotism during the war inflicts infinitely greater injury on the American community than the trifling loss which may be occasioned to English authors by the absence of copyright; yet the monopolists have taught their victims to believe that purchasers of cheap imports pay a degrading and burdensome tribute to the foreign producer. There is no fallacy so transparent that it will not deceive a people that wishes to be cheated. Yet the cynicism of American politicians is not without its advantages. When the sufferers from protection, forming the vast majority of the nation, learn that their own immediate interest is identified with sound political economy, they will have to deal, not with recondite apologies for injustice, but with the coarsest and crudest sophistry. It is not impossible that the reaction may lead to the comparatively petty concession of international copyright; but if the Americans still cling to the show of injustice, the greater part of the attendant hardship will fall, as now, on their own literary class.

#### NINETEENTH CENTURY SENTIMENT.

IT may reasonably be doubted whether there has ever been a more thoroughly sentimental time than the present. Till recently it was rather the fashion to denounce the age as exactly the reverse, from a kind of vague idea perhaps that an age which used railways must be unpoetical. Railway engines, as is evident, scream, railway embankments are unsightly, the little brick houses built for the servants of the Company are enough to disfigure a whole neighbourhood; and people jumped to the conclusion that a generation which travels by rail must be a hard, screaming, iron, red-brick, go-ahead sort of generation. The truth is gradually coming to be discerned, that not only has the nineteenth century got its feelings, but that it is flooded with a perfect inundation of sentimentality far above anything known or seen before. The type of sentiment no doubt is different from that to which the world has been accustomed. The chivalrous and the pastoral, the gallant and the gay, are over, and the "domestic" order of sentiment takes their place. Nobody in England now, not even the dreamiest young Englishwoman, would dream of looking forward with enthusiasm to a life of honeysuckles and clematis in company with Damon and a crook. Even love in a cottage, that old and time-honoured fog of our childish romances, has gone out. There are indeed no such things as cottages left; they have all been converted into elegant leasehold mansions within ten minutes' walk of a railway station, and a poet or a lover in search of a cottage might walk from London to Brighton in vain. Love in a semi-detached villa residence is the modern form and representation of insolvent matrimonial bliss; but though the name and outward conditions have been changed, love in a villa residence is thought to be as common, as delightful, and as permanent as love over a milk-pail, or love in a Castle Joyous. And at any rate, whether the passion is or is not more sublime, there is very much more of it. To the contemplative sentimentalist the neighbourhood of the metropolis on every side is quite an impressive sight. Go where he may, he sees the same eternal line of brick and mortar, buildings all constructed apparently upon the same design, and all, as far as the human eye can tell, by the same architect. The truth is that they resemble one another because the final end of all of them is the same—matrimony under difficulties. Within a very few miles of Charing Cross, hundreds of thousands of more or less happy clerks or industrious young hairdressers are every day pairing off with their predestined mates, and endeavouring to get as much romance out of the dusty noonday of their life as is possible on a very limited amount of means. If we are to believe Mr. Dickens, and other artists who profess to be acquainted with the subject, they are not always unsuccessful. And if they ever are, it is not because they are deficient in sentimental ideas, but because the world they live in is too hard and barren a soil to let this flower grow. The novels of the day prove that there is no diminution in the romantic force of the English nation. Mr. Trollope, whose business and glory it is to portray the honest blooming loves of English drawing-rooms, and whose pleasant pencil reproduces the heroine of the upper or the upper middle class, down to her little moral feelings and her very Balmoral boots, only does for his own class what a hundred less finished artists are doing for all classes below it. Everybody seems either to be occupied in reading or in writing fiction, except perhaps the few whose time is passed among experiences of life more strange and more vivid than those contained in any three-volume novel.

It is not only in respect to novel-reading or novel-writing that the age shows itself so peculiarly romantic. The tendency is exhibited equally in many other ways. The world, for example, or at any rate the English world, is growing exceedingly curious about little details of the lives of individuals. This description of curiosity is only a species of what Mr. M. Arnold might call provincial sentiment. The same impulse which makes the village postmistress examine carefully every letter that passes through her hands sets the public in a fever over every sort of domestic tragedy or comedy which is being played out anywhere within their reach. If the person connected with the incident is in a prominent position in life, the interest is intense; but the

indiscretions of a cab-driver are quite as capable of riveting the attention of the whole country for a morning as even the intrigues of a fashionable Delilah or the misfortunes of a millionaire. Something connected with human life, and, if possible, something connected with the passions and pleasures of human life, is what is required; and what that something is, whether it be related to a prince or a Scotch gillie, is a mere matter of detail. The greater events of our time command no doubt our attention, but it is a singular phenomenon that the doings of a crowd rivet us less than the doings of any single individual in it. The escape of Garibaldi will be read with avidity by thousands who care as little about the condition or government of Rome as they do about Bagdad. The Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* is aware that the duel between two French noblemen, or the most trivial adventure of Miss Cora Pearl, is sure to be far more interesting to his audience than the whole political news of an agitated continent; just as in public estimation the entire Fenian brotherhood this week are of far less importance than a shade of pallor on the face of the obscure persons who are being tried at Manchester for murder. The great public feeds on very little things. The higher, the more general, and the more complex any subject is—the greater, in a word, its human importance—the less seems to be its human interest. Details alone make an impression on the popular mind. This tendency it is which makes the fortune of the novelist. Curiosity accordingly is but a form of sentiment, and is allied very nearly to it. Both are equally opposed to and inconsistent with the philosophic spirit, which cares more for history than for anecdote, and for general laws than particular instances. Philosophy, it has been said, begins with wonder; sentimentality, which stands at the antipodes to philosophy, ends on the other hand in curiosity. Gossip, which is usually set down by satirists as a feminine habit, is the form which conversation takes when it wishes to minister to this unhealthy and inquisitive appetite. That gossip is not necessarily a feminine acquirement only, is proved by the discovery elsewhere of the same epidemic taste. One of the largest New York papers, the circulation of which is probably greater than that of most European journals, owes, it is said, its success to the principle of recording trivialities. People like to read what is the talk of the dinner-tables, the counting-houses, and the streets. It touches them closely, and is suited to intelligence of a common kind. One New York journal saw this, and laid its plans accordingly, while other rival publications, as they understood the secret of its prosperity, followed headlong in the race. It is, however, idle to treat of the tendency as if it were a Transatlantic vulgarity, so long as every novel-reader who is engrossed in the ordinary fiction of the day is the victim of a similar propensity. And a propensity which is fostered by so many causes cannot be expected to be on the decline. Every day it becomes more pronounced, until even the sensationalism of modern literature is not more noticeable than its triviality.

Sometimes it occurs to sane persons who are not infected with the absurd desire of reading sentimental details about the lives of others, which are too insignificant or foolish to be recorded by them in their own, to ask themselves what is to be the upshot and result of all the floating sentimentality they see around them in their age. Does it do any good at all to counterbalance the evil that is its necessary consequence? and if so, what is the good it does? Some at least of the mischief that flows from it is appreciable enough. People grow up from childhood drenched through and through with sentimentality. It is given them in every page of light literature with which they are allowed to amuse themselves; and the character of women in particular is sodden with it before they arrive at maturity. Love-making, it is argued, is a necessary part of life. The world cannot, and will not, do without it; and as long as men and women differ in sex, so long will courtship and affection and marriage hold the absorbing place they do in the human imagination. A great deal of this is indisputably true, but the question still remains, whether men and women are any the better for the artificial stimulus supplied by sentimental writing to what is admitted to be in both sexes a natural proneness to sentiment and passion. There will always be lovers enough in the world, without converting literature into a sort of apparatus for turning the whole imagination of the young on to the subject, and thus propagating romance and love even in soil where it need not have taken root at all. It may be urged that it is desirable as far as possible to bring a refining influence to bear upon human instincts which otherwise would be coarse if not brutal, and to make the intercourse of men and women purer and happier by making it imaginative and sentimental. Passion loses half its danger, it may be said, by being gilt over with a crust of romance; and people who take this side of the question point out to us the many noble thoughts and noble actions which are produced by love of a cultivated kind. And no doubt love disguised in literary roses, and moulded into a domestic or unselfish type, is in a number of cases a humanizing influence. *Emolliat mores, nec sint esse feros*. One cannot deny the fact that even novels may play some part in making the passion unselfish and delicate and worthy. As a rule, the fiction of the day, in this country at any rate, still treats the subject with a certain amount of refinement. But after all allowance has been made upon this score, we have still to consider the vast number of cases where the only result of novels is to foster sentiment in readers of both sexes who would be all the better men and women if the sentiment

had never been fostered in them at all. The influence of the novel upon these is purely emollient. Everybody who knows human nature at all must be aware of the fact that even cultivated sentimentality leads, in thousands of instances, to disastrous effects upon the character; and the thin varnish with which literature gilds the passions is not enough to recompense society for the harm done by concentrating the minds of the young on the passion so gilded. As it is, literature is given up to the delineation, in polished terms, of a very obvious and strong natural impulse. Mr. Trollope, in his preface to his new magazine, openly acknowledges the fact that no periodical publication of the kind would have a chance of commercial success unless it contained a novel. He might have gone further, and said that no novel would be read, even from his own able pen, unless it had the usual assortment of heroes and heroines fluttering round one another, and devoting the whole energy of their characters to the pursuit of the pleasures of affection. Some day or other, Mr. Trollope opines—though the prospect, he admits, is a distant one—that the taste for fiction may disappear, and be succeeded by a popular run upon scientific works, or even upon sermons. When even a novelist hopes this, we are anxious not unnecessarily to despair, but we fear that the world will have to alter considerably before any such happy change. There may be untold mines of interest either in chemistry or in theology. But there are no heroines, and no matrimonial adventures, in either; and neither the loves of the insects nor of the angels will ever make science or sermons what Mr. Trollope thinks they may become, until society becomes less sentimental, and novelists cease to cater for the emotions of romantic and poetical natures. So far from there being any indication of such a progress, even history, thanks to the industry and curiosity of historians, is turning into a mass of anecdote and scandal. It is fast dedicating itself, as Mr. Carlyle would tell us, to the Doggeries; and it is almost a question whether the age is taught more about the great men of the past or about their mistresses. Poetry, possibly, may be considered as a more suitable field for sentimental exertion. Poets are licensed creatures. They are, and always have been, permitted by the moral sense of the public to ply to and fro in the most emotional attire, and to devote themselves to the eternal and superfluous task of teaching men and women to fall in love. But even the poets of the day are obeying the influence of the time. Mr. Matthew Arnold is a refreshing exception to the universal rule according to which every poet, like the Corinthian woman of ancient times, seems willing to enter the service of the Temple of Venus, and to consecrate himself to its ceremonial. With one or two great exceptions, the rest of the fraternity are mere hymn-makers to Love. They describe the brief but intermittent fever from this side and from that; and modern art appears unsatisfied unless it has exhausted every possible mental attitude as well as physical posture in which its goddesses, dressed or undressed, can be represented. What Titian did occasionally, the new romantic school is doing all day long, and the only difference between the greater and the lesser geniuses is that the former do in tune and rhythm what the latter do in a jargon which is neither poetry nor prose. To such a condition has literary art been reduced by the intensified sentimentalism of the nineteenth century. Moral and immoral authors, it is true, take care to differ in one respect, and we might almost say in one only—namely, that the moral ones, whatever rein they give to their imagination, religiously remember always to delineate the Veiled Statue of the presiding Genius of Matrimony in the background.

If this sentimental *furore* is henceforward to be a necessity without which imaginative literature cannot hope to be popular, nothing more is to be said. There is never any use in spending time or trouble in a vain denunciation of the settled characteristics of one's age. The only thing to be remarked is, that literature under these new conditions can scarcely hope to be as respectable or as respected as it might otherwise have been. All that remains is to notice the fact that great poets and great novelists have not always been erotic in their tastes, and that the delineation of human character in their hands has not uniformly been synonymous with the description of all the possible relations which may obtain between the sexes. The fashion of constructing on paper Utopian commonwealths has died away. Otherwise one might safely affirm that ideal legislators would have to repeat more strongly, with regard to modern novelists and modern poetasters, the sentence of banishment which Plato in his imaginary Republic pronounced against the poets. The corruption of youth appears to be the one main purpose of modern fiction, both in verse and prose, and the trivialities and the incontinence of both sorts of fiction no doubt accomplish slowly and surely the end for which they are so admirably fitted. The greatest living novelists, like Mr. Dickens, Mr. Trollope, and George Eliot, aim at a nobler influence, and are not open to the sweeping censure of a moralist; but the note of pure feeling which runs through their writings passes, in the hands of a swarm of imitators and contemporaries, into a strain of emasculating sentiment which is gradually destroying the manliness both of poetry and fiction.

#### CRITICS AND CANT.

THE new number of *Belgravia* contains two papers—one by Mr. Sala, and the other purporting to be a remonstrance by Captain Shandon to the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*—which are worth a moment's notice, as embodying the creed of the sen-



ation school of writers. That school has generally the good sense to wrap itself in the consciousness of its undoubted popularity, and to laugh at critics whose bitterest assaults serve as an excellent advertisement. However, certain recent attacks have for once made them very angry. "Captain Shandon" tells the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* to "go to school and learn what it is to be a gentleman"; and Mr. Sala treats a "poor canting creature" who writes in *Blackwood* to a very hearty scolding, declaring that it is amongst the attributes of the canting creature's tribe to "write so much drivel at two pounds a week," and to be themselves "perfectly insane, ignorant, untravelled, incapable 'duffers.'" Now we care very little to undertake the canting creature's defence; he may very likely have talked great nonsense; and we agree with Mr. Sala in thinking that his jeremiad upon the decay of morals and good taste was unnecessarily lugubrious and stilted in its tone. But, whilst holding ourselves apart from the battle, we like to hear Mr. Sala's defence of his friends. No one is better qualified to set forth in appropriate terms the view of the thoroughgoing cockney who measures everything from Moscow to the Mississippi by some standard within the London cab-district, and is perfectly convinced that every one who affects to condemn him is a prig, a coxcomb, and a humbug. There is a good racy flavour of street slang about his writing which is by no means inconsistent with a certain cynical common sense.

Mr. Sala begins his argument by setting forth a literary theory as to the difference between novels and romances, which he lays down in very positive terms. As he drops it immediately afterwards, we will only say that it sounds to us uncommonly like nonsense. We learn from it incidentally that everybody has completely forgotten Miss Austen; that Richardson is as "dead as a doornail"; and that Fielding alone, of all our old novelists, survives in *Tom Jones*, though it seems that he was "less a novelist than the author of an astounding philosophical exposition of human nature"—perhaps as absurd a remark as has ever been made about Fielding. This gives us some measure of the public whose critical judgment Mr. Sala accepts as final; they are persons who have totally forgotten Miss Austen, and religiously believe in Miss Braddon. He sneers, by the help of inverted commas, at the "cultivated" persons who admire Richardson; and certainly, if everybody has forgotten Miss Austen, no cultivated person of our acquaintance deserves to be mentioned as anybody.

Mr. Sala then confutes the canting creature by recalling some of the trash which amused the last generation of novel-readers. Mr. Harrison Ainsworth exalted highwaymen in *Rookwood*; Theodore Hook and Mrs. Trollope used coarser language than a modern publisher would dare to print; Mrs. Gore and Lady Blessington wrote terrible trash; Lord Lytton put forward some very questionable morality in *Paul Clifford*, *Ernest Maltravers*, and other early novels; and Mr. Disraeli wrote such stuff that a reader who did not know him to be Chancellor of the Exchequer might pronounce him to be "stark staring mad." If the "canting creature" denied that a great deal of immoral trash has been published since the days of Sir Walter Scott, the canting creature was certainly wrong; and Mr. Sala is justified, so far as the error of his opponent can justify him, in ripping the said creature up and shaking the bran and sawdust out of him—to use Mr. Sala's own graceful invective. Still, Mr. Sala has too much sense to imagine that this is a defence of Miss Braddon. However, if other writers have transgressed all bounds of propriety, and been deservedly forgotten in consequence, it is a very comforting circumstance, and encourages us to hope that modern sensation literature may before long follow its predecessors to the dust-heap. The decay in reputation of every book mentioned by Mr. Sala is a sufficient proof that unworthy expedients for catching a temporary popularity will not enable a book to survive a change or two of fashion. Mr. Sala, however, goes on to declare that the modern "outspoken, realistic, moving, breathing fiction" is considerably superior to Mrs. Gore and Lady Blessington and Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, and the feebler performances of Lord Lytton. And he proceeds to praise Miss Braddon on the singular ground that her books are pictures of real life, and are written for grown people, and not for babes and sucklings. Have there not been Road murders and plenty of other horrors and immoralities, and is not that sufficient to prove that we shall "take no harm by reading realistic novels of human passion, weakness, and error"? *Jane Eyre* was a sensational novel, for in it a mad woman tries to burn down her husband's house; *Adam Bede* is sensational, for it includes frailty and murder; and why should people have the ridiculous prudery to object to Miss Braddon's murders and bigamies?

This is a very neat illustration of the misty uncertainty as to all canons of criticism which is apt to possess even a clever man, when he surrenders himself to be the organ of the cockney mind, and to believe that the voice of the people which reads *Shilling Magazines* is the *Vox Dei* before which all cultivated persons should bend in reverence. He entirely misses the whole point of the objections brought by sensible people against Miss Braddon. No man of taste objects to treating of crime in a novel; murder and bigamy may be introduced without any fault of art. Perhaps the greatest novel in the English language, *Clarissa Harlowe*, depends upon a crime which is scarcely mentionable at the present day. Mr. Sala, indeed, knows too much of life to suppose that it is all made up of bigamies and robberies and hidden crime, and young ladies shoving their husbands into dry wells. When such things occur they are still exceptional, and a novelist who claims to be "realistic"

should be careful to introduce them with due regard to probability. The accusation brought against Miss Braddon—we need not now ask whether it is a just accusation—is not that she introduces great crimes, but that she does not do them justice. She introduces them, it is said, as profusely as if murders were as plenty as blackberries, and relies solely upon the morbid interest which people feel in startling crimes without attempting to do justice to the passions which they arouse, and the revelations which they make of character; that is, she neglects precisely those topics into which a really great artist would throw his whole strength. It is not urged that her books are too strong meat for children, but that they are too flimsy and tawdry seriously to interest grown-up men; she prefers producing a temporary effect by a profusion of horrors, and shirks the laborious treatment which might make the same story the foundation for a real work of art. She uses talents which might be equal to serious work for mere flashy scene-painting. We have no particular admiration of *Eugene Aram*, but at any rate it was a careful attempt at an analysis of a singular character. The horrors in *Jane Eyre* are perhaps overstrained; but we can put up with them, on account of the singular force with which the passions of the actors are painted. In *Adam Bede*, the murder is unfortunately one which is in no way out of the common course of events, and the situation from which it results is elaborated with all the powers of a great writer. To compare *Lady Audley's Secret* to such works would be like comparing the vulgar pictures of battles at Versailles, where the artists strive to strike terror by a free display of blood and wounds, with the serious efforts in which the greatest painters have grappled with scenes of physical torture. There is plenty of blood in both; but an artist should shrink from attempting scenes of terrible excitement till he feels that his power is equal to the demand; whereas the lowest style of artist tries to make the horrors supply the place of power, and trusts that we shall be fascinated by his subject, so as to overlook his feeble drawing, his glaring colours, and his slapdash mode of dealing with difficulties. Mr. Sala says that people do not attack Mr. Charles Reade for his occasional coarseness, and he gives the true reason—that they feel him to be a strong man, and, we may add, to be a man who puts honest conscientious work into all he writes. They complain of Miss Braddon, on the other hand, because she writes with a breathless haste which puts honest work out of the question, and hopes that its flimsiness will escape notice under cover of the audacity with which she employs the most thrilling incidents. It requires a great writer to sound the depths of human passion, and without that power, strengthened by conscientious study, it is false art to introduce the most trying situations. It takes all Shakespeare's power to reconcile us to the butchery at the end of *Hamlet*; if he had depended upon the butchery for his elements of interest, he would not have outlived the time in which bloodshed *per se* was agreeable. When Mr. Sala can prove that Miss Braddon's writing is good enough to bear the criminality of her actors, he will be arguing to the point; his present argument, if pushed to its logical extreme, would justify the art of Holywell Street by the precedent of Greek statues. It is not the subject upon which art is employed that determines its merits, but the mode of treatment.

A somewhat similar confusion is shown in the article by "Captain Shandon." It continues the rather small warfare waged over the body of *Circe*. Captain Shandon seems to have a very hazy notion as to what constitutes the sin of plagiarism. He says that Sterne appropriated whole pages of Rabelais. He wrote a wonderful book, eking out the products of his own genius by his thefts. That does not prove that the thefts were not dirty. A painter may compose an admirable picture on stolen canvases; but his act is not the less immoral. In Sterne's case, and in some others that are mentioned, the morality will depend upon the extent of concealment practised, and on the claim which was tacitly made by the author to the wit of which he had become feloniously possessed. Captain Shandon even adduces the resemblance of Becky Sharp to Madame de Marnette, and the resemblance of style between the author of the *Story of Elizabeth* and M. Flaubert (the last of which, we should say, was such as to be quite consistent with an entire ignorance of one author's writings by the other), as cases in point. This is much as if we should justify a woman for stealing the bonnet of some fashionable lady, on the ground that other ladies have imitated the bonnet in their own costume.

The offence committed in the case of *Circe* was clearly plagiarism, although opinions will vary as to the precise shade of guilt involved. Some persons may apply what has been said in the great Barry-Pugin controversy, that it is a wonder that the authors do not repudiate, rather than claim, the glory of the invention. However that may be, no one can doubt that the plot was appropriated, and that, as Captain Shandon says himself, the keynote of *Circe* was struck in a passage in the French author, which Mr. Babington White transferred bodily to his own pages. The persons aggrieved are the French author, so far as it is a grievance to lose the reputation of having invented such a plot, and the public. The last grievance is not very large. It seems, however, that the British public does prefer an original work, just as congregations like to have original sermons even at the price of having them bad. A clergyman is not quite honest who copies his sermon out of a book to disguise his want of originality; and there is the same kind of guilt in not acknowledging the obligations to the contriver of a new plot. We do not pretend to say that it is very heavy, or that it deserves

all the noise that has been made; for it depends upon the existence of a tacit understanding which has never been clearly made out. As the authority of Thackeray is invoked, we may remark that, in a very similar case, he expressly acknowledges having borrowed the plot of the little story called the *Bedford Row Conspiracy* from Charles de Bernard; and it would be desirable that the precedent should be followed, and the stringency of the obligation increased. In cases like *Circe*, the degree of originality of a short volume of trash matters very little to anybody; but more interesting questions might arise, and there can be no doubt as to the general principles of morality involved. They are not in the least affected by the fact that men of genius have before now made good things out of stolen property; for men of genius have sometimes been rogues.

Into the details of the quarrel with the *Pall Mall Gazette* we do not care to enter. It strikes us indeed that our contemporary might have taken more pains to disavow all complicity with the forged letter; for the whole force of Captain Shandon's attack depends upon an insinuation, which we must suppose to be without any foundation, that such complicity existed. Meanwhile we would suggest to the Captain that he has said nothing about the most unequivocal accusation to which the publisher, at any rate, of the book has been exposed. It is perhaps excusable, or at least a not very grave offence, to appropriate a French plot; but we should like to know upon what grounds he justifies the advertisement which professed to contain a vehement puff from the *Edinburgh Review*, when the *Edinburgh Review* had never mentioned the book, and the sentence quoted was taken from a paper called the *Daily Review*, and printed at Edinburgh? Such a proceeding looks like something worse than plagiarism to an unassisted eye, and throws an unpleasant doubt upon the arts to which the success of such books as *Circe* is partially owing. We know not whether Captain Shandon is in any degree responsible, but, in his own forcible language, we should certainly recommend somebody concerned to go to school and learn what it is to be a gentleman, especially that part of a gentleman's duty which bears upon common honesty in avowed or unavowed quotations.

#### FRANCIS JOSEPH AT NANCY.

OUR old friend the Paris Correspondent of the *Times* has unkindly forbore to give us any special sport for some time past. We are therefore thankful to see some glimmerings of the spirit of the olden time reappear in the form of an explanation of the reasons which have led the newly elected King of Hungary to go to Nancy, of all places in the world, to pay his respects to the tombs of his fathers. The pleasure afforded by the discourse which follows, though in its nature somewhat more esoteric, is almost as good in its way as that which was supplied by the same hand in the grand old days when we used to read about "the fiery breath of the steeds of Phœbus." There is perhaps no variety of the grand style so thoroughly grand as that which is adopted by people who have just learned—or fancy that they have just learned—something, and who wish to put it forth so as to seem as if they had known it from their cradles. There is always a special air of authority and infallibility about the man who has just got his information fresh from the newest book of reference. His facts are sure to be trotted out with a pomp and circumstance which would hardly fall to their lot if they were the result of twenty years' grubbing at Simancas. So now it is with our instructor at Paris. Placed in the very centre, the *ὄγκος κεφαλῆς*, of the civilized world, it is clearly his duty to dispense knowledge of all kinds to the more benighted quarters of the earth. It is his part to be ready to explain the causes, however remote, of whatever goes on, and to know exactly "Who's who" not only in the nineteenth but in all earlier centuries. He conceives, perhaps rightly, that it might seem strange to some of his readers that the ancestors of a King of Hungary and Archduke of Austria should be buried at Nancy in the department of the Meurthe. People sometimes have the same sort of difficulty at finding the forefathers of several Kings of England, and even several Kings of England themselves, buried at Caen and at Fontevrault. Amongst others who were puzzled was seemingly Our Own Correspondent, and having made out the matter to his own satisfaction, he kindly undertook to expound the whole thing for the benefit of his less successful fellow-inquirers. The result is a series of very obvious truths set forth as if they were great discoveries, and adorned with a rich garnish of blunders. Each alone perhaps, had it come in the course of some casual allusion, might not have been very wonderful, but the cumulative force of blunder upon blunder, put forth in the most solemn style of a man giving rather recondite information, is something charming beyond expression.

It was perhaps presuming a little too far on the knowledge of his readers when our teacher rushed boldly into the middle of his subject. He first states the difficulty from which he has himself escaped, and from which he is striving to rescue others. Then he leaps, perhaps a little too venturously, into the tangled history of the middle of the last century:—

There are, perhaps, some who may be surprised at the Emperor of Austria's pilgrimage to the tombs of his ancestors at Nancy, and who may not be aware how it happens that the dust of his progenitors reposes in the vaults of the ancient cathedral of that fair city. In 1735 the Duke of Lorraine was Francis Stephen, when the war waged for the succession to the Crown of Poland was just brought to a conclusion, and the Treaty of Vienna signed. By this instrument the Powers who had taken part in the war conferred the Duchy of Lorraine on Stanislaus Leszcinski, father-in-law

of Louis XV., King of France, and, by way of compensation, transferred the Grand Duchy of Tuscany to Francis Stephen, who protested loudly, but who had to submit as the weaker.

Perhaps those who are puzzled at all about the matter might be equally puzzled at hearing that there ever were Dukes of Lorraine at all, and that Nancy had not always been *chef-lieu* of a department of the French Empire. Perhaps the flourish about the "ancient cathedral" hardly describes the peculiar structure in which the Dukes were buried, and goes too near to setting up Nancy as a rival of the immemorial episcopal honours of "The Three Bishoprics." At any rate it would have been only kind to have added that the treaty which gave Lorraine to Stanislaus assigned it after him to his son-in-law, and so to have explained how it came about that the place where the forefathers of Francis Joseph were found "resting" is now within the dominions of his host. Still, on the whole, so far, so good. But our instructor was capable of greater things. He goes on to tell us how

Charles IV., Emperor of Germany, was much attached to the Duke of Lorraine; he offered him the hand of his daughter Maria Theresa, his heir, which was of course accepted. The marriage took place in February, 1773; and thus it is that the House of Lorraine succeeded to the German Empire by its alliance with the Hapsburgs. Of this marriage was born Joseph II., who having no children at his death, the Imperial crown devolved on his brother Leopold II. Leopold's son was Francis II., who in 1806 was constrained to relinquish the title of Emperor of Germany for that of Emperor of Austria, and took the name and style of Francis I., and whose daughter was Maria Louisa, the second wife of Napoleon I. He was succeeded by his son Ferdinand, and Ferdinand abdicated in 1849 in favour of his nephew, the present Emperor, son of the Archduke Francis Charles. Thus, from Francis Stephen, the last Duke of Lorraine, to Francis Joseph, the line of descent is not a long one; and, as the direct descendant of the ancient Dukes of Lorraine, the Emperor Francis Joseph was no stranger at Nancy.

Now we are fairly in for it. "Charles IV., Emperor of Germany." How much longer are we to hear about "Emperors of Germany"? not merely in a casual way, but when people are solemnly instructing us about Imperial matters? And "Charles IV." is "IV." simply a misprint for "VI."? It would be more in character to suppose that our teacher had confounded the author of the Golden Bull with the author of the Pragmatic Sanction. The two instruments make two great epochs in Imperial history, and perhaps they have enough in common for a Correspondent of the *Times* to mistake one for the other. The Emperor who succeeded the Charles in question is altogether extinguished in our present summary, or his description might have solved the difficulty. It would be rather grotesque to see the unlucky Bavarian figure as Charles the Fifth, but as both Charles of Bavaria and Charles of Ghent had, in the course of their lives, to flee before the face of their enemies, there is perhaps likeness enough to justify identification.

However this may be, it is certain that the *Times* Correspondent believes that there was such a thing as a "German Empire," and that this "German Empire" was something transmissible by hereditary succession, or even by marriage. He evidently thinks that Francis of Lorraine became "Emperor of Germany" *ipso facto* by marrying Maria Theresa. It may be convenient to his descendant that people should think so, but history unluckily throws difficulties in the way. We have often been amused and puzzled at the extreme mystery which seems, in the minds of many people, to surround everything to do with the Empress-Queen. We have known people, even writers of large books, utterly at a loss to make out why the daughter of an "Emperor of Germany" should be spoken of for several years, in debates in the British Parliament and elsewhere, as the Queen of Hungary. England went to war to support the rights of the Queen of Hungary. Nobody at the time seems to have had any difficulty in understanding who the Queen of Hungary was, but she is a sore difficulty to many people now. The difference is that in 1740 men's minds had not been confused by the impossible figment of an "Austrian Empire." They knew that Charles, hereditary King of Hungary and Bohemia, Archduke of Austria, Duke, Count, and Lord of endless smaller possessions here and there, was also, by election, King of Germany and Jerusalem and Roman-Emperor elect. They knew that his hereditary possessions passed, by virtue of the Pragmatic Sanction, to his daughter, while the Electors of the Empire alone could dispose of his elective dignities. His daughter therefore was known to the world by her highest hereditary title, that of Queen of Hungary. When, some years later, her husband was elected Emperor, she of course shared his new dignity, and was henceforth spoken of as the Empress-Queen—Queen of Hungary in her own right, Empress as wife of the reigning Emperor. It is undoubtedly true that Francis would have had very little chance of being chosen Emperor if he had not been husband of the Queen of Hungary and Archduchess of Austria; but that in no way alters the legal aspect of the case. People seem always to forget the existence of Charles the Seventh, as lawful an Emperor as any other, whatever we may think of his claims on Hungary or Austria. The Queen of Hungary of course resisted his attacks on her hereditary dominions, but nobody thought of making her husband an Emperor, still less herself an Empress, till the death of Charles the Seventh caused a vacancy.

It is very strange that one has to explain this very simple matter over and over again. It is really just as easy as the fact that George the First, hereditary Elector of Hanover (perhaps rather hereditary Duke of Brunswick-Lüneburg), became King of Great Britain by what may fairly be called election, that is by virtue of a certain Act of Parliament. The one fact is in itself as simple as the other: we can only suppose the difference to be that



in the latter case the word Emperor does not step in to confuse matters. Once dazed by the Imperial splendour, our teacher goes on to tell us how "of this marriage was born Joseph II., who having no children at his death, the Imperial Crown devolved on his brother Leopold." Again we must interpose. The Apostolic Crown of Hungary and the Archducal Crown of Austria devolved on Leopold, but the Imperial Crown did not, and could not, devolve on anybody. As things stood, it was not at all likely that the Electors should choose anybody but Leopold, but they had a perfect right to choose anybody else, and they would have had a perfect right to choose Leopold even though Joseph had left children. Again we read how Francis the Second "in 1806 was constrained to relinquish the title of Emperor of Germany for that of Emperor of Austria." In this one sentence are more blunders than we can well count. Francis of course did not relinquish the title of "Emperor of Germany," which never existed. He was not, in any sense which the word would naturally bear, "constrained" to relinquish any title. He had already assumed the title of "Emperor of Austria" in 1804. It is worth while to copy in full the exact description of the Emperor as given in the last Imperial document. He appears as "Franz der Zweite, von Gottes Gnaden erwählter römischer Kaiser, zu allen Zeiten Mehrer des Reichs [Romanorum Imperator electus, semper Augustus], Erbkaiser von Oesterreich, &c., König in Germanien, zu Hungarn, Böhme, Croatien, Dalmatien, Slavonien, Galizien, Lodomerien, und Jerusalem, Erzherzog zu Oesterreich, &c." Here is his full and true legal description. Such a blundering formula as "Empeur d'Allemagne" may be found in one or two French documents, but never in languages, like Latin and German, in which accuracy is an object at once aimed at and attained.

By virtue of this act (August 6th, 1806) Francis ceased to be Roman Emperor-elect or King of Germany and Jerusalem. He remained King of Hungary, Archduke of Austria, and so forth. He also remained "Erbkaiser von Oesterreich," whatever that may mean—a point on which we have often given vent to our amazement. Only, as he had ceased to be an "erwählter Kaiser" in one place, it was no longer needful to say that he was "Erbkaiser" in another; so he henceforth called himself simply "Kaiser von Oesterreich," to the confusion of many men's minds ever since, and among them that of the Paris Correspondent of the Times.

Here, then, was the final fall of the Roman Empire. The Times, in a later article, has told us that Rome and Venetia "are ethnologically and geographically Italian," but that "neither has ever formed a part of a united Italy" since the fall of the Roman Empire. We congratulate the Times on making a statement which is perfectly accurate, even though we do not exactly see its force. In very remote times undoubtedly Rome and Venetia did form part of what may fairly be called a "united Italy." The Times is fully aware that, a thousand years ago or thereabouts, there were Emperors and Kings of Italy, who, though they did not reign over Naples, did reign over both Rome and Venetia. It only wants to keep its readers from thinking that the state of things which existed in 867 has existed at any time since 1806. It is undoubtedly true that, since the fall of the Roman Empire in the August of that year, Rome and Venetia have never formed part of one State. There was certainly a time when they obeyed one master; but that was a time when Venetia indeed was part of a Kingdom of Italy, but when Rome, like Nancy, was *chef-lieu* of a French department.

But to return to Francis the Second. The next thing we are told of him is that, having become "Emperor of Austria," he "took the name and style of Francis I." Now a man can hardly be said to "take a name" which he has borne since his baptism. Francis went on being Francis, but what is more, he went on being Francis the Second. The difference is important. It was not without a meaning that the "Emperor of Austria" went on using the numeral which had been his as King of Germany and Emperor-elect. Had he called himself Francis the First, it would have been as much as to announce his new Austrian "Empire" as something new. But this was the very thing that was to be avoided. The continuation of the numeral was part of the scheme for passing off the sham "Empire of Austria" as a continuation of the real old Kingdom and Empire, and we know how well it has succeeded.

Lastly, our Correspondent, having just before stated rightly that the Duchy of Lorraine was conferred on Stanislaus, goes on to call Francis Stephen the last Duke of Lorraine. "Oho, jam satis est." If we walked out into the high road and asked the first man we met how it is that the King of Hungary finds forefathers buried at Nancy, we should think it neither blameworthy nor wonderful if he gave us by way of answer an account as bungling as that which the Times has thought good to print. But when a man who can get the Times to print what he writes volunteers, in the most solemn way, to instruct people about "things not generally known," he is bound to get up his story with some slight regard to fact.

#### FANATICS IN PRIVATE LIFE.

VARIOUS remarkable transactions during the last half-score years have attracted the attention of thinkers to the question of the usefulness of the fanatic. America, England, and Italy have all shown, and the last is at this moment showing, what a

power belongs to the man with a single idea and a vehement and blind resolution. The abolition of slavery, the union—or, as it is oddly called, the unification—of a country with splendid traditions, and the redistribution of political power, are feats which testify to the energies of a Garrison, a Bright, a Garibaldi, or a Mazzini. As long as the world lasts, people will differ in the amount of their sympathies for fanatics. Some persons will always believe that great changes are best when wrought by cool and wise political heads; that the cool and wise head is just as likely to be earnest for good ends as the feather-brained enthusiast; that the latter is generally in the way of the former, and that he generally gets a good deal of credit for achievements that are really due to his more sober colleague; that the fanatic is usually purblind on every side but that which commands his own special bit of ground, and that he has not seldom a spice of humbug about him into the bargain. There are others again who adore their fanatic, and detest the temperate and sometimes rather roundabout methods of the politician; who believe that anybody who does not desire his ends with uncompromising vehemence must therefore be more or less insincere and half-hearted, and a worldling; that if you wish anything, you are all the more admirable for wishing it at such a time, in such a form, and with such provisions, as to throw all possible difficulties into the way of its execution and realization. There is, no doubt, much to be said for both of these ways of regarding the two types of character. The controversy resembles that as to the relative places in conduct and progress of intelligence and emotion. The world is governed and propelled by intellectual ideas, says a philosopher of one school. No, says an opponent, the work is done by emotions and strong sentiments. Each is right, and each is wrong. Emotions supply the steam, and intelligence is the regulative and conductive machinery—at once the screw and the rudder. Some mischief invariably ensues when the one attempts to perform the functions of the other, to enter into any rivalry with the other, or to dispense with it.

Without diving into this tremendous controversy in its relations to the larger affairs of politics and history, we may trace its ground in the lower field of ordinary social life. Without here attempting any criticism upon Garrison or Garibaldi, much less upon such a giant as Beales M.A., it is not uninteresting to meditate upon their humbler counterparts. And, fortunately for the student of human nature, thoroughly satisfactory and typical specimens of the fanatic may be found in ample abundance among all sorts and conditions of men. Fortunate as this may be for the student of character, we may perhaps justifiably deplore it as philanthropists; for however valuable the fanatic may be scientifically, socially he is, as a rule, detestable. His odiousness requires to be stated with this modification, for in truth there are two types of fanatics. Of these the one is mild and suave and complacent. Penetrated with his crotchet, whatever it may be, he has a sufficiently serene confidence, both in its virtue and in the ultimate certainty of its triumph, not to be uncomfortable and restless about it. He knows that he is right, and that all the rest of the world is wrong; that he has got the clue that leads to the heart of the maze of existence, while all the others are wandering hopelessly and dismally through its intricacies; that their perversity in declining to share his discovery brings its own punishment upon them, and that, if they are fools, they suffer for it. All this is balm to the fanatic of the mild stamp. But, alas, he is not the only type. At most we can only despise him a little. If he is offensive at all, which he can hardly be said to be, even then it is only a passive sort of offensiveness, which makes you shun his company with moderate resolution, for the simple reason that it is against all human nature to desire to have a constant sense of our inferiority pressed upon us by speech or otherwise. The slave in the chariot must have found the triumphant general but poorish company after all. Still, the triumphant general must have been a pleasanter companion than a passionate master with a scourge in his hand. This is the character and attitude of the commoner sort of fanatic towards the rest of us poor mortals, who do not want to follow him, nor to be so hotly in earnest as to scorch up all the pleasures and graces and *bienséances* out of our lives. It is a fearful destiny for any modest man, with nothing much stronger than milk-and-water opinions about great themes, to find himself dining at the same table at the club with an aggressive fanatic, who, knowing his mental coolness or feebleness, has joined him with the express object of awakening in him some sense of the general urgency of things. The dinner comes to an end, but a long journey in a railway carriage never does, or at least it seems as if it never would. Here the fanatic possesses you inextricably, and, without an outrageously violent rebuff, which would only add to the tormentor's arrogance, there is no chance of silencing him. In vain does one admit that very likely the fanatical man is right; that very likely Ireland ought to be allowed to go free, or that the temporal power of the Pope is a fine thing, or that it is unscriptural to live on anything but vegetables, or that capital punishment is a premium on murder. Gentle provisional assent of this sort is lukewarm and contemptible in his eyes. That quiet life for which, for a few hours at all events, you are willing to temporize a little, is precisely what he will not permit. On the whole, he prefers a fanatical enemy to a Laodicean friend. Moderate belief is to him more unpardonable than immoderate unbelief. It is passion that he desires, alike in sympathy and antipathy, almost irrespectively of the precise set of objects that he has at heart. "I like a man to know what he thinks and what he means," the

fanatical person says; "to be half and half in things is the basest state; to be neither with nor against, to run with the hare and hold with the hounds, to trim and double and pretend to see much to be said on both sides and on all sides—this is the mark of a person to me unendurable." It is useless to attempt to persuade him how much pleasure there is in having all one's convictions more or less under control, with the bit in their mouths and the bridle well in hand. He likes being run away with by his crotchet, or crotchets—for crotchets generally march into a man's mind in troops and bands—and thinks a great deal the worse of anybody who is the master of his opinions; to be the master of your beliefs is to invert the just and normal order of things. From this delightful theory grows the characteristic impenetrability of the fanatic to argument and reason. To weigh arguments and reasons which make against your belief is to be guilty of a certain want of loyalty and allegiance; it is as if you should listen to hints and whispers against the character of your friend. In the latter case a faithful man indignantly and deliberately closes his ears. In the other case, according to the fanatic, to keep your ears open is to be guilty of as shocking an act of infidelity as it would be in the department of friendship.

There is a germ or spark of right reason in this attitude, unpleasant as it may be from most points of view. For, oddly enough, there is such a person as the fanatical advocate of tolerance, and we are not sure that he is not on the whole the most insufferable of all fanatics. His specialty is a stern refusal to allow you to believe anything positively, firmly, and finally. Flux and reflux is, with him, the normal type of the state of opinion and belief in the breast of anybody who claims intelligent respect; constant change and movement, dubiety, and diffidence, and distrust, shifting and turning now to this quarter and now to that, just as any accidental blast from hence or thence may happen to blow. No conclusion is to be a conclusion for more than an hour, or a day, or perhaps, in the case of something demonstrated, for a month at the most. Not tenacious adherence to any single established opinion, but a watery accessibility to any bit of new doctrine, is the test of fine mental quality. Now, considering the many evil curses which a spirit of intolerance has brought upon the world, it might seem at first as if the opposite spirit could not be made too prominent, or endowed with too excessive attractions. Indeed, this is the case. But it is an obvious mental confusion to identify a love of tolerance with wateriness of opinion. History perhaps shows too uniformly that intense conviction has nearly always gone hand in hand with an intolerance of anything that might savour of dissidence. But then the mind of the race is in its infancy. All kinds of new possibilities lie in the future of mankind. Perhaps our remote posterity may develop a couple or more of new senses, but even if they should not, our present stock of senses and sense would appear perfectly adequate to carry into habitual practice the logical compatibility of deep conviction with unwavering tolerance. The achievement would not be new and unparalleled. May it not be said that it has been effected by all the best and wisest men who have lived in Europe this couple of centuries past? Nobody now with any pretensions to stand on the average level of enlightenment disputes that not only legal but also social tolerance should be extended to almost any form of speculative opinion. Yet it would be monstrous to hint that most of those who occupy this level, and practically exercise and advocate this tolerance, are devoid of earnest convictions of their own as to the superior value of one set of opinions and methods over all others. If, therefore, the persons who will have it that everybody who is in earnest must be at heart a bigot, and consequently that nobody ought to be in earnest, would look around them, they could not fail to see that their fanaticism for tolerance has led them into an imbecile blunder. The ever-present apprehension lest we should be on the wrong side, carried to the length to which they would fain have us all carry it, must assuredly paralyse anybody whom it seizes, and utterly incapacitate him for any good work. No evils arising from excessive tenacity of conviction are comparable with those which would come of excessive and deliberate impotence of conviction. The fanatic who insists that we believe too little or misbelieve too much is not a whit more wrongheaded or a whit less a bore than the fanatic who vows war against anything stronger than an airy, feathery sort of notion. And the worst of it is that each makes the other worse. The fanatic for flexibility or featheriness is exasperated still more and more by the fanatic for earnestness and uncompromising rigidity; and in the same way the latter is exasperated by the sight and thought of the former. At present, unhappily, society suffers almost equally both from one and the other.

#### THE BREAD AND MEAT QUESTION.

**T**HE *Times* has very properly been considering for the last week or two the topic of our meat and bread supplies, and the question why meat and bread are so dear, in a series of articles, of which one published on Thursday appears as if it were intended to be the last. After the most erratic course, the leading journal has at length arrived at a conclusion with regard to meat, which any person of the most ordinary common sense would have come to at first sight; and with regard to corn, it has blundered, as it always does blunder, when it approaches the subject.

In the early articles about meat, when Philip was decidedly ebrious, we were told to look to Australia for a supply, and it was

insisted on "that Australian and English meat should lie side by side on every stall;" but after a fortnight's consideration it has been discovered that to arrive at this desirable consummation, "the whole system of stock-farming must be changed" in Australia and South America, and the *Times* at last gives us the true view of the position—namely, "that the public may have their beef and mutton cheaper if they only thought proper to insist upon it." There is, in fact, no fear of scarcity or of insufficient supply of meat; the wholesale markets have been reported week after week dull, drooping, and heavy—a sure sign that the supply is more than enough to satisfy the demand. The only question is whether the retailer is providing his customers with meat at a price in proportion to that ruling in the wholesale markets. Here there can be no doubt as to the facts. As the *Times* in its present state of sobriety says, "Before we appeal to Australia we should look at home. If the best beef can be bought, as it can be bought, at Liverpool for 7d. per lb., and the best mutton for 6½d., why should we in London pay more?" The conclusion from the facts recited is clear enough. It is not that we should seek further foreign supplies of meat, but that we must each one of us insist on our butchers' making a reduction in the prices charged equal to the fall in the wholesale markets. Indeed, we believe that the reduction should be greater, for there can be no doubt that, under the panic of the cattle plague, the butchers took advantage of our fears, and raised the retail price of meat far beyond what there was a justification for in the advance of the wholesale markets. We read in the country papers of the workmen in factories, of the policemen living at police-stations, and of two or three families combined, buying in the wholesale markets of their towns the carcasses of sheep and oxen and we are told that when divided, the best joints being charged at 6½d. or 7d. per lb., the inferior parts can be charged as low as 4½d. per lb., and that yet there is a surplus to be returned to those joining in the adventure after the cost of the carcasses, and the expense of cutting up and of distribution, has been defrayed. There is no reason why the same plan should not be adopted in London. Of course it entails trouble and inconvenience, but there can be no doubt but that the butchers would soon come to fair prices if they found their customers acting independently; and we cannot expect to remove abuses without some trouble. A multiplication of wholesale markets would not help us in the long run, as the wholesale trade is carried on more cheaply when concentrated. A remedy is wanted for a temporary abuse. If butchers' profits are above what they should be we shall soon have more butchers; but new arrangements take time; and meanwhile we are being plundered. For the moment, the best remedy is to take the trouble to obtain our meat at first hand in the wholesale markets. The labourer, however, is worthy of his hire, and we must not begrudge our butcher a fair profit; 8d. per lb. for good meat is a price at which we in London ought not to grumble, and it is a price at which there would appear to be a fair remuneration for the butcher. The sum of the whole matter is that we are not to cry to other lands to come and help us, like the carter in the fable who cried to Hercules or Jupiter to lift his cart out of the ditch, but we are to do what Hercules or Jupiter told the carter to do—namely, put our shoulders to the wheel, take the thing into our own hands, fight each man his butcher (metaphorically, of course), and insist, as wholesale markets fall, on a corresponding reduction in the retail price. As the farmers do not grumble, we may be very sure that the current prices are satisfactory to them; and it is certain that they have had large crops of hay and roots, so that we may expect a plentiful supply of stock in good condition to be brought to market. Nor is there any reason to expect any great falling-off in the supply of cattle, sheep, and dead meat from abroad; although it should be borne in mind that every fall in price here limits the extent of country from which we can draw our supplies, one great element in the cost being the amount of railway and steamboat freight. The price of pork has fallen to a low point. It appears that the number of pigs bred this year was very large, and the food on which they are for the most part fattened—namely, barley, maize, and peas—being very dear, it does not pay to fatten them; so that, instead of being kept to be made into bacon, they are slain as early as possible, and brought to market as pork.

It remains to consider what the demand is likely to be, and this brings us to the relation between the meat supply and the corn supply, and to the great fallacy of the *Times*. We are told that "the cheaper wheat is, the larger is the consumption of bread, and exactly in proportion to the cheapness of meat will be the increase of customers in a butcher's shop." The facts are exactly the reverse of this; and although we have pointed this out on a former occasion, it is worth while again to show why they are against it. The great consuming class of the country is the working-class; the demand coming from it is the only demand that can have any influence on such articles as meat and bread. The great staple food of the working-class is bread; bread is the mainstay of life, meat is the luxury. The workman first makes sure of the supply of bread for his family, and then, if he can afford it, he adds meat. The lower the price of bread, then, the greater is the surplus which he can afford to spend on meat; and clearly, the more meat he consumes, the less bread he requires to buy. Cheap bread therefore does not increase, but, on the contrary, diminishes, the consumption of it, while it increases the demand for meat. *Vice versâ*, bread, even at such high prices as it has now reached, is still the more economical food; and because it costs more per loaf, the workman has, even if he consumed no more of it, a less



supply of money with which to purchase meat. He buys less meat, and therefore must have more bread, the general result being that meat is in less demand though cheaper, while bread is in greater demand though dearer. As we believe—and we shall hereafter give our reasons for believing—that bread is likely to be dear until next summer, and as there appears to be good ground for expecting an adequate supply of meat during the winter months, and as, from what we have already said, we look for no increase in the demand, our opinion is that there need be no apprehension of an early important advance from the present moderate prices.

Bread follows in price very closely the price of wheat, and the probable supply of wheat, the consumption of it, and the future price present problems which are by no means easy to pronounce upon.

The *Times*, however, thinks differently, and indulges in disparaging sneers at "the ignorance and miscalculation" of those who have given the public anxiety as to our "food prospects" for the coming twelve months. It displays at the same time an astounding lack of knowledge of the simplest elements of the subject, and assures us in the pleasantest way that, as a good many populations will have to do without bread before the English do, we need not be distressed about it. A comfortable assurance this for the many populations. The *Times* is very unfortunate in choosing its opportunities for giving its views on the Corn trade. There was a time when that journal's published opinions had an influence on markets; but now it is as powerless to write down corn as it is to write up Consols. As we all know, if in no other way, by our bakers' bills, there has been a continual advance in prices from the very day of the appearance of that absurd article in September which congratulated the country on the bountiful harvest, and discovered "something very mysterious" in the then current prices. Immediately on the first slight reaction after the great advance—namely, on last Thursday week—the oracle again spoke, taking for its text the fall of 3s. to 4s. that had occurred in Mark Lane on the previous Monday, expressing its surprise that prices should have risen to a point only "accountable on ignorance and miscalculation," and telling us that there was no reason why this conclusion should not have been "fully anticipated," the fall being accounted for by the arrival of 100 grain-laden ships. On the very day when this article appeared, cargoes—as we learn from Mr. Dornbusch's list, the acknowledged organ of the trade—had recovered a part of the decline, and on Monday last were as dear as ever. But what can we expect from a writer who describes the market as influenced by the arrival "of more than 14,000 quarters of wheat in the port of London" in the week? Any one who had taken the slightest degree of trouble to inform himself on the subject would know that 14,000 quarters is really a very small import, the average quantity per week for the last three months having been 35,000 quarters. This blunder is of a piece with the cock-and-bull story we were treated to about the warlike symptom of the exportation of some such quantity as a million quarters of oats to France from London, the real quantity having been about 50,000 quarters. We have another story given us by the same Mr. Turner (this time in small type) whose flying railway survey of the crops the *Times*, to its confusion, relied upon in the early autumn, to the effect that France sent "a commission which cannot have been much less than two millions sterling" into our markets, and that the whole operation was accomplished at Mark Lane. We have searched the export list, and find that the exports from the port of London for three months to the end of September were about 12,000 quarters of wheat, of the money value of about forty thousand pounds. No doubt many cargoes were bought in Mark Lane, and diverted to France, which would otherwise have swelled our imports, but certainly no such quantity as would amount to two millions sterling in money value. As Mr. Turner still thinks fit to endorse his very erroneous estimates of the 1867 crop, it is useless to argue with the irrepressible blunderer who is "the authority" quoted so complacently in the credulous article in the *Times*. Enough has been said to show that the charge of ignorance comes with an ill grace from writers in that paper.

The main question at issue is, are the prices of wheat now current justified? And the answer to the question lies within the problem whether foreigners will sell us at a less rate a quantity equal to the deficit in our crops. For the moment, it is certain that they will not, for the advance in foreign markets has quite kept pace with the advance here. If, in the future, foreign supplies only just balance our needs, present prices will be supported; if, however, they exceed our needs by ever so little, there will be a fall, for, at the high prices ruling, no speculator in his senses is inclined to store wheat to wait for still higher rates. Rise and fall will constantly alternate; at high prices the market is always very sensitive, and if it be not advancing it will be falling. It will not remain without change in one direction or the other for as many days together as it does weeks when prices are low. The first step towards the solution of our problem is to make an estimate of what import of wheat we require. When we say wheat, we mean wheat and its equivalent in flour. We find that the average imports of wheat for the last ten years have been 6,850,000 quarters per annum, and for the last seven years 7,500,000 quarters per annum. Seven millions of quarters is, therefore, rather below than above our annual average requirement with an average crop at home. Authorities differ very much about what an average crop of wheat is for the United Kingdom. Recent acute observers have named 30 bushels of wheat as the average yield per acre; if

we multiply the acreage under wheat according to last year's Government returns by this quantity, we obtain as the result 13,820,000 quarters as an average crop. The deficiency this year has been variously estimated as from 15 to 30 per cent. of an average crop; we are inclined to believe that 20 to 25 per cent. may prove not to be an exaggerated guess. Let us adopt the more favourable estimate, and add to the 7 millions—our requirement with an average crop—2½ millions, the deficiency of the 1867 crop of wheat, as arrived at by this calculation, and, if our forecast be correct, it results that we shall require to import 9½ millions of quarters. This estimate assumes the consumption of bread to remain on the same scale as it has done in the average of preceding years. We have already shown that the tendency of a high price of bread is to increase consumption, but of course there is a limit to this increase when very high prices are reached. If wheaten bread be very dear, rice, barley-bread, oatmeal, and maize, are used as substitutes. Wheat, however, must advance to above an average of 75s. or 80s. per quarter before these substitutes are extensively accepted. The potato is always the most welcome substitute for bread, but unfortunately the crop this year is neither abundant nor sound. We must make up our minds, then, that we shall require nearly, if not quite, the quantity we have named. Where, then, are we to look for it? Last season, in the year ended August 31st, we imported about 7½ millions. We are not yet sufficiently well informed on the subject to make an estimate on which we could ourselves place complete reliance; we have therefore to speak very generally. It appears probable that Russia will not give us so much as she did last year; nor have the countries which have their outlet on the Baltic nearly so good crops. But Hungary and the Banat, from their immense harvests, promise to compensate in great degree for this falling-off; while the United States, which last season sent us nothing from their Eastern seaboard, will come to our aid, with Canada, to the extent probably of two millions of quarters. Egypt is once more actively exporting wheat for the first time since 1863, and we may reckon on half a million from her. Countries so distant as India, Australia, California, and Chili are hastening to send their produce to our markets, so that on the whole it appears likely that we shall obtain the quantity we want. However, the most sanguine cannot promise a surplus; and France, Belgium, and Holland being competitors with us in all foreign markets, the sellers are not dependent on our offers only to fix their prices. We cannot see any probability of a glut appearing in our markets at any time; consumption absorbs all arrivals as fast as they appear. However, until the frost stops shipments, we expect to see sufficient imports to prevent any further serious advance. But we fear that, after the cargoes have arrived which shall have been shipped before the closing of navigation, and until the ports shall be free again in the spring, the reduced quantity of arrivals may enable importers to insist on still higher rates, unless our farmers come to the rescue—and they will act wisely to avail themselves of the opportunity—by giving us all that remains in their hands of the home crop. Let us hope that we may obtain sufficient supplies to provide a store before the winter sets in. Present rates for wheat are high enough to attract it from any region where it is produced, but the transport is a work of time. By next summer we shall receive imports from the most remote parts in abundance; and if there be the prospect, as we sincerely hope there may be, of a good harvest before us, we may venture to prognosticate a return to more moderate prices for our loaf, even before the crops are garnered.

#### FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.

IF names always stood for corresponding things, a Friendly Society ought to be one of the most innocuous institutions in the world; and in this belief the Legislature has from time to time passed a series of statutes for the purpose of encouraging this form of association. Nor could any one take exception to the special favours bestowed upon these Societies, if only they had succeeded in their ostensible objects. Nothing could be more desirable than that working-men should be induced to put by what they could spare out of their wages in order to effect insurances against death or sickness, which are the principal purposes avowed by the majority of Friendly Societies. But the very first condition of insurance is that the insurance office should be solvent enough to pay the promised sums on the occurrence of the contingency insured against; and with all their other merits, real or supposed, Friendly Societies do not, as a rule, keep their finances in this comfortable position. Two causes have operated to sap the foundations of these petty insurance-offices. One was that they used to promise more than it was possible for any Society to perform, and consequently became bankrupt before the bulk of their members had derived any benefit from them; the other was the temptation to spend in various illegitimate ways the money which ought to have been invested to provide the needful funds for the stipulated payments on the death or sickness of any of their members. Various provisions have been enacted to prevent these evils, but they have all failed. Rules and scales of payment may be certified as sound by the most competent authorities, and yet, if half of the funds are wasted on what are called current expenses, it is obvious that the remainder will be insufficient to keep the Society solvent. So, again, the most stringent regulations against the convivial expenditure to which many of these Societies have been prone are certain to fail, without a much more inquisitorial

investigation into their accounts than it would be possible to insist upon. The result is that, although Friendly Societies have been petted in every possible way, and the due application of their funds hedged round with a multitude of precautions, they are becoming bankrupt and dissolving at the rate of more than a hundred a year. The last Report of the Registrar tells us that one hundred and thirty notices of dissolution have been sent in to his office during the year 1866. And it is no small matter when a Friendly Society comes to ruin, as many do after an existence perhaps of twenty or thirty years. Thousands of working-men, who had been all their lives subscribing as a provision for sickness and old age, or for their families after death, find to their dismay that they might as well have spent their savings in the beer-shop; and when the mischief assumes such vast proportions as it has done, it is time, if not for direct legislative intervention, at any rate for the withdrawal of the special encouragement which has had so much to do with the multiplication of these Societies. A return recently made to an order of the House of Lords discloses the startling fact that more than four thousand out of the inmates of English work-houses have been members of dissolved Friendly Societies, and have, as we may presume, been reduced to pauperism by their failure, notwithstanding their own efforts to make provision for a rainy day. With such calamitous results on record, it is not too much to say that the Friendly Society system, as it has been worked, has proved a national curse, instead of the blessing which it was supposed to be.

And it is very doubtful whether the case admits of any effectual remedy. Mr. Tidd Pratt, in his Report, mentions, for example, the case of the Royal Liver Friendly Society, established in Liverpool seventeen years ago, which has received from its members no less a sum than 125,000*l.* The rules of the Society had been duly examined by a competent actuary, who certified that the weekly payments required from the members were sufficient to provide funds for the amounts insured on sickness and death. Armed with this official approval, the Society grew and apparently prospered, until now, just when the annual number of deaths must, in the natural course of things, begin to be serious, it is discovered that, out of every 100*l.* received from the members, 36*l.* has disappeared in what are called management expenses; and the Registrar adds that this is not an exceptional case, but that the working expenses of the larger Societies vary from thirty to fifty per cent., and that the tables, though certified by actuaries, do not contemplate any such expenditure. An Insurance Society may go on for many years on utterly unsound tables, until the members begin to grow old and die; but if the Registrar's intimation is correct, it follows that every one of the Societies in the position he describes must, sooner or later, arrive at the goal of bankruptcy. Nor does it seem possible to put any effectual check upon expenditure which, however excessive and wasteful, is ostensibly devoted to the legitimate purposes of the Society. You can't have an official vetoing the outlay of every shilling which he thinks ought not to be spent; and yet, without some such stringent supervision, it seems impossible to insure solvency. It has been found difficult enough to prevent the most palpable misappropriation of money to objects altogether foreign to the constitution of these associations. In one case—that of the Farriers' Horse-shoe Fund, established in 1847—the Registrar extracted the fact that the Farriers' banners and horses, which formed a striking part of Mr. Beales's Reform demonstration last December, had been paid for (to the amount of 63*l.*) out of monies contributed for relief in case of sickness. A threat of proceedings compelled the restoration of the money; but where one case of this kind is found out, a score escape detection, and so the funds dwindle away until, when the time of pressure comes, the Society has no choice but to dissolve and send its members to the parish. We say nothing of the perversion of some Friendly Societies to Trades' Union purposes, because it may be hoped that this is rather the exception than the rule among those which were established merely for the purpose of insurance. It is quite certain, however, that no insurance against sickness or death can be worth much in a Society whose funds may at any time be devoted to the sustenance of a strike. But even when free from this taint, there are few Friendly Societies really deserving of the confidence placed in them by their contributing members; and, if there were no other alternative, it would perhaps be a gain if working-men, instead of insuring in such uncertain offices, were simply to put their money into the savings'-bank, or even to stow it away in an old stocking.

Matters, however, are not quite reduced to this strait. If the voluntary associations for the purpose have, as a rule, broken down, the Government Banks and Insurance Offices opened in connexion with the Post Office are absolutely safe, and we are glad to see that they are beginning to be appreciated. In the first year and a half of the operation of the Act under which these offices were established, more than a thousand policies have been effected for an aggregate amount of 87,900*l.* The premiums received have exceeded 4,000*l.*, and the whole cost of conducting the business has been just 63*l.* Any artisan who contrasts these figures with the enormous percentage of expenditure even in the most economical Societies must be very dull if he does not see the advantage of investing his spare cash in a Government insurance. Unfortunately it happened that, at the time when the Bill for establishing the Post Office Insurance system was passing through the House of Commons, its author was in bad odour with his party, and was energetically opposed by some Parliamentary advocates of the Friendly

Societies; and in consequence of this inauspicious state of things, Mr. Gladstone was compelled to submit to a proviso limiting the operation of the Government Offices to policies for not less than 20*l.* This restriction has greatly fettered the action of the new department, and one of the very first things which a new Parliament devoted to the interests of the working-classes might be expected to sanction would be the removal of a restriction which forces the feeble and larger proportion of the working-classes to entrust their savings to the precarious custody of a Friendly Society. It is not improbable that, by giving full scope to the operation of a sounder system, the Friendly Societies would gradually disappear, and their boldest advocate could scarcely claim for them a vested right to misapply monies received as insurance premiums in mounting their officials to head a mob bent upon destroying the palings of Hyde Park. Whatever differences of opinion may exist as to the propriety of using this exceptional method of passing a popular Bill, most rational persons, of every shade of politics, will agree that the requisite physical force ought not to be supplied out of funds specially appropriated to the relief of sickness and the sustenance of widows. If this very simple amendment were engrafted upon the existing statutes it is probable that the Friendly Societies would before long be improved from off the face of the earth; and at any rate it would be wise, before adopting more stringent remedies, to try the effect of vigorous competition between a thoroughly sound and safe system of insurance and the delusive and often fraudulent promises of so-called Friendly Societies. If this step should not suffice to abate the nuisance, it would be a matter for grave consideration whether the exemptions from taxation and other privileges accorded to Friendly Societies ought not to be withdrawn from institutions the invariable tendency of which is only to disappoint the expectations of those who are foolish and uninformed enough to trust to their representations. But for the present it will suffice to place the Government offices on a footing of fair and equal competition, and we are strongly inclined to believe that no further action on the part of Parliament will be needed to save the working-classes from what is nothing less than systematic robbery. Mr. Disraeli is fond of building on his predecessor's foundations, and affects a peculiar interest in the welfare of the humbler classes; and no one could introduce more gracefully than himself the moderate but important amelioration of the law which we have ventured to suggest.

#### THE TALMUD.

**A** MIDST the din and turmoil caused by ecclesiastical Congresses and episcopal manifestoes, and strangely contrasting with the polemical utterances evolved from the collision of the many warring elements which make up the framework of the Church militant, there falls suddenly upon our ears a voice which certainly invites to calmness. The matter at issue involves nothing less than the early childhood of Christianity, and the problem why Christianity was not born amid the imperial splendours of Rome, nor among the philosophers of Athens or of Alexandria, or the sages of India or of Persia, but found its humble birthplace in Bethlehem of Judæa. This is the question raised in the singularly striking article on the Talmud contained in the current number of the *Quarterly Review*, the writer of which arrives at a series of conclusions that may well be styled startling. The veil which for so many centuries has hung between Judaism and Christianity may have been a little lifted here and there by timid hands at various intervals, but now for the first time the effort has been made to rend it in twain. On the blank leaf which divides the New Testament from the Old, says the Reviewer, there are traced words which serve as a link to connect the two, but they have been written in sympathetic ink, and they convey their meaning only to one who knows how to make them visible; and as, line by line, as it were, he proceeds with his decypherings, we seem to perceive starting clearly into the light phrases pregnant with meaning, the utterances of a wisdom which for centuries has been scouted, the record of an eloquence which has long been unable to gain a hearing. The Old Covenant and the New have appeared to many eyes as widely separated as cliffs which some mighty convulsion of nature has rent asunder, and that not only in the fundamental mysteries of faith, but in all that pertains to the moral laws and social obligations which govern the intercourse of man with men. Now we are told that precisely the same teaching, in all but certain matters of faith, runs through the two; and that the aspirations and ideals of the one are identical with those of the other. And the proof of this assertion is contained in the work of which the Reviewer proceeds to give an abstract—that Talmud which used to be looked upon as a mere agglomeration of wild and grotesque babblings, of gross obscenities or of drivelling imbecilities, but which now, judging from the quotations given by the writer, appears for the first time as a treasure-house of all but inspired wisdom, rich in the sublimest lessons of truth and mercy and love, not rarely couched in the very words of the Gospels themselves.

Vast and momentous indeed have been the various discoveries and revelations touching the history of past ages which have been made during the last few generations. First Rome awoke, and as the sun shone once more upon the long-buried streets of Herulanum and Pompeii, spoke by the voice of their theatres and their houses, their statues and their inscriptions, of her old imperial glory. Then the Rosetta Stone solved for ever the riddles in which



the priests of Egypt had concealed their teaching, and made the Nile temples eloquent with a story which had long been silent. Next came the turn of Nineveh, and soon the State archives of Assyria were brought over and set up amongst us. Then Tyre had to give up the tombs of her ancient kings, followed by the Cuneiform tablets and the priestly tariffs and sacrificial slabs of Marzeilles and of Carthage; and last came the Hymyaritic bronzes, so suggestive of the former culture of South Arabia—not to speak of the many other relics of the buried Past which are daily rewarding the toil of the excavator. From all these discoveries there has come a flood of light which has done much to dissipate the darkness that shrouds the days that have gone by; but nothing that it has served to reveal can vie in interest with what the new view of Judaism of which we have just been speaking would make manifest. It is the very home of Christ which is brought before us; we seem to breathe for a time the atmosphere in which He lived. The Sacred City and the Land of Promise as He saw them burst upon our gaze, and we see plainly the men and women who then dwelt there; we become thoroughly acquainted with their appearance and their manners; we are enabled to realize their sorrows and their joys.

It would be a difficult task to epitomize such an essay as that to which we refer. It is far easier to recommend all who are interested in the gravest question which concerns humanity to read it for themselves. And they will find it eminently readable, for it never loses its interest even for the most unlearned, although an enormous amount of labour must have gone to the compiling of its pages. Treading upon ground seldom before trodden, the writer has had to open out a path for himself amidst difficulties hard indeed to be overcome. The erudition he displays is something very unusual in these days, and his power of obtaining new results from deeply buried and widely scattered materials, the freshness of his views, and the originality of his deductions, are all equally striking. His words bear the stamp of a true scholar's mind, but there is manifest also in them something like the working of a poet's heart.

The first few pages of the essay tell the story of the cruel treatment inflicted upon the Talmud, through successive centuries, by foes whose hatred was based upon their ignorance, and how it was "hounded, imprisoned, burnt, a hundred times over," terminating with a brilliant picture of the controversy which took place over its body between Pfefferkorn and Reuchlin, the end of which was that "the Talmud was not burnt this time. On the contrary, its first complete edition was printed. And in that same year of grace 1520 A.D., when this first edition went through the press at Venice, Martin Luther burnt the Pope's bull at Wittenberg." The writer then proceeds to show what there really is in the Talmud itself, entering by the way into the history of the development of the law, illustrating the many and quaint methods of "Searching the Scriptures," explaining and making lucid the "liquid" nature of its technical terms—a task never before attempted. Halachah and Haggadah, those two mighty streams of the Talmud, "currents that at times flow parallel, at times seem to work upon each other, and to impede each other's action—the one emanating from the brain, the other from the heart, the one Prose, the other Poetry"—are characterized as to their origin and direction, their co-operation and antagonism. The process of "evolving" new laws, and of proving the legitimacy of the old ones, next forms the subject of discussion, leading up to one of the most vital points of the treatise, the Law itself. In this term *law* we are made to recognise the expression, not of a mere heaping up of arbitrary precepts, but of science in the widest sense of the word. The Scribes, of whom we are accustomed to have so unfavourable an opinion, appear to be not merely well-trained jurists, but scholars of eminence in the mathematics of their day, in natural history, in astronomy, in medicine, in philology—skilled in many accomplishments, masters of many languages. The Sanhedrin is represented as the flower and pride of the nation, composed of men who had been tried and found worthy of trust, of each of whom also, as legislator and judge, among other requisites, this was required—"that he must be a married man, and have children of his own. Deep miseries of families would be laid bare before him, and he should bring with him a heart full of sympathy." Of the civil and penal law of the Jews an account is given which to most readers will be entirely new, containing a striking refutation of the ordinary notion of Jewish cruelty. Instead of harshness and ferocity, there appear in it refinement, tenderness, sympathy. From the charge of the witnesses in court to the last dread moment of the execution itself, the criminal was surrounded by a care so scrupulous that it almost led to the practical abolition of capital punishment; and we are told that the ladies of Jerusalem formed themselves into a society for providing a beverage of mixed myrrh and vinegar, which, like an opiate, benumbed the senses of the criminal when he was being taken out to die. Crucifixion was utterly unknown to the Jewish law; stoning meant breaking the culprit's neck, an operation to be performed by the two principal witnesses. Burning had become, thanks to venerable traditions, a mere form of strangling, which was performed by means of a cord "wrapped in a soft cloth," a "burning wick" being taken as a sufficient symbol of the deadly flame. Full of interest are many other points alluded to in reference to criminal procedure, among which we may mention the practice of restoring the culprit's remains after a time to his family, and the visits which his relations were expected to pay to the judges and witnesses after his execution, in order to prove to them that, in

spite of all their sorrow for the evil that had fallen upon them, they yet bore no angry feeling towards those who had acted in accordance with their conscience and their duty.

By far the most important part of the essay is that which treats of the intimate connexion between Judaism and Christianity. The results at which the writer arrives ought to be carefully considered. What was long supposed to be the essentially Christian element in Christian morals, as opposed to Judaism, now appears as common to both. "Do unto another as thou would'st be done by" is quoted by the President Hillel—at the date of whose death Jesus was ten years of age—as an old and well-known dictum "that comprised the whole law." The definition given by the Talmud of a true Pharisee is "One who does the will of his Father which is in Heaven because he loves Him." Such terms also as "Redemption," "Baptism," "Grace," "Faith," "Salvation," "Regeneration," "Son of Man," "Son of God," "Kingdom of Heaven," were not, we are told, peculiar to the Gospel, but were "household words of Talmudical Judaism." As for the old idea that the Talmud was not written before the Christian dispensation, and therefore contains plagiarisms of the New Testament, that has by this time been given up along with the notion that all languages are derived from Hebrew, or that the cuneiform inscriptions are the work of worms.

There are other merits in this most remarkable essay, on which, if space allowed it, we would gladly dwell. But we cannot conclude without remarking upon the valuable contributions it contains to linguistic science—as, for instance, the intercourse which it points out between the Semitic and Indo-Germanic languages, the former supplying the names of almost every element of culture in early Greece, the latter imparting those of almost every household commodity to the Talmudical generations. The cosmopolitan character also of the food, drink, dress, and arms of the declining days of Rome receives here some most striking illustrations.

Of the poetical aspect of the Talmud the writer speaks with a sympathy which enables him to bring before the minds of his readers a series of pictures teeming with life, glowing with colour. It is not often that we find a scholar, who has had to pore over dusty tomes as long as the author of this essay must have done, preserving that freshness of mental vision which enables him to discern the inner life of light and beauty with which they are instinct. Too often the student never penetrates within the husk of facts and figures, and the results of his labours, however valuable they may be to fellow-workers, seem to the outer world dry and inanimate. Such subjects as that which forms the theme of the article in the *Quarterly* have been too often dealt with in a hard and barren spirit, and by minds which had been warped in one direction beyond all hopes of alteration. In the present case it is not only the erudition displayed by the writer that attracts our respect; it is also the impartial spirit in which he has conducted his inquiries. He has been able to gaze at his subject from every side, and in the most impartial manner to bring to bear upon it the comprehensive culture of the East and the West, from the days of the old world to our own. And it is matter of no small congratulation that he should have adopted a constructive rather than a destructive method; that he should have preferred rather to build up than to throw down; and that, instead of fanning the flame of religious controversy, he should have done his best to preach peace and goodwill.

#### PAST RACING AT NEWMARKET.

THE last great handicap of the year is undoubtedly the most popular. The distance is sufficiently short to tempt owners to enter horses that would not have the slightest chance in a long race; and so much depends on getting a good start and securing the most advantageous ground, that, with luck, the worst animal of the two score who usually assemble at the post may occupy a prominent position. Indeed, there is no race in the year in which good luck is so urgently needed; and the chances being so multifarious, the issue is naturally looked for with intense excitement. On the day before the great race the trial horses of many of the competitors run over the Cambridgeshire course to afford a public indication of their probable relative merits. Although last week the stable companions of Laneret, Blinkhoolie, Honesty, Actea, and other prominent candidates for Cambridgeshire honours, ran in the trial race, Saccharometer won with such ridiculous ease from Vespasian, Lord Ronald, and twenty more, that it was no trial at all for anything but Laneret, who, it was believed, could run Saccharometer at even weights. As it happened, however, it was a real trial in another way; for a son of Sweetmeat won the Plate, and another son of Sweetmeat won the Cambridgeshire, and thus the great reputation of that sire's stock, both for speed and for powers of climbing a hill, was doubly confirmed. Saccharometer, who, as a two-year-old, was one of the fastest of his year, is still fleet of foot at the mature age of seven, and still able to race up the Cambridgeshire hill. Thirty-three appeared for the great race, the field being thus smaller than was anticipated. The principal absentee was Friponnier, and though, according to subsequent running, it might seem that the Cambridgeshire was at his mercy, we think that it was a very prudent thing not to allow him to start. He is far too valuable a horse to be exposed to the risks of being kicked, knocked over, or thrown out of his stride, which casualties are all common enough in the Cambridgeshire race. In addition, his temper has wonderfully improved of late; but a dozen false starts,

with all the fretting, pulling back, pushing forward for a good place, and the like wearisome manoeuvres so irritating to a high-spirited animal, would, as likely as not, have spoiled it again and for ever. Among the thirty-three starters were animals of every class, from Cecrops, with the top weight of 8 st. 13 lbs., and Julius, down to William Tell, who was recently sold for seven pounds ten shillings. Knight of the Garter looked fully able to give 12 lbs. to his stable companion Blinkhoolie, and why the public should have made up their minds that the latter is a good horse we have never been able to comprehend. His public performances have been most moderate. The best thing he ever did was just to beat Frost and Knight Errant over a mile at even weights; and we take it that this is no very great victory. Wroughton did not seem at all improved since the spring, nor had Actea grown as we should have expected. Jeune Première walked down the course with the step of a dancing-master, but an animal that requires to be led to the post can have no earthly chance in the Cambridgeshire. All her racing powers were expended in breaks away and false starts, and by the time the flag fell she was worn out and exhausted, and could only race for a quarter of a mile. Julius also was fretful and restive, and kicked about him in all directions. Amongst those who suffered from his hoofs were Harry Brailsford, and Cannon his rider. Three-quarters of an hour were taken up in endeavouring to effect an equitable start. At last the flag fell, and it was generally admitted that a better moment could not have been selected for bidding the competitors start on their journey. It was a true run race, and for the most part the horses ran as might have been expected from their antecedents. Cecrops, with all his weight, ran well for his distance—three-quarters of a mile—and not a yard further. La Dauphine ran well for her distance—as far as she chooses, that is—and not an inch further would she budge. War went his own pace—decidedly not a mile in a minute; Julius, good as he is, was not so exceptionally good as to be able to carry 8 st. 9 lbs.; Knight of the Garter beat Blinkhoolie out of sight; Honesty, if deficient in speed, established a reputation for gameness; and Laneret showed that his trial with Saccharometer must have been a good one. A great deal of rubbish was disposed of half a mile from the winning-post, Armourer, Ammunition, Tormentor, and such like being effectually beaten. For the last hundred yards there were only two in it, Wolsey and Lozenge, the pair being clearly separated from everything else. That one or other must win of these two was absolutely certain, for all the rest were beaten, and Laneret was only struggling on in their rear to secure third place. It was a long contest between Lozenge and Wolsey, the latter of whom appeared to us to have the advantage of the footpath; and as neither could pass the other, despite the most strenuous efforts of their jockeys, the judge was obliged to declare it a dead heat. Laneret was a moderate third, and Honesty, who was fourth on sufferance, was six lengths from the deadheaters. Knight of the Garter was really fourth-best in the race, but we do not think we are wrong in saying that the main body of the runners were beaten a good ten lengths. We have rarely seen a good field of handicap horses so decisively beaten; we certainly never saw the Cambridgeshire so absolutely reduced to a match at a hundred yards from the finish. On paper the Cambridgeshire horses seemed to be a superior lot to those that ran in the Cesarewitch; yet we fear the fact of a moderate horse like Wolsey beating all but one in a canter must decisively contradict the supposition. The deciding heat was run off at the close of the day. At the distance both horses were beaten; thenceforward it was a mere flogging-match. Some people say that the riding was wonderfully good; some that it was specially bad. We do not think there was much riding in the case, bad or good. Two rather moderate horses had to go up a very severe hill, through remarkably thick and strong grass, for the second time in the same afternoon. Both of them were disinclined to perform this task, and the only question was, not which would last the longest, but which would give up the first. Whip and spur were eminently necessary on this occasion, for it was only by sheer force that either of them was driven home. Partly because he was a son of Sweetmeat, and partly because his neck is somewhat longer, Lozenge just managed to stagger in first by a neck. It was a creditable, but not a grand, performance. For the benefit of those who collect Turf statistics we may mention that the Cambridgeshire was never previously won by a five-year-old, nor was there ever before a dead heat for it. Twice there has been a dead heat for the Cesarewitch, and curiously enough the finishes for the longer race have often been closer than for the shorter. Gratitude, for instance, was beaten only a head two years consecutively, while others were well up.

There were two or three more handicap races during the week deserving of mention. The weights for the Free Handicap on the Thursday were apportioned soon after the Derby, but, despite the wonderful alterations in form since then, they proved on the day to have been accurately estimated almost to the ounce. After the Leger no one would have said that The Palmer was within 6 lbs. of Julius over a mile and a quarter; but the severe races in which he has since taken a part have so affected the latter that on this occasion he could not beat Sir Joseph Hawley's horse at that difference in the weights. The two ran a dead heat, but singularly enough Lord Glasgow's Miss Sarah colt, with 3 lbs. less than The Palmer, was only a neck from the deadheaters, and Trocadero, Mandrake, and Jasper were so close up that there was scarcely a length between the first and the sixth. It was a brilliant piece of handicapping, but it was lucky also; for no one can doubt that Julius would have won in a canter but for the hard work

which he has done of late. The Palmer, on the contrary, has had a rest since Doncaster—for his match with Taraban was only a nice gallop—and came out fresh, and much improved in appearance. The same afternoon there was a handicap race over the Two Middle miles, in which the four-year-old filly by King Tom out of Mayonaise, after many vain efforts, accomplished her maiden victory. It is true she had but 6 st. 6 lbs. to carry; but handicappers have generally indulged her with about 5 st. 7 lbs. So it was perhaps the extra weight that disturbed her peace of mind, and induced her to spoil an uninterrupted series of defeats by a victory. The handicap on the same day over the Ancaster mile was remarkable for the reappearance of Breadalbane, who, considering the noise he has made in the world, was not overweighted for a five-year-old with 8 st. 12 lbs. He looked, however, lean and mean, and never seemed to have strength to struggle. Ulphus, 4 yrs. 7 st. 7 lbs., had much the best of the weights, but that remarkable horse Leases won easily. Leases, who earlier in the day had carried off a race over the T. Y. C., is a very fine galloper, and we may add, a very fine-looking horse; but he is an arrant rogue, and in a crowd of horses, or when pressed for a struggle, he will never try. If, however, he gets the lead, and is in the humour for galloping, he gallops so fast that nothing can catch him. We have seen him win several races, and we have always remarked that when he wins he wins with the greatest ease. The Ancaster mile is about the severest in England, being altogether uphill from start to finish, but Leases had everything beaten a hundred yards from home, and won without turning a hair. Just in the same way he won the Newmarket Handicap in the spring, over a mile and three-quarters course. Distance seems not to trouble him at all, and only his roguish temper prevents him from highly distinguishing himself, for handicappers have never favoured him much, and what he has accomplished has been done under very fair weights.

Lastly, there was the Houghton Handicap on the last day of the meeting. Friponnier was entered for this, and was handicapped at 10 st. 6 lbs., the highest weight, we believe, that was ever put on a three-year-old in a handicap. He was made to give Mrs. Stratton, a speedy filly over a six furlong course, a year and 31 lbs. As the stakes were of no great value, he was very prudently not brought out; but, magnificent horse as he is, it is hardly likely that he could have won under such a crushing load. Only ten ran, and Mrs. Stratton won cleverly from the unlucky Grand Cross, who clearly prefers a short course. King Victor looked well, but cannot go more than half a mile. The matches were unusually few for the Houghton week, but four of them were more than ordinarily interesting. Bounceaway gave Pericles 2 lbs., besides allowance for sex, and beat him easily over the T. Y. C. The result might have been reversed some weeks ago, but now Bounceaway is one of the most improved animals of the year. The Earl, 2 yrs. 7 st. 9 lbs., had rather the worst of the weights with Xi, 4 yrs. 9 st. 4 lbs. Besides, he is a large-framed unfurnished horse, and has done already a great deal too much work this year. However, he struggled with unflinching gameness, and only suffered defeat by a head. To our thinking, if he winters well and makes the requisite improvement, The Earl will be a first-class three-year old, and we do not see that he was at all disgraced by his defeat on this occasion. It might have appeared presumptuous after Xi's victory for any three-year-old to run against him, giving away his year and weight beside; and we should fancy no one was more astonished than Sir Joseph Hawley when the offer was made to run Friponnier, 3 yrs. 8 st. 10 lbs., against Xi, 4 yrs. 8 st. 6 lbs., over the two-year-old course too, so peculiarly affected by the latter. And when the four-year old, with Fordham up, got a clear length's start, it did seem a certainty for him. What was our astonishment to see Friponnier galloping easily behind him to the distance, passing him without an effort at that point, and winning, hard-held, by as far as he pleased! It was the three-year-old performance of the year, beyond comparison, and we cannot sufficiently regret that the anticipated match between Friponnier and Lord Lyon (the latter of whom was at Newmarket during the week, and must be in want of a good gallop) could not be satisfactorily arranged. The last match of which we shall speak was on the Friday, between Indian Star and one of Lord Glasgow's nameless fillies. Indian Star, as we all know, is a very smart horse over a short course, and has accomplished some very clever performances of late. As Lord Glasgow's horses have not showed much in front for some time, and as Indian Star had to give the Maid of Masham filly only 10 lbs. for the year, it seemed that his task would not be arduous. The nameless one, however, has the most perfect action, and an astonishing turn of speed. She won from start to finish, and Indian Star could never get near her. We heard afterwards that she had had a great trial with Friponnier; but in any case her performance stamps her as a real flyer, and it is delightful to see her gallop. We shall watch her career—and much more conveniently if she might be permitted to have a name—with great interest.

We must now speak of the two-year-old racing of the week. The two-year-olds have been so run through, and the best of them have been so incessantly worked during the season, that the two principal races of the week were mere walks over for Rosicrucian. The great Danebury stable had really nothing left fit to win a selling plate. The Earl is stale, See-Saw is done up, Mameluke is in retirement, Athena and Europa are neither of them the better for work, and Lady Elizabeth herself, after winning twelve races out of thirteen, allowed the Troy Stakes to be carried off without putting in an appearance. Only nine came to the post



for the Criterion (which nowadays is a criterion of nothing, despite Lord Lyon and Fille de l'Air having won it in the last few years), and the two French horses Rabican and Ouragan being one unfit and the other incapable, there was nothing left but Leonie to make Rosicrucian even gallop. Leonie moreover will be all the better for a winter's rest, for she has done her share of honest work during the season. As King Alfred managed to get within a head of Leonie, it is clear that she was not running up to her true form; but in any case Rosicrucian scarcely required to be extended. He won from start to finish just as he pleased. As we remarked in a preceding article, we consider him, from public running, the best of Sir Joseph Hawley's three, good as they all are, and difficult to separate. He is not a commanding or big-framed horse, but he is full of quality, truly and symmetrically made, and his limbs are wiry and muscular. For the rich Troy Stakes he had even a more easy victory, for he was only opposed therein by Michael de Basco, and it is needless to say that he had but to canter in. Michael is an improved horse, but will probably never be near the first class. He managed to win the Glasgow Stakes from Courtmantle, but the latter had the race at his mercy, and chose to throw up his head, and refuse to win. A rich sweepstakes on the Thursday was left to Suffolk and The Earl only. Partly because he never runs twice alike, and partly because his opponent was manifestly suffering from overwork, Suffolk was the conqueror. Typhoeus beat Pace on the Friday, but we make no account of that, for the course was too short for Pace, who requires a longer distance to be seen to advantage. The unhappy St. Ronan was dragged out again on the last day, and carried 9 st. 1 lb., but only to be beaten by the moderate Lictor and the indifferent King Alfred. We have rarely seen a horse so badly managed, and it is scarcely likely that he will ever get over his premature exertions. The Nurseries secured fine entries, but wretched acceptances. For the first, over the Criterion course, only sixteen were satisfied with the weights, and, as last year, the top weight was the winner. The field, however, was of such moderate quality that the victory of Beauty does not much enhance her reputation, albeit she got off last of all. Twenty accepted for the second Nursery over the Rowley mile, and Suffolk very properly carried the heaviest impost. Having won a race the day before, it was according to his habits to lose one now, and this he lost with remarkable ease, though on another day he could have beaten those opposed to him in a canter. But the running of Suffolk is the most utterly unintelligible chapter in the racing of 1867. Franchise, the winner, is sister to Savernake, and a useful-looking filly, but hardly up to the form of the crack fillies of the year. On the whole, the Nursery runners each day were remarkably moderate.

In conclusion, we may remark that fifty-eight races were decided during the week. We have commented on eighteen. The remaining forty—a rather large proportion at the head-quarters of the Turf—were utterly uninteresting, and inconceivably insignificant.

## REVIEWS.

### PHYSIOLOGY OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM.\*

ISABELLA'S plea for the poor beetle that we tread upon seems to be despised by the present generation of physiologists. If public opinion in some degree obliges a man to be merciful to his ox or his ass, no Humane Society attempts to keep off the scientific scalpel from rabbits, rats, and such small deer. Perhaps the humanity of students and readers is chilled by the use of the elegant euphemisms in which experimenters describe their cruel business. Persons who would revolt from the operation of scooping out a frog's brains contemplate with indifference, almost with pleasure, the "oblation of the cerebral hemispheres of a batrachian." The descriptions and confessions of M. Vulpian furnish painful proof that the employment of such agreeable synonyms by no means acts as an anæsthetic on the animals whose martyrdom physiology so politely describes. Rabbits protest by unilateral gyrations, or by nystagmus, against a mere lesion of the peduncles of the cerebellum. Pigeons cannot bear to have their auditory labyrinth sawn through, or even violently broken. Rats scream with agony when the knife cuts into the aqueduct of Sylvius.

Although M. Vulpian's lectures are full of statistics of this sort, their contents should not be uninteresting for lay readers. His method is a model of lucidity, and his language contrasts to advantage with the obscure jargon of some English writers whose philosophical speculations he quotes and discusses. Aware that the glory of science is not to conceal, his example shows, what is sometimes forgotten on our side of the Channel, that clear thinking does not necessarily exclude clear writing. Experiment and description is M. Vulpian's strength, but he diverges at times into questions which lie on the debatable ground where physiology ends and philosophy ends. He has a very interesting chapter on the vital principle. The facts of organic life cannot all be interpreted by the ascertained laws of chemistry and physics. Physiologists do not know why the stomach and the lungs do their work. Still less can they tell us how it is that, of

four cells absolutely identical in organic structure and composition, one will grow into Socrates, another into a tondstool, one into a cockchafer, another into a whale. The older physiologists got rid of the difficulty by referring these dark phenomena to an agency more mysterious than the facts themselves. If opium produced sleep because its qualities were soporific, men grew, breathed, and digested because they had a vital force within which governed growth, respiration, and digestion. And as the human mind has a natural appetite for mysterious agents, such doctrines are not yet extinct, some modern physiologists being as well satisfied with the hypothesis of a vital force as Sir Thomas Browne was with the basiliak, and as the Hindoos were, and probably still are, with the tortoise which carries the elephant whose back supports the world. M. Vulpian sarcastically observes that this system has the advantage of leading to very brilliant developments. Not being obliged to follow facts, it knows no obstacles, and, soaring with scornful wing into the elevated regions of abstraction, disdains the slow and laborious theories which work, not from pure cognitions, but from observation. Into those regions, however, M. Vulpian follows his enemy, and his success is the more signal as his attack on the vital forces is not (as is usually the case in discussions on the subject) a mere exposure of the futility of trying to solve the gravest problems of science with the nursery answer "It is their nature to." Not content with urging against the hypothesis of the vital force the objection that it is a negative and metaphysical method which interprets on the plan of *obscurum per obscurius*, he brings it to the positive test of experimental facts. The vital force is one and indivisible. If it exist at all, it must belong to the whole substance of an animal's body, or else be localized in some particular place. So that, if a creature be cut into pieces, one of two things ought to happen—either the separate pieces should perish, or one of them should survive. Now the experiments of Trembley on fresh-water polypi, and those of Dugès on the planaria, show that in some instances neither of these effects occur. Carve a polyp into segments, and after a few days each segment will be a new and perfect animal formed on the exact model of the original individual. Carve a planaria into pieces, and each slice quickly becomes a new planaria, with suction apparatus and all other faculties complete. The vitalist who objects that these circumstances belong to the ignoble parts of nature may consider the experiments of M. Bert on animal grafting. A young rat is caught, and treated in a manner which we fear is more *majorum* for rodents who fall into the hands of MM. Vulpian and Bert. The latter artist cuts off the paw of the young rat, skins it, and inserts it in a hole in the side of another rat. It should be added that, the skeleton of the young rat not having arrived at maturity, the bones of his paw are as yet incompletely ossified. According to the usual statement of the vital principle, the paw must now perish; it is cut off from the fountains of life and nutrition. Or, if it does not die, it must at any rate live the life of the animal into which it is intruded. But things fall out quite otherwise. The grafted limb thrives apace, and, what is more astonishing, its osseous development proceeds as regularly as if it had never been removed from its proper body, till the paw becomes, in its anatomical characters, the paw of an adult rat. M. Vulpian has made on the minute larvæ of the frog an experiment which suggests analogous conclusions. At this early epoch of the animal's life the tail is a dark, soft mass, without visible signs of muscles or bones. The tail is cut off, and thrown into water, where it grows as regularly as if it were still attached to its head. Muscles and vessels develop, the vertebral column appears, fins sprout, blood collects, spontaneous motion begins. This independent caudal existence lasts for ten days or more, and then the tail dies, because, as M. Vulpian ingeniously observes, there is no circulating apparatus to bring new materials to the growing tissues, and carry off their waste. It is clear, then, that life is not governed by a principle one and indivisible, as vitalists fondly imagine. The experiment of the rat's paw shows that the tendency towards typical forms is not, as the vital theory teaches, the work of a single and special force. That tendency resides in every part of an organized body, and, what is curiously fatal to the notion of an intelligent vital principle, it persists even when the result is useless or mischievous. Some of M. Vulpian's remarks are incidentally critical of the Duke of Argyll's doctrine of the Reign of Law. If, as His Grace alleges (after Paley, and the Anaxagoras of the Phædo), all things march according to a wise and deliberate programme, why does a fragment of incipient bone become ossified when it is transplanted into the flesh of a remote region of the body to which it belongs? As M. Vulpian asks, "Ou est le but utile de cette ossification? N'eût-il pas mieux valu pour le bien de l'individu que ce lambeau transplanté disparût par résorption moléculaire?" The same question may be asked respecting the behaviour of nerves, for if a nerve fibre be transplanted, the detached and useless trunk recovers its neurility, although, from its isolation from the nervous centre, neither its motor nor excitable power can be called into play. What law, it may be asked, worthy of the name, is reigning, when a cock's spur grafted into the comb of another cock, or into his own, grows amain? Why does a rat's tail, or paw, inserted under the skin of another rat, flourish exceedingly up to a certain limit, and then grow no more? Must not such phenomena be described as the work of a blind and resistless cause, or series of causes, whose nature evades our poor intelligence, of which we know nothing beyond its effects?

If vitalists will be dissatisfied with M. Vulpian's teaching, anthro-

\* *Leçons sur la Physiologie générale et comparée du Système Nerveux.* Par A. Vulpian. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

pologists have equal cause for discontent. He shows, in opposition to their allegations, that there is no obvious and constant proportion between intelligence and brain. Taking a general view of those divisions of the animal kingdom which possess cerebral ganglions, we see that, in mounting from mollusks to man, there is a constant, though irregular, development of brain surface. But this rule is subject to so many limitations and interruptions that it can only be asserted in general terms. The mollusca have smaller brains than the articulata, and it requires no exact observation to discover that slugs and snails have lower pretensions to intelligence than butterflies and beetles. Then, in particular insects—as, for instance, in the bee, which seems to possess not merely instinctive, but rational faculties—the cerebral ganglions attain a special development. However, it must be granted that some mollusca are cleverer than some articulate creatures. The bee is an exact mathematician, and fears no rivalry amongst the lower species; but surely the cuttle-fish is a wiser animal than a cockchafer. Looking at intelligence apart from instinct (and it must be confessed that the separation, as commonly accepted, is a very artificial division), we may admit that there is an apparent proportion between the bulk of the brain and the intellectual faculties. The whale, the elephant, and the dolphin have larger lobes than man, but, relatively to the weight of their respective bodies, there is a vast difference in favour of man. Nevertheless, the rule above stated is liable to exceptions, for amongst birds the sparrow and canary, amongst monkeys the *sai*, *saimiri*, and *oustiti*, have brains relatively superior to ours. So, under this system, the rabbit should be the intellectual superior of the horse, and the bat of the dog. M. Broca and other anthropologists have made angry attempts to show that amongst men intelligence follows brain-weight. The observations which have been made in view of sustaining or refuting such an hypothesis are necessarily imperfect. *Expende Hannibalem* is advice easier to give than follow. Statistics of this sort have been compiled by Wagner, who has classified by weight 964 brains. Unfortunately Cuvier and Byron are the only men of great genius who would take a first-class in an examination performed with weights and scales, and the comparison of other brains give results by no means favourable to anthropological wishes. It may be added that, in M. Vulpian's opinion, neither the shape of the encephalon nor the extent of the convolutions bears any constant relation to intelligence or instinct. In the controversy on the respective anatomical characters of the brains of men and apes, our author sides with Mr. Huxley and Schröder van Kolk against Professor Owen. He thinks it established that the cerebral differences which separate us from the superior monkeys are of no great importance, and that the anatomical interval between them and others of their tribe is much greater than the interval between them and us. But, adds M. Vulpian, it is not in the brain that we must search for the fundamental differences between men and anthropoid apes:—

La comparaison des facultés intellectuelles de l'homme à celle des Singes et des autres animaux les plus rapprochés de lui, sous le rapport du développement de ces facultés, peut seule nous mettre à même d'apprécier l'étendue et la profondeur de l'intervalle qui sépare l'homme de ces animaux.

It is a great merit of M. Vulpian that he has learned in the school of Socrates that guesses are not proofs. He emphatically warns his audience against the shortcomings of the science which he professes—a precaution specially necessary in the case of physiological anatomy. We may laugh at Aristotle, who thought the brain was a viscus charged with the duty of cooling the heart; or even at Buffon, who contemptuously describes it as a kind of ignorant mucilage. But the fibres and cells of the brain substance are in some respects still a *terra incognita* whose geography is imperfectly explored. If the map of the brain is not yet understood, still less do we comprehend its physical properties and functions. We do not know the use of the white substance, and we do not know what happens when the grey matter is agitated by a thought, or a volition, or an act of memory. M. Vulpian does not admit that we can make any positive assertion about the functions of the cerebellum. From a series of operations on creatures whose cerebellum has been artificially removed or injured, we may gather that this part of the nervous centres has no share in the phenomena of instinct, intelligence, and will. But this, despite the lively faith of M. Flourens, is all that we may assert. The name of the *optic thalami* is suggestive of more complete information, but experiments shed nothing but darkness on the functions of those bodies; the same remark applies to the *corpora striata* and the *corpus callosum*. The removal of the hemispheres of the brain is attended with effects that clash with common prejudices as to the essential importance of the grey and white matter. For instance, a fish thus treated swims about in a basin, and avoids obstacles intentionally placed in his way. Under like circumstances a pigeon will fly, walk, drink, and otherwise show that his general sensibility has survived the loss of his hemispheres. According to M. Vulpian's latest experiments, frogs, birds, and rabbits whose lobes have been scooped out continue to behave as if their intelligence and will still subsisted. A cock shakes his head, poises himself first on one leg then on the other, smooths his ruffled feathers, and hides his head under his wing. But, explains (or conjectures) M. Vulpian, these movements are wanting in the "capricious spontaneity" which belongs to intact animals, and they must be referred to external stimuli or internal irritations, such as fatigue, itching, or pain. The case of the carp, as prepared and exhibited by M. Vulpian, is even more extraordinary than that of the cock. His conduct is such that, except after the most exact observation and reflection, it would hardly be sus-

pected that he had ceased to be a voluntary agent. That the movements of the fish are purely automatic is the opinion of M. Vulpian, backed by M. Flourens. It would be presumptuous to disagree with two such eminent doctors. If they are right, it would seem that, in the inferior animals at least, there are no positive marks by which one can distinguish between automatic and voluntary action.

#### HEMANS ON ANCIENT CHRISTIANITY.\*

THERE are two classes of readers, suggested by the double title of this volume, for whom it will have a peculiar interest. It contains, in the first place, a sketch of the leading events of ecclesiastical history in relation to the Popes and the local Roman Church during the first nine centuries, illustrated by the minute knowledge of monumental and other antiquities acquired by one who has been for many years a resident in Rome. It also contains an elaborate account of the religious art treasures of Rome and Ravenna, based on a careful and minute inspection; and some notice of the churches and religious monuments of other Italian cities. Such a work, from the pen of a scrupulously accurate writer, who is at the same time a man of highly refined and cultivated taste, could not but be very interesting. But it is only fair to add that Mr. Hemans's book possesses a further and very exceptional value, as recording the impression made by long acquaintance with the present life and historic memorials of the great Christian metropolis, especially the Catacombs, on an educated man of deeply religious sentiment, who several years ago joined the Roman Catholic Church and has recently left its communion. As a rule, converts are the least candid or reliable witnesses as to the system they have abandoned, and a convert who has deliberately deserted the Church of his deliberate adoption is the last man likely to be an exception to the rule. Had Mr. Hemans written in the style of a vulgar apostate, of his forsaken faith, or had he even emulated the more decorous bitterness of the great infidel historian, "sapping with solemn sneer a solemn creed," his testimony on religious matters would have been almost worthless, and we could only have received with jealous caution his artistic or historical criticisms as closely bearing upon them. So far, however, is this from being the case that, but for a correspondence which appeared last year in some of the newspapers, we should hardly have felt certain whether Mr. Hemans was not still a Roman Catholic of the more liberal school usually associated with the name of Dr. Dollinger. And much may of course be learnt from a writer of culture and intelligence who can criticize the system which he has profoundly studied—and, it would seem, slowly and unwillingly abandoned—not only without bitterness, but with keen, not to say enthusiastic, appreciation of the grandeur of its history, the solemnity of its worship, and, if we rightly apprehend his meaning, the truth of a great portion of its teaching. It is then in the author's estimate of the past and present of Catholicism, and in his anticipations of its future, that the main interest of this remarkable volume centres; though it can in no sense be called a controversial work, and it is rather from scattered intimations, which might often escape the notice of a casual reader, than in any direct assertion of principles, that his judgment on controverted points must be sought. He has nowhere attempted to lay down an abstract ideal of the Christian Church, or even to exhibit in minute detail the points in which he evidently thinks every existing community in different degrees falls short of it; but it is not difficult to gather a general notion of his view as to what is and what is not sanctioned by the witness of primitive ages, and how far the modern Roman Church and its rivals have preserved or depraved the standard they profess to conform to. A brief sketch of his estimate of the subject, based in great measure on the silent testimony of the Catacombs, may lead those of our readers who are interested in it to examine his volume for themselves.

Mr. Hemans's two main objections to the present Roman system are the claims of the modern Papacy to supremacy and infallibility, and the prevalent *cultus* of the Virgin. Nevertheless he traces from the first the germs of the Roman primacy and of the invocation of Saints, and recognises the "inevitable law of progress" in the Church as elsewhere, observing that "a religion characterized by absolute immutability would be a barbaric one." He insists repeatedly on the Eucharist being the supreme act and daily centre of Christian worship from the beginning, "the keystone of the mystic arch on which their whole devotional system rested," and the only public rite which it was held obligatory on all to attend; and accordingly he considers that to allow it to retire into a subordinate place, as only an occasional solemnity, "is the furthest possible departure both from the mind and practice of ancient Christianity." The evidence for private confession, as distinct from the public penances of the early Church, he thinks quite conclusive from the fourth century, but not so clear in previous ages, though probably dating from the Decian persecution, 249 A.D. The earliest authority for "the poetic legend" of the Assumption is Gregory of Tours, in the sixth century, and it does not appear to have become a popular subject of artistic treatment before the fourteenth. He does not think monastic vows were regarded as irrevocable before the end of the sixth century, instancing an aunt of Gregory the Great who left her convent and married. Up

\* *A History of Ancient Christianity and Sacred Art in Italy.* By Charles J. Hemans. London: Williams & Norgate. 1867.



to the same date there is monumental evidence that the clergy were able to marry even at Rome, notwithstanding the decree of Pope Siricius two centuries earlier. The obligation was first enforced, it seems, by Gregory the Great; and his not less eminent successor, Gregory VII., clenched the matter by making clerical marriages, which were still very common, invalid. Gregory the Great represents Mr. Hemans's ideal of the true position, as well as of the characteristic virtues, of the Papacy, and "suggests the hope of what it may again become by return to its worthier antecedents." Its pre-eminence was of gradual growth, and all the evidence refutes "the uncharitable and utterly superficial theory" that it was due to pride or cunning; but the official recognition of its headship over all Churches obtained by Boniface III. from the Emperor Phocas (606) is presented to us in the light of a purely political arrangement. Still less does the theory of Papal infallibility find any support in antiquity, while the condemnation of Honorius by the sixth General Council (680) for heresy is conclusive against its acceptance at that time. Mr. Hemans insists strongly on the professed subjection of the Popes to Imperial authority up to 726, when the retirement of Basilus, the last duke who represented the Eastern Emperor at Rome, left Gregory II. in actual, if not nominal, possession of civil sovereignty. Up to that time he says that, with certain exceptions, "the grey hairs of St. Peter's venerable successors have been duly revered," but thenceforth "the head encircled with the diadem of sacerdotal kingship will be seen dragged in the dust" amid the vicissitudes of earthly and political interests; but his own narrative does not extend beyond the ninth century, and thus stops short of the principal entanglements of this nature which have so often weakened and discredited the Papacy both before and since the Reformation. In a concluding chapter the author sums up the testimony of the Roman Catacombs in view of the progress of desolating infidelity on the one hand, and the defiant attitude of the extreme Ultramontaniam on the other. That evidence will not lend itself to "any sectarian purpose of attack or vindication." If it condemns the unsacramental worship of modern Protestantism as "the most remote from that of ancient Catholicism," it is a severe reproof to the universal ignorance of Scripture tacitly approved by the modern Italian clergy. It testifies to the reverence entertained for martyrs, and the antiquity of prayer for the departed, and at least contains the germ of the later invocation of saints. The concluding passage, which is the nearest approach we have discovered to an explicit statement of the author's ideal of what he elsewhere calls "the perfectly Evangelic Church yet to be looked for in the future," we present, as it stands, to our readers:—

It would perhaps be scarce possible for any mind so to cast aside bias and prepossession as to form for itself the ideal of a Christian Church founded exclusively upon the records from the past that meet us in catacombs. But I believe the impartial and calmly adopted conviction would assume that in the worship of such a Church all should revolve round a mystic centre of sacramental ordinances, to which teaching and ceremonial should be secondary and auxiliary; that in her discipline should be combined the hierarchy with the democratic, apostolic authority with apostolic equality among the rulers of this Israel, popular co-operation with deference to sacred prescription; that her ritual should be such as to correspond to the demands of our æsthetic nature, to admit all the Beautiful that may serve as index or foreshadowing of the True, to be a noble presentment to the eye as well as appeal to the heart and mind; and that her doctrine, worthily embodied in her rites, should, above all, direct religious regards to our one Mediator and perfect Intercessor, without rejecting the idea of saints who for ever adore, and the incense of whose prayer may ascend for the whole company of believers in that invisible world where we have no authority for devotional address to them in our supplications—should especially centre all hope as well as faith upon Him, the Way, the Truth, and the Life, our absolute dependence upon Whom seems the great leading lesson conveyed by this aggregate of Christian Monuments.

The so-called "Ritualistic" controversy may give a special interest, at this moment, to the statistics which Mr. Hemans appears to have collected, with conscientious diligence, of the introduction of various details of Catholic ceremonial. Our readers will perhaps share the surprise we confess to having felt ourselves at the early origin of some, and the comparative novelty of others, of the usages that have been so hotly disputed of late among us. The use of unleavened bread for the Eucharist, and the mingling of water with the wine, were prescribed by Pope Alexander, who was martyred in 119; as also the use of holy water, which has been revived by the Irvingites, but not, so far as we are aware, by the Ritualists. In 310, Pope Eusebius regulated the material of corporals, and his successor, Melchisedech, introduced the custom of distributing "blessed bread," still observed at high mass in France. In the fifth century Pope Zosimus extended to all parish churches the blessing of the "Paschal Candle," already used in the Roman basilicas, with the accompanying anthem *Exultet*, variously ascribed to St. Ambrose or St. Augustine. The use of church bells, though known in the sixth century, did not become general till the eighth, when the rite of baptizing them was introduced. From the sixth century also dates the universal celebration of daily mass, and at the close of it Gregory the Great introduced the sprinkling of ashes on the head on Ash Wednesday, the Rogation litanies, and the procession of palms on Palm Sunday, as well as the present arrangement of the Holy Week ceremonies with which English visitors to Rome are so familiar. He also moulded into its present shape the liturgy of the Roman mass, first compiled from unwritten traditions by Pope Gelasius, and attributed in substance to the Apostolic age, and even to St. Peter himself. The Latin term mass (*missa*) seems to have

been first employed by St. Ambrose. We observe, by the way, that Mr. Hemans endorses a very common criticism on the Papal high mass in St. Peter's, as having its devotional effect seriously marred by the "etiquette of the Court and parade of the army" incidental to the Pope's dignity as a temporal sovereign. The crucifix does not appear to have come into general use before the eighth century, and it was not till 1754 that it was made the indispensable accessory of every Catholic altar by a decree of Benedict XIV. Before the sixteenth century altars are either without ornament, or with a simple cross, much oftener than with a crucifix. In a painting of the eleventh century of the Italian school, the altar at mass has only two tapers and a small cross. In the third century the *nimbus* is introduced in Christian art as a special attribute of Christ; not till the seventh did it become the invariable distinction of the Blessed Virgin and the Saints. In the Catacombs the figure of Mary appears only in historical relation to the Divine Child. The first "Madonna and Child," apart from any historic incident, is posterior to the Council of Ephesus, which our author rather inaccurately speaks of as ordering her to be revered as "the Mother of Deity."

Turning to a very different subject, Mr. Hemans observes that the earliest persecution of heretics, by some Spanish bishops in the fourth century, was not only universally condemned by the general voice of Christendom, but that St. Ambrose refused to hold any communion with the bishops who had so grievously forgotten their responsibilities as Vicars of Christ. A more impressive recollection of the same century is afforded by the last martyrdom in the Colosseum, of an Eastern monk, Telemachus, who made a pilgrimage to Rome for the express purpose of throwing himself between the combatants at the gladiatorial show held in honour of Honorius's triumph, and entreating the people to renounce for ever those hideous spectacles. He fell overwhelmed by a shower of stones; but he gained by his death what the edict of Constantine had failed to accomplish, and Christian Rome was never again disgraced by those inhuman orgies of blood.

It would be easy to criticize Mr. Hemans's volume, which is far from faultless as a literary composition. The historical portion, for instance, would bear no comparison, for grasp and mastery of the subject, with Mr. Bryce's *Holy Roman Empire*, which partly goes over the same ground. There is throughout a want of systematic arrangement; and we have noted several inaccuracies of detail. Thus, it shows a grave misconception of the real bearings of the question to speak of the Iconoclastic controversy as a matter "of merely external and hierarchic interest," considering how closely connected it was with the popular belief in the Incarnation in a rude age, more dependent on the eye than the ear for its acquirement of knowledge. To the artistic importance of the principle at issue Mr. Hemans shows himself more alive. Another strange mistake is saying that the use of the Nicene Creed in the mass was "speedily adopted at Rome" after the Council of Nice. On the contrary, it did not form part of the service at Rome till centuries after its general adoption into the ritual elsewhere. We must repeat again that, from being printed abroad, the book is infected with all, and more than all, those typographical blunders and clumsinesses usual in English works printed on the Continent. In many cases the author appears, during his long absence from England, to have lost his familiarity with the usages of his own language. Such solecisms as "it enters into whatever circumstances amid which it may rear its altars," and the frequent recurrence of such strange terms as "sackage," "horrific," "beleaguer" (as a substantive), with others of the same kind, prove, to say the least, that the volume would gain from a more careful revision. Still, after all drawbacks, it is a book which for various reasons will deservedly interest the student of history, of theology, and of ancient art. On the latter branch of the subject we have no space to dwell here, but the chapter on Ravenna contains far the fullest account we have ever met with of the old basilicas and other monuments of that grand treasure-house of early Christian art, only recently thrown open, by the construction of a railway, to easy access for English travellers. Those who have visited the noble old cathedral of Torcello, on an island off Venice, with its quaint tenth century mosaics, will be able to appreciate Mr. Hemans's description of the still more ancient and interesting churches of Ravenna. With one extract from his account of the mosaics in the chapel of the archiepiscopal palace built about 440 A.D. by St. Peter Chrysologus, we close our notice of a volume which on many accounts deserves a wider circulation than the somewhat unattractive form in which this edition is presented to the public may be likely to win for it:—

We seem to have left behind the glare and follies of the world in crossing this threshold. Above a marble incrustation round the lower part, expands that field of mosaics in brilliant hues unfaded, as the quaint and massive architecture is alike intact, since the days when the emperors of a ruined state trifled away their fear-stricken lives at Ravenna. Not yet is any subordinate personage allowed prominence in the sacred grouping; not yet has the worship of the Saviour been disputed by that of the Madonna or saints. His form is everywhere conspicuous and central here, represented as at different ages, but always at once recognisable. We see Him as a young boy, with the twelve Apostles in a series of medallion heads; we see Him again as a youth of about eighteen years, with the same benignly beautiful features more developed; and again as a fully matured man, still mild and noble-looking, in costume like that of a Greek Emperor, with tunic of gold tissue, purple chlamys with jewelled clasp at the right shoulder, in one hand a long red cross, in the other a volume open at the words of most blessed assurance: *Ego sum Via, Veritas, et Vita*.

## THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.\*

THIS is an English translation—and, we may add, a translation into very respectable English—of a novel by M. Feydeau. The title, it must be admitted, is decidedly attractive. If any one doubts whether M. Feydeau is likely to reveal such a path to happiness as can be confidently recommended to English families, his doubts may be removed by a glance at the last page of the book. There the pith of the whole moral theory expounded is summed up in a "tag" of most unimpeachable soundness. "Say no more, dear father," exclaims the model young lady to the admirable parent, "for you have found what you are seeking. To do good is the true destiny of man." Then throwing both arms round his neck, the sweet girl added, as she embraced him, "And it is the secret of happiness as well." It is not precisely the first time that we have met with this doctrine, and we are by no means disposed to criticize its correctness. The only question that remains is whether M. Feydeau has found a telling illustration of an established truth. Nobody can doubt that we ought, to do good, but there is considerable variety of opinion as to the way in which it should be done. Can any one show us a new mode of securing good results for well-meant actions? It is a charming thing, for example, to die fighting in a good cause; but does that imply that we should enlist under Garibaldi, or in the Pope's Foreign Legion? It is admirable to give money in charity; but are we quite certain that we do not make beggars oftener than lift honest people permanently out of their misery? Such questions perplex every one in practical life who tries to make himself useful in the world; and it would be a real service to point out any sphere in which we might walk straightforwardly in full confidence that we were conferring solid, unequivocal advantages upon mankind.

The solution which M. Feydeau finds for this difficulty is, shortly, that we may go to Algiers, and civilize a tribe of Arabs. The advice requires modification for Englishmen; but it is to be presumed that we may find parallel cases in some of our Asiatic possessions. The disciple who does not commit himself too blindly to M. Feydeau's guidance will still inquire what are the special merits of the Arabs of Algiers over those of London or Paris. There is work to be done everywhere; and if work amongst Arab *douars* has a more poetical sound than work in the back slums of a European metropolis, it does not follow that it really requires nobler qualities, or is more likely to be effective. In answer to this, we must listen to the eloquence of the admirable parent already mentioned, who throughout the novel acts as chorus, pointing out the moral of the various incidents related. The *Kebbir*, as he was called by the Arabs—or the Comte de Bugny, to give him his Parisian title—had indeed a very fine turn for moralizing, in which he was occasionally imitated by his family. His wife thinks nothing of incidentally observing that the bondage of duty is not one that she ever feels irksome. His daughter puts forward such interesting little apophthegms as that we should never do evil that good may come. And the *Kebbir* himself interrupts his wife, when she wishes to discuss her son's marriage, by suggesting that before they discuss the young lady they should exhaust a question of principle which has just been raised. Sometimes he condescends to use such lively illustrations as the following:—"My pistols," he says to a cynical Parisian, "come from a still higher source" than the workshops of Colt or Devisme, "and are called *obedience to duty and justice*." His carbine has "worked more conquests than all the weapons in the world," and, casting a glance heavenwards, he adds that its name is *Persuasion*. A gentleman who habitually dwells in regions of such lofty morality is admirably adapted to explain the theory of doing good which M. Feydeau desires to enforce. He is leading a solitary life in a remote corner of Algeria, and when an old comrade begs him to reveal the secret of his happiness, he overwhelms him with several pages of eloquence. The general result of it appears to be that the constitution of modern society is thoroughly faulty. Its conventionalities are based on hypocrisy; its habits enervate the most original minds; by its laws and customs and mean morality, under pretence of protecting the individual, it deprives him gradually of all freedom and power of initiation. Every one is restless, sarcastic, and desirous to rise by depreciating his neighbour. The progress of civilization, the enormous increase of knowledge, touches only the highest minds, and leaves the masses unaffected. The herd of mankind moves about "with noses bent down to the ground in quest of material enjoyments"; "they move hither and thither, eat, digest, push, and fight like sheep to clamber one above the other; multiply, die, and that is all." The only remedy for a man who is sickened with the spectacle of human stupidity, of feverish desires leading to nothing, of social evils which he is powerless to redress, is to remove to the desert, and there to regenerate and invigorate his mind with intimacy with nature. It is true that the *Kebbir* appears to have preserved more than usual mental activity in his seclusion; there is, he tells his friend, "not a mystery in nature that he has not explored, not a physical or physiological phenomenon that he has not sought to understand." So far from being entirely alienated from the rest of his species, he has travelled with his son over the whole of Europe, and there has made him "probe wounds, fathom abuses of all kinds, springing from a state of society of which interest is the keystone." He has shown him the evils which are due to the unnatural gathering

together of men in large cities, and their brutal craving for material enjoyments. The youth has been disgusted by the spectacle, sickened at the sight of the "poisonous pleasures" in which his contemporaries are plunged, and shrinks even from those honourable professions which would constantly bring before him "the blighting spectacle of the disgraces and miseries of humanity." He is resolved to become, like his father, a cultivator of the soil, and to contribute, by good example and good advice, to the happiness of those around him.

The *Kebbir* might have learnt this trick of railing against a fictitious entity, endowed with every vicious and degrading quality, called "Modern Society," from the perusal of certain French novelists. But are the Arabs so much our superiors? When the *Kebbir* doubts, in one of his paroxysms of eloquence, whether it would not be "better for the honour of humanity that it should relapse into barbarism," a thoughtless lieutenant replies that barbarism was rather "deficient in intelligence." "But," replies the *Kebbir*, "it had some grandeur, and was not absolutely devoid of virtue." And, if we may trust M. Feydeau's account, the barbarism of the Arabs is consistent with the very noblest qualities. They remind us of nothing more forcibly than of the noble savage who used to enchant us in the pages of Fenimore Cooper. The *Kebbir* acts the part of Leatherstocking, and the Arab sheikhs exactly repeat the character of the immaculate Red-skins. There is the same marvellous power of performing pedestrian feats from which the late Captain Barclay would have shrunk in terror. The Arab, like the Indian, preserves his silent self-possession with an occasional relief in the shape of inordinate boasting; he talks in short sententious parables, exactly resembling those of his American rival; and has the same curious faculty for exposing the infamous sophistries put forward in defence of civilization, and of shaming the gross inconsistencies of those who dispossess the native occupants of the soil with devices suggested by gross cupidity, whilst they have the Christian phrases on their lips. Even in smaller details, we find the Arab digging up the "knife of evil," just as the Iroquois dig up the tomahawk. If they do not scalp, they carry on the same system of warfare, consisting of ingenious ambushes and well-managed surprises; they appeal to Allah where the imaginary Indian talks of the Great Spirit; and the only material difference seems to be that they have a less pronounced inclination for fire-water. The situations which result from the Arab peculiarities are startlingly like those with which readers of Cooper are familiar. There are always a set of intending assassins creeping about on their stomachs behind trees and stones, finding their way with marvellous sagacity by tracks imperceptible to a European, and just about to surprise an innocent family in the night and cut everybody's throat—but for a sudden intervention, which of course turns up at the nick of time. It is true that the painter of Algerian scenery can draw upon a good many picturesque effects which are wanting to his American rival. After all, the Arab stands on a considerably higher level of civilization than the Red Indian; and though the foundation of his character has a strong resemblance, the accessories are decidedly more poetical. There are touches of pastoral life which would supply backgrounds for painters of Old Testament heroes, and the Arab chief has a literature and a theology of his own which afford room for more striking effects of local colour. M. Feydeau, moreover, has used his materials with considerable skill, and has at least given us a very graceful picture of scenery and manners. Still we are constantly reminded of the Red Indian by the Arab, and we cannot help fancying that the *Kebbir* is merely our old friend Natty Bumppo, polished up to meet the requirements of modern French society, and losing some of his most interesting peculiarities in the process.

The resemblance indicated may be partly accounted for by the superficial similarity of the mode of life in the two cases; and it would be interesting to know, on good authority, what is the real value of the analogy which strongly strikes us on the surface. Meanwhile, we cannot doubt that the resemblance is heightened by a similarity in the point of view of the two authors. The aim of both is to contrast the vices and weaknesses of a highly civilized society with the rude virtues that are supposed to flourish amongst a ruder race. This indirect mode of satire has been pretty well understood since the days of Tacitus. It generally rather fails of the intended effect, because we feel that, after all, it implies a superficial view of the subject. As a sentimental dream, people who have been spoiled by some of the social evils of the day may please their imagination by these pictures of an ideal state of innocence and simplicity. Still, as a matter of fact, we know very well that M. Feydeau would not like to mate with a squalid savage, and that something has been omitted from his story which would turn the tables. An Arab hut, when all has been said, is inferior to an apartment at Paris; and we have an uncomfortable sense of reticences, if not of actual perversions, which disturb our pleasure in the art. The novel comes so near ordinary life that this rose-coloured ideal is out of harmony with the rest of the descriptions. There is a very genuine French officer, grumbling at the slowness of his promotion, and doggedly doing his duty in a detestable country, who seems to be drawn from nature; and there are certain miscreant Arabs who go about assassinating in the very lifelike manner possible. The introduction of these very genuine actors into a drama where they have to work side by side with creatures of a kind of sentimental perfection disturbs the illusion, and reminds us too forcibly that there

\* *The Secret of Happiness*. By Ernest Feydeau. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1867.



to another side to the story. The Kebbir and his family become too palpably mere walking embodiments of M. Feydeau's moral theories. A novel which depends partly upon accurate description of scenery ought not to have angels in human form moving about amongst real figures; we feel their unreality too strongly, and with our belief in them goes the value of M. Feydeau's moral. For, if a man is not more likely to display superhuman virtues in Algeria than in Paris, there is no particular reason why he should give up the undoubted comforts of the more civilized stage of existence. In short, though M. Feydeau's story is gracefully told, and leads incidentally to many vigorous, if highly-charged, descriptions, his morality strikes us more as the sentimental repulsion of a fastidious mind from some of the manner and grosser aspects of modern society than as a genuine outcome of a healthy and balanced mind.

#### LIVES OF INDIAN OFFICERS.\*

FOR purposes of unaffected panegyric there are probably few better literary styles than that adopted by Mr. Kaye in this work. A halo of romance encircles the subjects of these biographical memoirs, and the lustre of their lives is considerably enhanced by the measured and impressive sentences in which it is delineated. In reading these memoirs we almost feel like some neophyte regarding, from a sheltered aisle of the temple, the successive sacrifices offered at the shrine of the Great Moloch—our Indian Empire. On our ears fall the solemn cadences of the high priest, who, while depicting the holiness and beauty of such noble self-oblation, fills our hearts with despair of attaining so lofty an ideal of virtue. For whether the subject be the blameless Cornwallis, dying peacefully on the sacred river of Bengal, or the martyred Conolly kneeling calmly to his executioner behind the palace of the tyrant of Bokhara—whether the narrative be of Martyn the enthusiastic missionary, or of Neill the avenger of blood—to our author it is all the same. From each story is evolved some new lesson of duty, from each history is developed some new phase of "that many-sided heroism which flowered beneath the Indian sun."

These biographies of men who (with one exception) sprang from the great middle classes of England are remarkable as exemplifying the poetic side of the Anglo-Saxon commercial energy. The details we find in them have much the same relation to the great events of Indian history as the tendons and muscles, which give connexion and comeliness to the human frame, have to the gaunt and bony skeleton. They convey to the reader in an interesting and attractive form that current of events which a philosophical and more exact study of history not seldom renders monotonous. But above all their chief charm consists in the light thrown on the inner lives of men who, starting in the race of life "without family connexions or other adventitious aids," have built up that great Indian Empire whose possession makes us the envy of all nations.

Among the lives of men who for the most part devoted themselves to the merely utilitarian ends of the world, the memoir of Henry Martyn, whose frail frame encloosed the apostolic spirit of a Protestant Xavier, seems perhaps a little out of place. As a purely psychological study it is indeed of great interest, and without doubt the relation of such highly-pitched aspirations and so much (albeit fruitless) self-sacrifice, must have been appropriate to the pages of *Good Words*, in which periodical the original outline of Mr. Kaye's work first appeared. Nor is it altogether without value as an example of the more spiritual aspect of the work to be accomplished in the field of Oriental regeneration. Strictly speaking, Martyn was not a missionary to the heathen, but a chaplain in the service of the East India Company. Mr. Kaye's narrative of his life throws some important light on the state of religion as it existed in Anglo-Indian society in Martyn's time, and shows how indistinct is the line which in India divides the work of the missionary from that of the chaplain. As one of a series of pictures, however, it is somewhat isolated in effect, and its value is extraneous to the general scope of the work.

It would be impossible within our limits even to make allusion to many of the important events in which Cornwallis, Malcolm, Elphinstone, and Metcalfe (whose lives are included in Mr. Kaye's first volume) played such prominent parts. We hope, however, to say enough to indicate the skill with which Mr. Kaye has handled the lives of men who directed the rapid course of Indian events during the latter years of the last and the first quarter of the present century. Within the period named, four great wars, and numberless military operations on a minor scale, resulted in the acquisition of territories the extent of which caused considerable embarrassment to the conquerors. Mr. Kaye's interesting narratives show how these acquisitions were in the first instance rendered possible by the administrative reforms introduced by Lord Cornwallis, and how the genius of succeeding Indian statesmen consolidated and maintained them. And though, for a limited few, such knowledge has hitherto perhaps been not very difficult of attainment, Mr. Kaye has rendered a useful service in placing in the hands of all much valuable information regarding events which, notwithstanding that they are matters of the past, have their analogies and counterparts in many existing unsolved problems of Indian government.

In criticizing the shortcomings of Indian rule, it has been the

fashion to throw upon the Directors of the East India Company the whole blame of the gross mal-administration which Clive endeavoured ineffectually to reform, but which was not put a stop to until the Government of Cornwallis. The mistaken parsimony displayed in the smallness of the salaries paid to their employes without doubt excited and encouraged the very evils which the Directors perpetually inveighed against in their despatches. Their servants, being poor, became venal; being venal, became extravagant; being extravagant, became rapacious; and not unnaturally the sins of the servants were laid to the charge of the masters. But not entirely with justice, we think. It is too often forgotten how grave evils were superadded from England to those which unavoidably arose from the vitiated moral atmosphere, or from our ignorance of India. If we turn to the writings of Churchill, whose satire was so effectively applied to the evils of his time, we shall find from a passage in the *Farewell* that honesty of purpose, at the least, was allowed to the East India Directors of those days. But "those who have sailed and those who wished to sail"—the "interlopers," in short, the horror of whom so greatly influenced the policy of Leadenhall Street, and whose outcry contributed so much to the eventual fall of the Directors—are mentioned as affording an "ample field" for the poet's lash. It was, in fact, impossible for Clive, during his rule from 1764 to 1767, to effect permanent reforms while men of this class went out to India carrying letters of strong recommendation from Cabinet Ministers in England. Mr. Kaye quotes the anecdote related by Macaulay, in his speech on the second reading of the India Bill of 1853, regarding one of these English adventurers who levied blackmail on the Indian revenues:—

Lord Clive [said Macaulay] saw that he was not only unfit for, but would positively do harm in, any office, and said in his peculiar way, "Well, chap, how much do you want?" Not being accustomed to be spoken to so plainly, the man replied that he only hoped for some situation in which his services might be useful. "That is no answer, chap," said Lord Clive; "how much do you want? Will one hundred thousand pounds do?" The person replied that he should be delighted if by laborious service he could obtain that competence. Lord Clive then wrote out an order for the sum at once, and told the applicant to leave India by the ship he came in, and, once in England again, to remain there. I think the story is very probable, and I also think that the people of India ought to be grateful for the course Lord Clive pursued; for though he pillaged the people of Bengal to give this lucky adventurer a large sum, yet the man himself, if he had received an appointment, might both have pillaged them and misgoverned them as well.

The anecdote is taken *verbatim* from Hansard, but Mr. Kaye, who heard the speech, believes that the sum named was "a lakh of rupees"—i.e. ten thousand pounds—instead of one hundred thousand pounds. Not only the East India Directors (who bore the whole blame, and were, probably, to do them justice, the least guilty), but the Ministers of the Crown and Royalty itself, wallowed in the foul pool of Indian jobbery. Nor, indeed, did the House of Commons disdain to defile itself in the same way. It was said that the rancour of Edmund Burke against Warren Hastings was increased, even if it was not originated, by the opposition made by the Governor-General to the gross malpractices of his brother, William Burke, the Company's Military Paymaster-General. Lord Rawdon indeed "thought it advisable, in the interests of friendship, to give Cornwallis a hint of this." But the great man was not to be daunted in the task of cleansing the Augean stable of Indian Government which had been assigned to him. In one place he replies, in answer to an application from the Queen's Chamberlain, "I cannot desert the only system that can save this country, even for sacred Majesty." To the Directors he writes, "If unfortunately so pernicious a system [of recommendation] should be again revived, I should feel myself obliged to request that some other person might immediately take from me the responsibility of governing these extensive dominions, that I might preserve my own character, and not be a witness to the ruin of the interests of my country." Regarding William Burke he says, "But it is impossible for me to serve him essentially—that is, put large sums of money into his pocket—without a gross violation of my public duty, and doing acts for which I should deserve to be impeached." In another place, "I am still persecuted every day by people coming out with letters to me. . . . For God's sake do all in your power to stop this madness." And nobly was the great work of improvement carried through. Mr. Shore (afterwards Lord Teignmouth) wrote, "Natives and Europeans universally exclaim that Lord Cornwallis's arrival has saved the country." And, again, "His situation was uncomfortable on our arrival; he now receives the respect due to his zeal, integrity, and indefatigable application." Judicial, fiscal, military, and social reforms followed in quick succession, and the foundation of that reputation for honesty which has since that time been the chief characteristic of the Indian services was laid by the wisdom of this high-minded statesman. He was the pioneer in that track which Mountstuart, Elphinstone, Metcalfe, and a host of other members of the Indian Civil Service have followed for the further advance of Oriental civilization, and the regeneration of our Indian fellow-subjects. Although Cornwallis had once written that by going to India he "would sacrifice all earthly happiness without even gratifying my favourite passion"—i.e. his desire for military glory—the time was approaching when the independent native States felt it necessary, for their own security, to combat the increasing power of the English in India. Tippoo was the first who measured himself with us, and it fell to the lot of Cornwallis personally to superintend the first great war in Mysore, an

\* *Lives of Indian Officers*. By J. W. Kaye. 2 vols. London: Strahan & Co., and Bell & Daldy. 1867.

undertaking which he brought to a successful conclusion. As a commander, Cornwallis showed himself not less careful of the welfare of his soldiery than careless of his own private interests. He made every effort for the comfort and discipline of his army during the hardships of an arduous campaign, and at its conclusion gave up to the troops his share of prize-money, amounting to 50,000*l*. Under a little cupola, supported by granite columns, stands, in front of the Government offices in Fort St. George, the marble statue of the great administrator whose life forms the first memoir of Mr. Kaye's work. That statue, which is the work of Thomas Banks, was voted by the inhabitants of Madras to commemorate the signal services rendered by Cornwallis to the Indian Empire. It is with regret we hear that the lapse of little more than half a century has tended materially to destroy the work of the sculptor, yet we hope there is still time for the public or Government of Madras to take some steps for its effectual preservation.

During the military operations in front of Seringapatam, which were concluded by the submission of Tippee, it happened that Lord Cornwallis appointed one John Malcolm, then a young subaltern, to the post of Persian interpreter to the troops of our ally the Nizam, with which force he was serving. Of the youth of John Malcolm, who subsequently filled so distinguished a place in Indian annals, Mr. Kaye relates the following characteristic anecdote. It seems that Malcolm's uncle feared "that, although Johnny was tall of his age," he would not pass the examination necessary to qualify him for an Indian cadetship. In these days of competition it is interesting to know what that examination could have been, so we quote the story:—

John Malcolm went up, nothing daunted, before an august assemblage of Directors. They were pleased by his juvenile appearance and good looks, and one of them said, "My little man, what would you do if you were to meet Hyder Ali?" "Do," said the boyish aspirant, "why, sir, I would cut with my sword and cut off his head."

It is needless to add that John Malcolm "passed," and that the cheery pluck and readiness which carried him through this crisis stood him in good stead in his future career.

There are few more interesting speculations than the consideration of what might have been our position now if the policy of the French in India had remained under the direction of the genius of men like La Bourdonnais. The jealousy which the chiefs of that nation habitually displayed towards each other effectually assisted the English policy, which was steadily directed to the exclusion of all European nations from the territory of Hindustan. At Hyderabad in the Deccan alone remained, at the close of the last century, sufficient French influence to cause some danger to our supremacy in the East. The first great public services of Malcolm were performed in the dispersion of Raymond's levies in the employ of the Nizam; and his success in this dangerous and important enterprise marked him out for future emergencies. The second Mysore war found him associated with Arthur Wellesley in charge of the force sent from Hyderabad for the siege of Seringapatam. At the close of the campaign he was appointed one of the Secretaries of the Commission that drew up the Partition and Subsidiary treaties of Mysore, which have been the subject of so much debate during the past Session of Parliament. A year or two later the Mahratta war gave scope once more for his diplomatic talents, though his eager spirit chafed at the illness which prevented his presence on the field of Assaye. With Arthur Wellesley at that great battle rode Mountstuart Elphinstone, who relates the following anecdote regarding the negotiations with Scindiah which followed on the victory achieved over the Mahrattas. Speaking of Wittul Punt, Scindiah's agent, Elphinstone says:—

He was an elderly man, with rather a sour, supercilious countenance; but, such as it was, he had a perfect command of it, receiving the most startling demand or the most unexpected concession without moving a muscle. Malcolm remarked of him, that he never saw such a face for playing "Brag." The name stuck to him, for long afterwards when Malcolm met the Duke in Europe, and was asking him about the great men of France, his answer about Talleyrand was, that he was a good deal like old Brag, but not so clever.

The operations of Lord Lake against Holkar at this period are matter of history, and need not here be dwelt upon in detail. With Lord Lake, however, rode a young Bengal civilian, named Metcalfe, who had passed the first years of his service in India in the Cabinet of the ambitious Lord Wellesley. The politicals of India, though for the most part civilians, have not seldom evinced soldierly qualities which have proved their genius for war. Arthur Wellesley was delighted at the warlike bearing displayed by Mountstuart Elphinstone at Assaye; and he remarked, regarding the quickness of his eye and the soundness of his judgment with respect to military dispositions and combinations, "that he had mistaken his calling, for he was certainly born a soldier." So of Metcalfe we find it recorded that, having experienced the pleasantries of the staff of Lord Lake (who among his weaknesses had an habitual contempt for civilians), he seized the opportunity at the taking of Deeg to volunteer for the storming party, and was one of the first to enter the breach. "This excited the admiration of the old general, who made most honourable mention of him in his despatch, and ever afterwards, throughout the campaign, spoke of him as his 'little stormer.'" Twenty years afterwards we find Metcalfe again taking part in military operations at the siege of Bhurtpore; while Elphinstone played a chief part in the events of the outbreak at Poonah, and the subsequent battle of Kirkhee.

But before these last-named occurrences India had passed through a period of peace. Lord Wellesley's "great game" had

been effectually put a stop to by his recall from the Governor-Generalship; and Lord Cornwallis, who alone had been deemed capable of averting financial disaster, had once more returned to India at the call of duty, and laid down his life there. The conclusion of the Mahratta war left much work to be done in the way of retrenchment, of consolidation of newly-acquired territory, and of fresh treaties with native States; in all of which matters Malcolm, Elphinstone, and Metcalfe found active employment. Much of this interval of peace was passed by them in literary pursuits or in diplomatic missions (of which mention will be made hereafter, when we are considering the contents of Mr. Kaye's second volume); while the two latter performed important services respectively as the Residents at the Courts of the Peishwah and the Great Mogul. In one of Elphinstone's letters to Metcalfe of this period (1813) occurs a passage which is highly suggestive of the changes through which India has passed in half a century. After requesting a copy of the Emperor Baber's memoirs, which "the august representative of the house of Timour must assuredly possess," he concludes, "I beg you to offer His Majesty respectful assurances of the Peishwah's loyalty and fidelity." What double-edged irony does not the lapse of time attach to such an extract?

(To be continued.)

#### VOYSEY'S SLING AND STONE.\*

THE hamlet of Healaugh lies some six or eight miles to the south-west of the city of York. It is a retired spot, innocent of a post-office, and unharmed by a railway; increasing and multiplying in a peaceful way of its own, so that by the close of the century it may reasonably hope to number its 250 inhabitants. Nobody, in fact, except the farmers in the neighbourhood, had till very lately ever heard of the existence of the hamlet of Healaugh; and the hamlet—not liking, it may be presumed, to remain any longer in obscurity—has suddenly appeared before the world as the head-quarters of a new school of philosophy, to which we now invite the attention of our readers. The mind of Healaugh had enjoyed a half-century of meditative repose under a non-resident vicar who held the living in plurality, and a succession of curates whose emoluments can scarcely have been considerable if the incumbent derived any advantage whatever from the ninety-two pounds which constituted the annual income of the benefice. On the whole, Healaugh seemed an unlikely place to produce any very great stir in the world, or to influence materially the course of modern thought; but Healaugh is in Yorkshire, and Yorkshire can do pretty nearly anything it likes, when it gives its mind to it. Accordingly, Healaugh has produced a teacher and sage of unlimited range in all attained and unattainable science.

Mr. Charles Voysey, of St. Edmund Hall in the University of Oxford, Bachelor of Arts, became incumbent of Healaugh in 1863; and, after a short preliminary tending of the sheep of the district, in order to enable him to appear in character at the proper time, presents himself on the battle-ground of modern conflict as a new David, armed with a "sling and a stone." We do not in the least know what or where Mr. Voysey's "sling" may happen to be; but Mr. Voysey's "stones" are his sermons, which he delivers first by way of practice at, or over, the heads of his parishioners at Healaugh, and then discharges from Paternoster Row. We have carefully examined several of these "sermons in stones," and we are bound to confess that they are very accurately described. Mr. Voysey's sermons are very like stones indeed. They are just as hard, just as indigestible, just as ready to fly to pieces at a blow, and just as nourishing. Mr. Voysey's "sling," though we have not seen it, seems to be a weapon possessing the peculiar properties of the boomerang of the South Seas.

It is not our intention to touch on the theological questions at which Mr. Voysey takes indiscriminate shots with the stones which fly from his "sling" in monthly couples; and as his method is very much the same in every department of his universal knowledge, there is no necessity for our doing so. He is ready for anybody and anything, and he comes down to do battle impartially with Philistines and Israelites, Goliath and King Saul, giant and shield-bearer, but with a special delight in a shot at his brethren. Mr. Voysey's method consists, first, in the selection of a passage in Scripture for a text; and secondly, in asserting either that the statement contained in it is not true, or that the thing related to have been said or done was not said or done at all, or not said or done by the person or persons to whom it is attributed, or that the writer or speaker did not know what he was talking about, or that there is some meaning in the passage which no one ever discovered till he, Mr. Voysey, on that particular Sunday at Healaugh, first taught it to himself, and then communicated it to his Yorkshire hearers. The principle that "all knowledge must be self-taught" is, in fact, the key to Mr. Voysey's whole method; and he is much too candid and generous to keep the secret to himself. A more cautious hierophant might have shrouded the maxim behind the curtain of a discreet reserve, and have revealed it only to the initiated after long and careful preparation. But the Healaugh prophet knows no such timidity; he proclaims it in his Yorkshire pulpit, and publishes it at Paul's Cross, in all the grandeur of its naked verity; and he illustrates it by abundant exhibitions of knowledge so acquired by himself,

\* *The Sling and the Stone.* Sermons, &c. By Charles Voysey, Incumbent of Healaugh, &c.



of which we may instance, as an average specimen, the fact that the author of the *De Civitate Dei* lived and wrote in the seventh century of the Christian era. A difficulty which occurs to un-instructed minds like our own is that, on this principle of every man being his own prophet, there would appear to be no room in the nature of things for Mr. Voysey's sermons. To be alike consistent and instructive, the Healaugh oracle ought to sit still and hold his tongue; and it is not clear to us how he can ever open his mouth without contradicting himself. In justice to Mr. Voysey we ought to add that we are not aware that he ever does. After this gratifying start, Mr. Voysey usually expresses a little passing contempt for people in general, and then goes on to instruct the world in matters historical, scientific, or theological, in a way which, to say the least, is novel, and may to a certain extent be edifying. In illustration of his method, we may take a sermon preached on Easter Day of the present year, and published in the *Sling and Stone*, Part VII. The text consists of St. Paul's assertion that if the fact which Easter commemorates be untrue, "your faith is vain." Accordingly, Mr. Voysey begins by saying that "this position is a dangerous and unsound one," and that, under the supposition given, "our faith is not vain." A few words of pity for "the Church" succeed in the usual place, and prepare the way in due time for the following valuable instruction:—

I have told you before that if the bodies of all men are to be raised . . . and restored as they were before corruption, there would not only be no standing-room on the earth for them, but they would form a closely packed mass thousands of times larger than the earth itself."

A little further application of this important dogma leads on to the conclusion that "you will not be slow to reject the position of my text," which having rejected, the congregation at Healaugh go home to dinner "wiser" men perhaps, and possibly "sadder" too.

Mr. Voysey professes to be an oracle in arithmetic. We, therefore, made an anxious search among "stones" previously hurled out of the Healaugh "sling," in order to learn the process of this "flesh and blood" calculation, which at length we were fortunate enough to find. As the sum was rather tough, and as the Yorkshire rustics are probably not very well up in figures beyond a dozen places or so, it was not surprising to find that the "stone" which contained it had been thrown twice at their heads, having been preached on the Octave of Easter, 1865, and again on Easter Day, 1866. Mr. Voysey's idea of a holiday, by the way, appears to consist in "doing a sum" of gigantic proportions, and then "proving" it, to show that it comes out right, or wrong, as the case may be:—

Sir John Herschel states [but where, it does not appear] that the number of human beings living at the end of the hundredth generation, commencing from a single pair, doubling at each generation (say in 30 years), and allowing for each man, woman, and child an average space of four feet in height and one foot square, would form a vertical column having for its base the whole surface of the earth and sea spread out into a plain, and for its height 3674 times the sun's distance from the earth! The number of human strata thus piled one on the other would amount to 460,790,000,000,000.

Having taken breath, we will hope, and given the congregation time to do the same, Mr. Voysey proceeds, "This argument, so far as it tends to disprove the actual rising again to life of the bodies which are laid in the grave, appears to be unanswerable." And "this argument" is appealed to by Mr. Voysey as proof of the subsequent statement, which we have already quoted. We believe that, among the various conclusive proofs which have been alleged by fellow-labourers with Mr. Voysey in the enlightenment of mankind to show that the perfect philosopher will

Care not for the Bible-book,  
'Tis too big to be true,"

the impossibility of the descent of the existing numbers of the human race from a single pair has occupied a prominent place; and Sir John Herschel, or whoever it was that adapted the ingenious schoolboy puzzle of the price of a horse with twenty-four nails in his shoes, might laugh the objection out of hearing in this way. Sir John Herschel's idea of an "unanswerable argument," however, would scarcely have agreed with Mr. Voysey's, who reasons thus:—The hundredth term of a given geometrical series is so-and-so; therefore the population of the earth A.M. 3000 was a solid mass about the size of the solar system, more or less.

But Mr. Voysey "proves" his sum by another method on the opposite page of his twice-fired missile. "It has been stated," he says, "on good authority . . . that the whole surface of the earth has been thirteen times dug over to bury the remains of mankind alone." This really shows some kindness and consideration on the part of the "vertical column" of humanity which Mr. Voysey knows, on Sir John Herschel's authority, to have existed about the commencement of the historic period. We are very glad to learn the fact (although we may suggest, in passing, that the conjuror who got into the quart bottle probably is entitled to the credit of the process), because at any rate this assertion "on good authority" enables us to bring Mr. Voysey's discoveries within the regions of finite and comprehensible nonsense. "The whole surface of the earth has been more than thirteen times dug over to bury"—"a mass many thousand times larger than the earth itself." A good many more, we should have fancied, under the circumstances; but let us say thirteen, as Mr. Voysey wishes us. By "the surface of the earth" it may be assumed that we are to understand the surface of the land; and we may therefore put the sea out of the question, as the Burial Boards of the Flint Ages are not likely to have been provided with diving apparatus. Further, we will make Mr. Voysey a present of the tops of the Alps, and such like places, where it

might have been found difficult to "dig" on any one of the "thirteen" occasions; and of a fair allowance of tracts in Central Africa and elsewhere, in which "digging" might have been inconvenient from the strong probability that the alligators of the neighbourhood and their friends would eat the sexton; and all these concessions made, the result will give a human period of about twenty million years, with a population equal to the present population of the earth throughout the whole of it, to occupy Mr. Voysey's "thirteen diggings of the surface of the earth," allowing two square yards for a single grave.

We owe our readers an apology for troubling them with these childish and preposterous absurdities. But we believe that it has been matter of serious discussion in the columns of some of our weekly Church contemporaries whether or not Mr. Voysey should be made the subject of a prosecution in the Ecclesiastical Courts. Such a proceeding would, in our judgment, be a waste of time and money even greater than that in which Mr. Voysey indulges when he writes and prints and circulates his toy-shop projectiles; and we cannot believe that Archbishop Thomson would for a moment entertain the idea. For Mr. Voysey's sake, and for the sake of the University to which he belongs, we regret the ludicrous exposure which he is choosing to make of his ignorance and mental incapacity. Mr. Voysey's logic and Mr. Voysey's theology are scarcely, we fear, results of which either the University or its preachers can be proud.

It is however possible—and we willingly give Mr. Voysey the benefit of the hypothesis—that there is an underlying purpose in all the erratic courses of the stones from the Healaugh "sling." The lords of the Philistines who assemble in rudimentary chapters and write in Church Reviews have been heard to murmur in sufficiently intelligible language against their warlike and unaccustomed ally; and Mr. Voysey's continual and incoherent "scrabbling on the doors of the gate" may, after all, be only an astute way of "changing his behaviour" before the Achish of the Northern province. It may be so. We believe that the story of "the Sling and the Stone" was a favourite subject for mediæval mystery-plays. In these ecclesiastical histrionics, some ruddy and broad-shouldered young Yorkshireman among the rude forefathers of the hamlet of Healaugh may, for all we know, have captivated the eyes and hearts of all the neighbouring maidens in the character of David. Their descendants may be pardoned if they should look back with a tender regret on such a bygone performance, which must have been at the same time much more attractive than Mr. Voysey's, and considerably less grotesque.

#### NAVAL SERVICE IN THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.\*

WE can readily believe that, even in America, full justice has not been done to the eminent services of the Federal navy during the late civil war. Public attention is always fixed on the more brilliant and striking, rather than on the most effective and telling, operations of a campaign; and the fleets and flotillas of the North had few opportunities of performing exploits calculated to divert the eager and anxious gaze of the nation from the movements of the army. They had never to encounter a Southern squadron on the high seas, and during the whole war only two naval actions of any note were fought—the engagement in Hampton Roads, in which the *Merrimac*, after destroying the wooden frigates of the enemy, was finally repulsed by the first-born of that fleet of Monitors which subsequently became the chief reliance of the United States; and the encounter between the *Kearsarge* and the *Alabama*. Most of the exploits of the navy were attacks on imperfect fortifications, sometimes aided by the very inferior vessels which the South contrived to build; and experience very soon proved that in these contests the superiority of the ships was so overwhelming as to leave no room for anxiety, and little opportunity of glory. It would be hard to call the operations of the Federal marine inglorious; they involved a fair amount of personal danger, a considerable share of hardship, and a service of incessant watchfulness and almost incessant skirmishing, at least in the case of the vessels engaged in river and harbour warfare. The blockading squadron reaped much booty, with an almost absolute exemption from peril; but their comrades on board the gunboats and Monitors employed against the harbour defences and on the inland waters of the South won little profit, and abundance of blows. It is not, however, the wont of men to give much honour to victories, whatever their importance, won at tremendous advantage over an enemy who never had a chance of success; and the officers and seamen of the North must be content with the praise of having done their duty well and skilfully, leaving to the army the fame of battles won in a fair and equal field, and to the enemy the glory of having fought with desperate resolution under circumstances which scarcely allowed a hope of success. Something more, however, is fairly due to the statesmen and administrators who saw at a very early period what their department could accomplish, and what means it must employ; wherein lay the most important advantage of the North, and the most fatal weakness of the South; and who perseveringly, amid many murmurs and much disparagement, with little support from Congress or from public opinion, and at enormous and very unpopular expense, carried out their ideas, pressed to the utmost that advantage, and availed themselves

\* *The History of the Navy during the Rebellion*. By Charles B. Boynton, D.D., Chaplain of the U.S. House of Representatives, and Assistant-Professor at the U.S. Naval Academy. New York: D. Appleton & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1867.

effectually of that weakness. The men who constructed the Federal navy, sealed up the Southern coast, and gradually possessed themselves of the Southern rivers, cutting everywhere the Confederate lines of defence, intercepting their communications, penetrating their country, and compelling their army to fall back from regions which it might have held for years against the land forces of the North, contributed as much, or more, to the final result as did Grant and Sherman. And they are entitled to this additional honour, that they created the instruments whereby their work was done, while the successful generals inherited from their predecessors an army of overwhelming numbers, well trained and disciplined, and admirably supplied.

Until the beginning of July, 1863, the Southern armies had sustained no severe defeat in the open field, and had gained many splendid victories; and yet the net result of the war had been greatly to their detriment, and they had been compelled to abandon Missouri, Kentucky, and Tennessee, had lost New Orleans and part of Louisiana, had not one port open, and were hard pressed by the enemy on a dozen points of the coast. All this was the work of the Federal marine, which, with no great noise and with scanty credit, had seized place after place, carried fort after fort, forced its way through one obstruction after another, and swept the Confederate flag as completely from the inland waters as from the ocean itself. The object of Dr. Boynton's work is to show how this was done, and what was the effect upon the fortunes of the Confederacy; to claim for the navy its full share of the honour belonging to the final triumph, and to do justice to the heads of the department, who started with a fleet comprising very few ships—and those almost useless for their most important purposes—and yet within a few months created a marine capable of achieving all that has been specified, and capable, as the author believes, of contending successfully with the maritime power of France or England.

English readers will hardly condescend to be annoyed by the passionate and unreasoning rancour against their country which pervades every page of this volume, and breaks out, in season and out of season, in offensive innuendoes, in angry invective, and in comparisons preposterously unfair and irrational. But they will remark, and truly, that this rancour is carried so far as to render many of the writer's statements altogether unsound and unreliable. An American author who can complain of the conduct of English merchants as unneutral, and charge it as one of our worst national crimes that we sold arms and ammunition and clothing to the South, and built swift steamers to convey them through the blockade to a market where they returned five hundred per cent. profit, merely shows that he either has read very little, or forgotten a great deal, of American history and of international law. No rational American will be deceived by his abuse of us upon this score. But there are other misrepresentations which are more insidious and more likely to mislead. Thus Dr. Boynton claims credit to his countrymen for the victories of the war of 1812, as having been achieved by the construction of superior vessels to those of England, with better guns and better crews. Now the American crews were certainly not better than ours, for their best men were always deserters from our own service. And their successes were due simply to this fact, that what they called frigates—and what we, believing them, encountered with frigates—were really ships of the line, and, as such, never ought to have been matched against frigates at all. No nation would think of glorying in the fact that a liner had sunk an enemy's frigate; and yet this is really the substance of the American boast. A similar suppression is visible in the boastful mention of the victory of the *Kearsarge*. The *Alabama* was seduced into that fight by a practical challenge, which, if it were not a piece of cowardly braggadocio, must be taken to imply something like equality of force. Now not only was the *Alabama* in no fighting trim—her copper hanging in loose sheets from her bottom, her engines damaged, her speed diminished to a very serious extent—but she was a wooden ship, while the *Kearsarge* was partially protected by armour—a fact unknown to Captain Semmes when he accepted her tacit challenge. The victory, then, implied no superiority either in the *Kearsarge* or her crew—except, perhaps, superior cunning. So, again, the success of the *Monitor* in Hampton Roads is magnified into a proof of the superiority of the turret principle of the American ironclad navy, by representing the *Merrimac* or *Virginia* as a perfect specimen of the broadside ironclad—a rival of the *Warrior*. This is simply ridiculous. The *Merrimac* had been hastily plated with railroad iron, after the best fashion that Southern resources permitted; but she was no more comparable to the *Warrior* than a floating battery of the Crimean war to a *Monitor*. So, again, the superiority of the American guns, with their heavy charges and low velocities, to our rifled artillery—of the smashing to the penetrating shot—is assumed with a confidence very amusing in the face of recent trials. Dr. Boynton's countrymen will be very unwise if they take for granted the justice of his estimate of the comparative naval force and resources of England and America. And we, perhaps, should not be wise altogether to neglect the evidences of national animosity afforded by the tone of this and similar works—not mere newspaper articles or pamphlets written to serve an electioneering purpose or gratify the passion of the hour, but grave historical records, intended to preserve for posterity the memory of a great national crisis, and of achievements constituting the pride of a profession. Such language and such sentiments as Dr. Boynton's would be received with rebuke and displeasure in England even by those who most admired the Confederates and least approve the conduct and bearing of the Yankees. But in America no outbursts of hatred

and animosity to England seem to displease the most temperate and respectable critics. However imperfectly the American press may represent the people, whatever allowance may be made for bluster and "buncombe," it is plain that American feeling towards England is very different from English feeling towards America.

The present volume, while it anticipates by reference and allusion much that occurred at a later date, and deals at length with all that relates to the construction of the different classes of vessels provided to meet the varying emergencies of the war, hardly brings down the history to the end of the first year. The earliest active proceeding of which it speaks is the attempt to relieve Fort Sumter; and of this it gives an account which substantially confirms the statement of the Southerners, and conclusively fixes on Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward, or one of them, the responsibility, not only of commencing the war, but of commencing it by a gross breach of faith. The story credulously adopted by English sympathizers with the North is that Mr. Lincoln intended only to relieve and provision the fort, and that the South seized the occasion to commence war. Dr. Boynton shows that this is not true; that the expedition was on a warlike and formidable scale, and threatened the safety of Charleston. He gives, moreover, exactly the Southern version of the proceedings. Commissioners from the Confederate Government were in Washington, attempting to negotiate a peaceful separation. They were promised that no attempt should be made upon Fort Sumter. The expedition was fitted out in secret; they heard of it, and protested. The answer from Mr. Seward was, "*Faith kept us to Sumter; wait and see.*" Our readers may remember the sequel—how late the warning reached Charleston, how nearly the surprise had been successful. The story, as told by Dr. Boynton, conclusively fixes the responsibility of war upon Mr. Lincoln and his advisers.

When the war broke out, the wish of the Secretary of the Navy was that the Southern ports should be closed by proclamation, not blockaded. Apparently Mr. Welles was as ignorant as Dr. Boynton is how completely this would have crippled the operations of the navy. They could not have touched a British ship, unless carrying contraband, beyond three miles from the shore; and then they could only have warned her off, or taken legal proceedings against her. And, as neutral Powers would hardly have recognised the right of one party to a civil war to exercise sovereign power over ports in possession of the other, the attempt would probably have ended in a foreign intervention. Equally foolish is the author's regret that Southern privateers or cruisers were not treated as pirates. Mr. Lincoln did threaten so to treat them, and found himself at once compelled to retract by the battle of Manassas. The blockade once resolved on, the Department set to work vigorously to execute the will of the President. About a score of ships were at his command; it was thought that thirty more would suffice. It was ultimately found necessary to employ six hundred. A number of fast stout merchant steamers, and even sailing ships, were bought up for this urgent and instant purpose, while the Secretary appointed a Board to consider and report upon the various plans of construction sent in in answer to invitation. One of three recommended was Captain Ericsson's *Monitor*—a vessel "resembling an iron box placed upon a raft," with scarcely a foot or two of her side above the water-line, and carrying her guns in a revolving turret. This vessel was completed just in time to encounter the *Merrimac* in Hampton Roads, and, by preventing her escape, to render possible the expedition of McClellan along the Yorktown peninsula, and relieve the panic which had seized all the cities on the Atlantic coast, lest the Southern ironclad should avenge on them the devastations committed in Virginia. Other classes of vessels were constructed with equal diligence—swift cruisers for the ocean watch against blockade-runners and privateers, light vessels for the inlets and sounds on the coast of the Carolinas, and gunboats of draught so light that, to use Mr. Lincoln's phrase, "they could go wherever the ground was a little damp," to clear the rivers of the South, break through the Confederate line of defence, and force a passage for their own armies. In all points the inventive genius of America proved equal to the occasion, and the vessels produced seem to have been well adapted to their special objects. True, the cruisers rarely came up with a Confederate of equal force, but the fault does not seem to have lain in their want of speed.

During the long period of comparative inaction on the part of the contending armies, both in the East and West, that elapsed between the rout of the Federal army at Bull Run and the battle of Shiloh or Pittsburg Landing, the naval forces of the North were especially busy, and achieved perhaps more than was accomplished by the land forces at any other time, save in the last decisive campaigns in Virginia and the Carolinas. Along the coast they kept the Confederates in constant alarm, running into creeks, sounds, and rivers, burning and ravaging, and doing an amount of mischief out of all proportion to the loss sustained. The inferior numbers of the Southerners, and their utter inability to furnish a marine capable of encountering these pertinacious enemies, made it impossible for them to offer any effectual defence, and they suffered terribly under this harassing mode of warfare. More important expeditions inflicted yet more serious damage by seizing points on the coast from which, as bases of operation, predatory excursions could be made and active hostilities carried on against the seaports of the South. Thus the capture of Hatteras, Newbern, and Roanoke put the coast of Virginia and North Carolina at their mercy; Fort Royal furnished a base for the repeated attacks on Charleston; and the capture of Fort Pulaski sealed the Savannah against the blockade-runners. In the West the operations of the gunboats were still more important, exercising a decisive



influence over the fate of the campaigns there carried on. The capture of Fort Henry on the Tennessee, and Fort Donelson on the Cumberland, forced the Confederates to evacuate Kentucky without a blow, and fall back even into Northern Mississippi. The capture of Island No. 10 opened the whole line of the Mississippi to the Federal gunboats, and enabled them, not only to intercept supplies and communications between the two halves of the Confederacy, but to render most valuable aid to the army with which they co-operated. At Pittsburg Landing they saved the beaten and all but routed army from utter destruction, gained time for reinforcements to arrive, and converted what threatened to be a ruinous disaster into the semblance of a victory. All these exploits are well and plainly related by Dr. Boynton, and the official narratives, generally clear and full, and sometimes even graphic, accompany his relation. The work is an important and essential contribution to the history of the war; its style is not bad, though somewhat prolix and overlaid with comment and repetition; and its worst fault is the bitter, ungenerous, and unhistorical temper which pervades it, and which colours not only inferences and criticisms, but even facts, to a degree that detracts not only from the reader's pleasure, but from his reliance on the author.

## ILLUSTRATIONS.\*

ARTISTS who have never "been engraved" desire the honour and publicity of engraving, but in this, as in so many other matters, there lurk many deceptions and disappointments. Painters whose works are copied on steel, and designers whose inventions are cut out in wood, almost uniformly express their disgust at the way in which they see themselves misinterpreted. The truth is that an engraving is only a copy—and not even a copy in the same material, but a translation into another language; so that it is not to be expected that any engraving should quite satisfactorily render the aspect and spirit of its original. All the arguments against copies of pictures in oil-colour apply to engravings with even greater force. If copies in oil are worth little, engravings, being copies in another material, must be worth still less.

A wood-engraving is not a copy in the same sense as an engraving on steel, but the chances in favour of fidelity are probably even reduced by the nature of the process. A steel-engraving is like a copy from a picture, but a woodcut is like a picture painted over again by another hand. As the wood-engraver translates, he destroys his original; and when his labour is done, there may be nothing left to guide him in his final corrections. The engraver on steel has always the advantage of an uninjured original, the perfection of which is most necessary as his work advances towards its conclusion. Both kinds of engraving are copyism, though in different forms; but the wood-engraver may irrevocably ruin the very design which is all he has to go by. Supposing, however, that the engraving, whether on wood or steel, is in itself satisfactory, there is still a possibility of disappointment in the printed proof from it. Bad printing will take the meaning out of an engraving just as effectually as bad reading will take the meaning out of a poem. No one knows, who has not had personal experience of the matter, how few proofs entirely realize the engraver's idea. Engravers seek the perfect proof with fastidious care, and cherish it when found. Anything like carelessness or too great hurry in the printing makes proofs of this class unattainable.

In the case of the *Cornhill Magazine*, or any other widely circulated publication, the printing cannot well be careful in any very delicate sense. No popular periodical does full justice to a woodcut. For example, the *Illustrated London News*, though fairly printed in a wholesale way, simply ruins its best cuts, and cannot do otherwise; and so it is with the *Cornhill Magazine*. No blame is to be attached to the conductors of these periodicals for a misfortune which is inevitable; on the contrary, they deserve credit for producing impressions which, under the circumstances, give even some notion of what the cuts were intended to be. Messrs. Smith and Elder are, of course, perfectly aware of this; and, with the view of doing fuller justice to the artists and themselves, they have adopted the excellent plan of issuing impressions of many of the best *Cornhill* illustrations of a quality such that, so far as printing and paper are concerned, the most fastidious critic can say of them nothing but what is favourable.

The condition of the art of wood-engraving which these illustrations reveal is quite another matter. The fact is that the engravers have abandoned their own art entirely, or almost entirely, in order to make themselves the faithful slaves of the designer. When the lines of the engraver are invented and arranged by himself in order to interpret the tinting of the draughtsman, his art, though secondary, nearly approaches in rank to that of the engraver on steel, and would stand on the same ground if the design were made on the block by the engraver himself, after some separate picture or drawing. But when, as in a considerable proportion of the *Cornhill* illustrations, we have what is called facsimile wood-cutting—the only object of which is to leave the designer's lines without interference, and cut away all the white spaces—the labour of the engraver, though very tedious and difficult, offers so little play for even interpretative intelligence that we hardly know how to regard him. Is he an artist, or only a skilled craftsman? Is

wood-engraving of this kind a fine art at all in the strict sense? It scarcely rises above the rubbing away of the white chalk in the graphotype. More time and manual skill are needed, but no higher artistic faculty. It is possible, however, that some wood-engravers may interpret washed drawing on wood, with lines so arranged as to have the look of a facsimile of pen-sketching; if they do, the method seems wrong in principle, because further removed from the nature of their art. Painters sometimes show us etchings which, instead of being easy and free as painters' etchings ought to be, have a spurious look of steel engravings; in such cases they are working in a wrong direction, because they sacrifice an attainable and valuable quality for another quality which they can never hope to attain in anything like perfection without regular apprenticeship to the art of engraving. In the case of wood-engraving, the exact converse has to be urged. The wood-engraver has no real freedom of hand; his tools, and the nature of the material he has to work in, do not admit of it. The etching point runs as freely on the polished copper as the foot of a skater on perfect ice; but the burin of the wood-cutter is not more free than the chisel of a carpenter. He encounters resistance, and has to exert an appreciable amount of force—less than the engraver on steel, but still sufficient to make anything like playful rapidity of stroke utterly impossible for him. The great object of modern wood-cutting is to appear that which it is not. The process, instead of being frankly apparent, not only does not show itself, but hides itself behind a false appearance of a directly opposite process. For an art to arrive at such a negation of itself, its professors must have lost confidence in its own peculiar power. When wood-engraving tries to look like etching, it is time for it to give place to genuine etching. It would seem at present that wood-cutting holds its ground merely because it is economical in the printing, and may be printed not only cheaply, but quickly, and, if necessary, along with the text. We really see no artistic reason why wood-engraving should exist at all, if it only aims at doing what etching can do with far greater freedom and delicacy.

The volume by Mr. Millais begins with the meeting of Lord Lufton and Lucy Roberts, one of the most delicate things he ever did. She is very simple and nice, and he a true gentleman, courteous and grave, already a little tender, but seriously so. The two figures are so carefully grouped that they would make a picture with the addition of colour. Next we have poor Lucy on her bed, very wretched because she has solemnly told Lord Lufton that she could not love him, and yet loved him all the time with her whole heart. The obvious criticism on this design is that it is all crinoline, all except the pretty sad face on the pillow; and this defect will become more and more striking as the days of crinoline are left further behind in the past of dead fashions. Awkwardness of this kind sometimes rather unfortunately distinguishes Mr. Millais; he always had a tendency that way, but indulges it less since he abandoned pre-Raphaelitism. The sketch of the Crawley family—the family of a very poor clergyman—is notable only for the face of the clergyman itself, which is admirably conceived, and quite true to the brave and honest, but rather narrow, character which Mr. Trollope described in the novel. "The Duke of Omnium and Lady Lufton" is a sketch of a more delicate and complex order; and even as we see it here, after the wood-cutter has operated upon it, is still a triumph of expression. Lady Lufton has met the Duke of Omnium at Miss Dunstable's house, but has not met him willingly, for she strongly disapproves of him as a nobleman with a very bad reputation. By some accident they find themselves alone together in the course of the evening, and the Duke has been pressed against her ladyship, for which he asks her pardon. She, to mark her opinion of His Grace, "removes her dress from the contact," and makes him a bow, so very elaborate, and so very expressive, that it takes Mr. Trollope half a page to describe it; indeed, Lady Lufton's bow is a feat of generalship, a triumph, a notable deed of war. This great event is illustrated by Mr. Millais with all the earnestness due to it. The only artistic criticism which suggests itself would apply to the too obvious relief of the Duke's profile against Miss Dunstable's black hair—an artifice for which there was no necessity, and which attracts attention. The heads of the Duke and Miss Dunstable come rather awkwardly together, but the vividness with which the incident is realized is beyond praise.

Mark Roberts, as the reader may remember, got into pecuniary difficulties through suretyship, and one day the bailiffs came. Here is the scene from Mr. Trollope:—

And then another tap was struck on the door—a sound which he well recognised—and his wife crept silently into the room. She came close up to him before she spoke, and put her arm within his:

"Mark," she said, "the men are here; they are in the yard."

"I know it," he answered, gruffly.

"Will it be better that you should see them, dearest?"

"See them; no! what good can I do by seeing them? But I shall see them soon enough; they will be here, I suppose, in a few minutes."

"Oh Mark! don't look at me in that way. Do not turn away from me."

What is to comfort us if we do not cling to each other now?"

"Comfort us! God help you! I wonder, Fanny, that you can bear to stay in the room with me."

"Mark! dearest Mark! my own dear, dearest husband! who is to be true to you if I am not? You shall not turn from me. How can anything like this make a difference between you and me?" And then she threw her arms round his neck and embraced him.

This is exactly one of those situations which Mr. Millais would naturally select. Two figures—a man and a woman, in opposite states of feeling and in a moment of supreme excitement—stand together at a great crisis in their fate. In this, as in most other groups of a like nature, Mr. Millais has entirely succeeded in pro-

\* 1. *Twenty-nine Illustrations.* By John Everett Millais, R.A. Designed for the "Cornhill Magazine." London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

2. *Twenty-five Illustrations.* By Frederick Leighton, A.R.A. Designed for the "Cornhill Magazine." London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

3. *Twenty-seven Illustrations.* By Frederick Walker. Designed for the "Cornhill Magazine." London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

4. *Art and Song.* Edited by Robert Bell. London: Bell & Daldy.

ducing the expressional result aimed at. Mark Roberts is gruff and desperate, and his wife gentle, and for the moment very much his superior, as good wives are our superiors when they assume their great office and call forth what is best in us.

Another group, also of a man and a woman, occurs nearer the end of the volume. It is Crosbie and his noble spouse, and he turns restive at the idea of dining at the Gazebees'. The frown on her ladyship's brow is not pleasant to look upon, and her attitude forbodes prolonged opposition. Such a subject cannot be agreeable, but it may be cleverly treated; in this instance the vexed lady is better than her irritated lord.

The great and remarkable novel *Romola* called for greatness in its illustrator. No living man could have better accompanied the powerful text than Mr. Leighton. Notwithstanding the extreme quaintness and even caricature of much of Mr. Leighton's work in this volume, it is always interesting and original, with serious aim at truth of character and costume. An odd fancy for very thin and even emaciated figures, and a too great reliance on firm outlines, are the most obvious defects of these designs; but it is a narrow kind of criticism which points out as faults peculiarities which may be essential parts of the artist's feeling, and an unavoidable result of his way of looking at things. As a general principle, we have no hesitation in saying that firm, strong outlines mark an early stage in art-culture, but then a magnificent expression of power may be possible in that stage. For example, an Etruscan vase of the finest time is designed with strongly-marked outlines, and no development of modelling; whereas in a second-rate modern French vase the outline may be artistically softened, and the figures delicately shaded; and yet in all probability the old vase will be by far the nobler and better work of the two. In Mr. Leighton's designs to *Romola* the element of nobleness is very strong, so that when they touch on comedy they become grotesque in the high sense. The figure of the barber when he has shaved Tito is almost sublime, as he stretches forth his thin queer hand to the glass and says, "Behold yourself in this mirror, then; it is a Venetian mirror from Murano, the true *nosce teipsum*, as I have named it, compared with which the finest mirror of steel or silver is mere darkness." But the love of the grotesque has led the artist to some forgetfulness of one characteristic of Tito, on which George Eliot dwells so frequently that it had importance in her conception of him. Tito was physically beautiful, and must have had handsomer legs than these. The conception of Tito in the following plate—"A Recognition"—where the friar asks him if his name is not Tito Melema, is nearer the mark; but even here, though the legs are better, they are not beautiful; and in the plate called "A Dangerous Colleague" they are exceedingly ugly, and very badly drawn, the thickness of the right thigh being altogether disproportionate to that of the calves, especially the left calf. *Romola* herself is always fine, at least in attitude. When Tito comes home to her after selling the library, how grandly she stands on the stair! and how truly the moral nature of each is typified in their attitudes—*Romola* looking down upon Tito sadly, though not unkindly, from her greater moral height; Tito climbing softly, not indeed the steps of moral greatness, but those of worldly ambition. There is much real grandeur in this design, more than in any other in the volume. A very fine thing in quite a different order of ideas is the "Supper in the Rucellai Gardens." Tito is revelling with his rich and learned friends, and poor old Baldassare is looking on from the outside. Of the grotesque designs the most marked is the "Florentine Joke," where the monkey gets on the doctor's horse. There is plenty of invention in the folds of drapery and the creases of hose, and the people are absurd enough, all of them being very thin except the doctor. In this, as in most of Mr. Leighton's designs, objects are often brought out in unnatural definition; indeed his work is very commonly rather a statement of facts than a rendering of relations. In this design there is scarcely any recognition of local colour at all, and, though the draperies are shaded so as to throw the folds into violent relief, the effect is not carried out, and the artist has to depend on heavy black outlines for the separation of objects. In spite of much wilfulness of manner, these designs deserve to accompany the work of so great an artist as George Eliot, and to live with a book which has better chances of immortality than most of the productions of this age.

Mr. Frederick Walker is so unquestionably a man of genius that a volume of illustrations by him is quite as interesting as the volumes by Millais and Leighton. It is one of the most curious things in the history of art that, when Thackeray himself illustrated the early chapters of *Philip*, the Philip he drew did not seem nearly so accurate an impersonation of the hero of the novel as the Philip that Mr. Walker afterwards presented to us. This, at least, was our impression, and we know that it has been shared by others. Thackeray could draw well enough to represent the hero he imagined, but perhaps not well enough to endow him with vitality in all the relations of life. Mr. Walker, on the other hand, distinguishes himself by an unusual felicity in following a character through circumstances and events. He is very happy, too, in his choice of types. When Philip quarrels with the Earl, not only the expression and attitude of his lordship, but even the structure of his skull and profile, help the expression of irascibility. In accessories, too, Mr. Walker's observation usually guides him rightly, except that when he represents scenes in France he always draws English interiors. Doors in France are not panelled as they are in England, nor do the rails of Parisian stairs resemble those of London. This Mr. Walker either forgets, or is ignorant of, or does not care about; and the consequence is a want of local truth which greatly enfeebles the effect of his work, and lessens its

variety. As an entirely different type from the Earl, but just as well chosen, let us particularize the vulgar publisher, Mugford, as he leans against the rail of his pigstye and talks of the country pleasures that he so heartily enjoys. Philip, in bitter anxiety, seated, not yet undressed, beside his wife's bed and plunged in the one everlasting, wearing, insoluble problem of embarrassed men, is as impressive as anything in the book; and the same Philip at church, returning thanks for his deliverance from poverty, is too popularly known to need any commendation of ours. That design could not fail to be popular, for it hit English feeling in three very tender places. Englishmen like people who are comfortably off; foreigners may enjoy the luxury and dignity of wealth no less than we do, but they have not that deep moral approval of persons with good means which prevails with us. Then, again, we like to see young people regular in their attendance at church; going to church is the most visible and positive of virtues. Lastly, we are domestic in the extreme. Now, in this design, Philip has just come into possession of a respectable independence; he is actually in church, seated in a pew, and between two children of his, one of whom is looking over her book with him. If in artistic success there is any relation between cause and effect, such a design as this, if well conceived and executed, could not fail to be very popular in this country.

As a contrast to these volumes of illustrations from the *Cornhill Magazine* we may mention some very beautiful little engravings on steel or copper, belonging to a work called *Art and Song*. A good idea of them may be given in a few words, because the public has long been familiar with works of a similar character. The best of them are equal in finish and design to the illustrations of Rogers's poems. The "Marriage" from Stothard, and the "Lake Nemi" from Turner, engraved respectively by Messrs. Stocks and E. Goodall, are as perfect as anything we know from the same artists, which is saying a great deal. Amongst the vignettes, one of the brightest is called "Waterlily and Landscape," by J. Martin, engraved by J. Cousen. There are thirty-one plates altogether, of various interest, but never below that high standard of quality which has made English vignettes famous throughout Europe. We are never able to look at fine examples of this minute kind of engraving without an intense sense of its marvellousness. That human hands and eyes should ever attain to this precision is one of the most striking proofs of the natural delicacy of our organs, and of their almost infinite perfectibility by culture. We had feared that the prevalent fashionableness of wood-engraving had almost put a stop to the production of costly and delicate works of this class, and therefore we welcome this one with great pleasure, as a fresh triumph of English engravers in a field where they have already achieved and deserved renown.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

**A**MONG the many valuable and interesting reports published by the French Government in connexion with the Great Exhibition, the new volume of M. de Quatrefages will occupy a distinguished place.\* It is the history of almost a new science. The author begins by defining the province of anthropology, and marking its frontiers. In the strict sense of the word, they are extremely wide, and embrace questions of every kind—theology and metaphysics, as well as anatomy and medicine, together with politics and æsthetics. It has been found necessary, however, to limit the range of investigation; and accordingly, the science of anthropology may be considered as that of man examined with reference to the question of race and species. The immense number of data which fall under the head of anthropology accounts for the fact that this science is the newest of all. It was impossible, for instance, to lay down any general conclusion as to the nature and constitution of the human race before the geography of the globe had been thoroughly studied. Yet it is only within a comparatively recent period that both hemispheres have revealed their secrets to travellers, and even now we are very far from having an accurate knowledge of the whole surface of the earth. The first chapter of the book before us reviews the various phases through which anthropological science has passed from the days of Buffon to the foundation of the Paris Société Ethnologique in 1839. This period comprises only a little more than sixty years, and yet it includes the names of some of the most eminent scientific men—Cuvier, the Schlegels, Blumenbach, &c. The progress of anthropology during the last seventy years forms the subject of the second chapter, which gives us, besides, an interesting and very complete account of the books, periodicals, collections, societies, methods of teaching, and other details bearing upon the science. These two chapters constitute a kind of historical summary or introduction; the book itself is divided into three sections, treating respectively of general questions, the common characteristics of the human race, mixed races and crossings. An appendix gives us the scheme proposed by M. de Quatrefages for the classification of the different branches of the great family of mankind. Our author is a monogenist, and his conclusions are consequently opposed to those which are just now current. His style is remarkably simple, and his method is so clear that the book will be interesting even to readers who are comparatively ignorant of natural history.

Lighthouses, their history, their construction, and their adjuncts, are treated of in the newest instalment of the *Bibliothèque des Merveilles*.† M. Renard, Librarian of the French Admiralty, has

\* *Rapport sur les Progrès de l'Anthropologie*. Par A. de Quatrefages. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

† *Les Phares*. Par Léon Renard. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.



undertaken the task of rendering this subject popularly intelligible, and he has succeeded. What was the origin of lighthouses? How did the ancients understand the building and management of them? Such is the first point we have to ascertain. From the fabulous colossal statue of Rhodes, and the remains left to us of the fire-towers erected by the Romans, we come to more scientific details when we turn to M. Renard's second chapter. Here the various methods adopted are successively noticed; explanatory woodcuts show the ground-plan and working of these ingenious structures, and their geographical distribution is likewise carefully stated. A special chapter is devoted to French, and another to English, lighthouses. We have next a review of what may be called the adjuncts or accessories of lighthouses, such as floating-signals, buoys, &c. The sixth chapter is more of a sensational character, and gives us a picture of life in the Eddystone tower. Finally, we have anecdotes of the wreckers who in days of yore subsisted on the havoc made by the sea, and often by delusive signals lured ships to destruction for the purpose of plunder.

We doubt whether many persons, except professed theologians, know much about the school of mystics which flourished in Spain particularly during the sixteenth century. Saint Theresa, John d'Avila, and Luis of Grenada, are names to be met with in many books of devotion, but they suggest nothing to ordinary readers; and few think it worth while to inquire into the history of these personages, and the influence which they exercised on their age and country. This deficiency M. Rousselot has supplied in a very curious work.\* We may remark, at the outset, that mysticism seems to be the essential character of earnest religious conviction amongst the Spaniards. When Castile and Aragon embrace Christianity, it is in a mystical form; leaving scholasticism and fine-drawn argument to Abelard or Thomas Aquinas, they are satisfied with contemplating the Divine Being, not making Him a subject of discussion. As soon, however, as these ecstatic dreamers have to deal with an unbeliever or a heretic, their energy returns, and they exchange contemplation for action. Thus we see the Arabs and the Jews victims of the most dreadful persecution which the history of the middle ages records; and we find the ever-busy Inquisition springing up as part of the national institutions amongst the quiet mystics of Spain. It is curious that during the domination of the Arabs in the Peninsula intolerance should have been on the side of the vanquished, and that the rulers of the soil should have found themselves driven into measures of persecution by the intolerant zeal of those they had conquered. The religious principle, M. Rousselot remarks, preserved the nationality of Spain; but when that principle becomes all-absorbing, it degenerates into a fanaticism which sacrifices to itself commerce, civilization, material prosperity, and intellectual culture. Thus the Bollandist *Acta Sanctorum* was once condemned by the Spanish Inquisition! Whilst reviewing the catalogue of Spanish thinkers, our author notices, of course, Suarez and Cardinal Ximenes; and he observes that foreign mysticism had very little influence on that form of contemplative religion which flourished under the shadow of the Escorial. The Spanish ascetic writers have an originality of their own, and they represent a peculiar growth in the field of theological literature. Another subject which claims a place in an account of Spain during the sixteenth century is the spread of Protestant doctrines. There was no reason whatever, M. Rousselot believes, for fear on the part of the Spaniards lest the views of Luther and Calvin should ever take root on the further side of the Pyrenees. A form of religion which constantly appeals to the senses is the only one likely to be popular in that country, and accordingly the ideas of the Reformers might have safely been left to dwindle away without any resort to penal measures. After these preliminaries, our author proceeds to notice the chief representatives of Spanish mysticism; and he concludes with a general review of its characteristics and results.

The second volume of M. de Bourgoing's *Histoire Diplomatique de l'Europe*† treats of the events connected with the first coalition against Republican France in 1792. It begins with the campaign of Dumouriez, and ends with his defection after the battle of Neuwied. In dealing with this subject many difficulties have to be overcome. In the first place, it is extremely puzzling to find out the true character of French diplomacy at that epoch. Of all European States towards the end of the last century, England was the only one in which the great home and foreign questions of the day were openly discussed by the representatives of the nation, and even now opinion is still undecided in France as to the respective merits of Necker and Calonne as financiers. In the next place, the inquiry into the military operations of the time offers many difficulties; and finally, the sources of information as to the relative strength of the conflicting forces are neither sufficiently numerous nor sufficiently trustworthy. Considering all these obstacles, M. de Bourgoing appears to have performed his task very creditably. His chief authorities are Jomini and M. Thiers, but he consults also the documents which English and German diplomatists have left on the episodes of that wonderful campaign.

The twenty-second volume of Napoleon's Correspondence‡ has just appeared. The documents it contains are more than seven hundred in number, and refer to the last nine months of 1811.

\* *Les Mystiques Espagnols*. Par M. Paul Rousselot. Paris: Didier.

† *Histoire Diplomatique de l'Europe pendant la Révolution Française*. Par M. de Bourgoing. Vol. 2. Paris: Lévy.

‡ *Correspondance de l'Empereur Napoléon I.* Vol. 22. Paris: Plon.

What an immense mass of events appear crowded together within that short space of time! We see the first symptoms of the storm which was soon to burst over Russia. The letters exchanged between the Emperor and the Czar become less and less friendly; the French Ambassador at St. Petersburg receives strict instructions as to the line of conduct he is to adopt, and orders are given for the organization of a *corps d'observation* on the Vistula. At the same time, the unfortunate Peninsular campaign still goes on, King Joseph gets more and more to feel that he is a mere tool in the hands of an ambitious conqueror, and that he is not master of his own actions. Then there are the affairs of the Church. Elated by success, the Emperor believes that he reigns supreme in the sphere of religion as well as in that of secular matters. He summons a Council in Paris, causes investigations to be made with reference to the oath taken by the Bishops at the opening of the Assembly, and seems bent upon carrying out in all their force the principles of Gallicanism, or, as we should say here, Erastianism. Both at home and abroad events thicken, and complications arise on every side. Yet Napoleon finds time for matters of comparatively trifling importance. The works to be carried out at the Paris Exchange, the Pantheon, the markets, engage his attention; he gives orders for the restoration of the Palace of Versailles, and decides on the ceremonies that are to take place on the occasion of the christening of his son. Altogether this new volume of the Napoleon Correspondence is one of great interest.

Bohemia is a country with which Western Europe is not by any means well acquainted. And yet the history of Bohemia is very curious; and at the present time, when the problem of German unity excites so much discussion, it may not be unprofitable to know something about a nation which forms a kind of connecting link between the Slavonic and the Teutonic races. Students of medieval history and of the Reformation period need not be told that Bohemia once occupied a distinguished place in the annals of the world. John Huss was one of the earliest martyrs of religious liberty, and the Thirty Years' War—that war which finally produced the system of political equilibrium—originated on Bohemian territory. It is well worth while, therefore, to study a people which holds so conspicuous a position in the great Slavonic family. The book which we have now to notice in connexion with this subject\* is interesting, and some of the details it gives are placed before us with considerable skill; but it is woefully deficient in point of unity, and is more like a collection of essays than a well-digested volume. It is the joint work of a Frenchman and a Bohemian, who have also secured an army of *collaborateurs* for the various topics discussed. This circumstance detracts very much from the artistic merits of the work. Moreover, the historical part is remarkably incomplete; and the section devoted to the literature of Bohemia, instead of furnishing us with a satisfactory *résumé* of the whole subject, contains only a few special disquisitions which leave the most salient points untouched. The illustrations are of the roughest and clumsiest character.

The biographies of celebrated musicians have only been lately admitted, so to say, into the circle of literature. Henry Bayle indeed published, many years ago, under the pseudonym of Bombet, the *Lives of Haydn and Mozart*; but they excited little interest. The fact is, that, except in Germany, the taste for music was not fully developed, and the noble art itself was regarded merely as an amusement, and not as a serious occupation. The biographical sketch of Beethoven† which is now before us is a work of considerable merit, and deserves a great deal more than a casual glance. Madame A. Audley, the authoress of this neat and unpretending little volume, reminds us in her introduction that as lately as the year 1820, Beethoven's symphonies were received in Paris amidst hisses and ironical laughter; and it was only by a kind of trick that Habeneck, the conductor of the band at the Conservatoire, could be prevailed upon to face once more the prejudices of the Parisian public. Times, fortunately, are now completely altered, and Beethoven is as much appreciated on the banks of the Seine as he is at Berlin or Vienna. Madame Audley's excellent *brochure* is compiled from the most authentic documents, and is written in a very entertaining manner.

M. Delaunay's account of astronomical science‡ presents a very complete and accurate description of astronomical discovery. He gives a short survey of the explorations made by astronomers in the planetary system; he then goes on to examine M. Foucault's ingenious method for proving the movement of the earth round the sun; he describes the most recent charts drawn of the heavens at various latitudes, and, after devoting a few paragraphs to comets and shooting stars, concludes with an explanation of the newest instruments employed by scientific men in their observations.

M. Alfred Maury, who has undertaken to relate the progress made in archaeological sciences§ during the last twenty-five years, begins by showing how the sources of information offered by manuscripts and other written documents have been necessarily comparatively stationary, whilst fresh excavations and diggings have brought up coins, fragments of architecture, statues, bronzes, and artistic

\* *La Bohême Historique, Pittoresque et Littéraire*. Par Joseph Friez et Louis Léger. Paris: Lacroix.

† *Louis van Beethoven, sa Vie et ses Œuvres*. Par Madame Audley. Paris: Didier.

‡ *Rapport sur les Progrès de l'Astronomie*. Par M. Delaunay. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

§ *Exposé des Progrès de l'Archéologie*. Par L. F. Alfred Maury. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

reliquie of every kind. M. Maury's report presents us first with a long and highly suggestive account of numismatics. Metrology is next considered, for it would be impossible to understand thoroughly the coinage of the ancients if we did not likewise know what were their weights and measures. Then comes the science of glyptics, or, to speak more plainly, of engraved stones and gems. Sculpture, terra cottas, mosaics, paintings, and vases form the subject of the second division of M. Alfred Maury's work, which likewise contains much useful bibliographical information.

The French Académie des Beaux-Arts proposed, in the year 8 of the Republic *une et indivisible*, the following subject for a prize:—What were the causes of the perfection of sculpture amongst the ancients, and how can we reach to the same perfection? Emeric David, who obtained the prize, discussed the problem in a book which is still justly celebrated. A short time ago the theme offered to competitors was the history of sculpture in Greece and amongst modern nations, together with the causes of its progress and its decay. The volume now before us\* is the successful essay, and it fully deserves the reward bestowed upon it by the interesting manner in which facts are grouped together, and the excellent views it contains with reference to an important branch of the fine arts. It is divided into two parts. We have first a kind of historical survey of Greek sculpture, beginning with the earliest known monuments, and tracing the development of the art down to the disciples and successors of Phidias. A separate chapter is devoted to religious sculpture, and another to monuments of a more secular character, like the Discobolus, the Laocoon, and the Niobides. From the times of Greece we pass on at once to Italy and to the Renaissance period. A long space of decay has intervened, and when sculpture suddenly revives, the influence of Christianity and of modern society has completely altered the conditions of its existence. French art occupies the entire concluding division of the book, to the exclusion, we know not why, of England and Germany.

Liberty for genius, and method in teaching—such is Messrs. Ménard's motto. Liberty and morality, says M. André Albrepy, are the two essential conditions of art in its healthy development.† By way of illustrating this remark M. Albrepy gives us a short sketch of the fine arts from the appearance of Christianity. He traces the influence of strong religious belief through the wonders of mediæval sculpture and architecture; he denounces as a return to heathenism the whole intellectual movement of the Renaissance; and he shows us art crippled by the influence of men like Louis XIV., just as much as it was perverted through the patronage which the Pope Alexander VI. gave to the painters and sculptors of his own time. Art cannot perish, but it must be transformed; and if it aims at reconquering the proud position it once occupied, it should not forget that wholesome moral teaching, high and noble ideas, afford its only source of legitimate influence.

Messrs. Hachette's illustrated book this year is of a gastronomical nature.‡ Let us suppose Mrs. Glasse's celebrated hare caught, here is the way to cook it. Brillat Savarin and Grimod de la Reynière would have rejoiced in this splendid monument erected to the noble art of victualling; Apicius would have looked with wonder and amazement at the resources of modern cuisine as compared with the vaunted refinements of classical cookery. M. Jules Gouffé is the author of this sumptuous volume. He has been moved to compose it by the sight of the unutterable platitudes into which the notabilities of culinary literature are constantly falling. It seems that the *servum pecus* of imitators have found their way even as far as the kitchen, and have *ravalé la profession* so as to degrade it in the esteem of all true judges. We had hitherto believed that cookery was one of the exact sciences, and that there was only one way of roasting a partridge, just as there is only one way of constructing a parallelogram. It seems we were mistaken. M. Gouffé is an excellent guide, and we can trust him thoroughly. Nor should the humble housekeeper be frightened at the sight of an octavo which seems only fit for the luxuries of a West-end Club; *la cuisine de ménage* receives its due share of attention, and if transcendental dinners can be prepared from the formulae therein contained, so may the simple repasts of Government clerks and commercial travellers. The whole realm of the kitchen will find in M. Gouffé's *Livre de Cuisine* an irrefragable authority; and numerous illustrations in the way of chromolithographs, woodcuts, and even geometrical figures enable the novice, not only to distinguish between good and bad meat, but to lay the cloth tastefully and to fold a napkin *comme il faut*.

The novels we have to notice this month are unusually poor. M. l'Abbé \*\*\* continues his series of clerical tales, and the *Curé de Campagne* § must now take its place as the latest production of the *auteur du Maudit*. Since the publication of his first work, the anonymous denouncer of priestly despotism has been uniformly moving in the same track. His stories are dreary repetitions of one another, his characters are stereotyped, and the style is monotonous in its turgidity. If all the enemies of the Romish Church were as harmless as M. l'Abbé \*\*, the Pope would have little to fear.

\* *De la Sculpture Antique et Moderne.* Par Mess. L. et R. Ménard. Paris: Didier.

† *Influence de la Liberté et des Idées religieuses et morales sur les Beaux-Arts.* Par André Albrepy. Paris: Lacroix.

‡ *Le Livre de Cuisine.* Par Jules Gouffé. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

§ *Le Curé de Campagne.* Par M. l'Abbé \*\*, auteur du *Maudit*. Paris: Lacroix.

We do not know whether M. Chenu's new volume\* is really a fragment of that gentleman's memoirs, as it professes to be, or a romance the horrible details of which are drawn from the writer's fancy. Suffice it to say that the incidents have been found in the annals of a prison, and that the heroes are thieves and cut-throats. Such is the latest progress of sensationalist literature. We prefer by far M. Alexandre Dumas and his animals.† Every new work which the *spirituel* author of the *Three Musketeers* publishes is a brilliant episode of his autobiography. Let the reader who has an hour to throw away, and who wants amusement, turn to the duodecimo in which M. Dumas discourses so pleasantly about his five dogs, his three apes, his vulture, his cat, and his pheasant.

\* *Les Malfaiteurs, Extraits de Mémoires Inédits.* Par A. Chenu. Paris: Dentu.

† *Histoire de mes Bêtes.* Par Alexandre Dumas. Paris: Lévy.

## THE SATURDAY REVIEW

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# The Saturday Review.

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12 Dessert Forks.....	1 4 0	1 10 0	1 12 0	1 12 0
12 Dessert Spoons.....	1 4 0	1 10 0	1 12 0	1 12 0
12 Tea Spoons.....	0 16 0	1 0 0	1 2 0	1 5 0
6 Egg Spoons, gilt-pail.....	0 12 0	0 12 0	0 12 0	0 12 0
2 Sauce Ladles.....	0 6 0	0 8 0	0 8 0	0 9 0
1 Gravy Spoon.....	0 6 0	0 8 0	0 10 0	0 11 0
2 Salt Spoons, gilt-pail.....	0 3 4	0 4 0	0 4 0	0 4 0
1 Mustard Spoon, gilt bowl.....	0 1 8	0 2 0	0 2 0	0 2 3
2 Pair of Sugar Tongs.....	0 3 6	0 3 6	0 3 6	0 4 0
1 Pair of Fish Carvers.....	1 4 0	1 10 0	1 10 0	1 10 0
1 Butter Knife.....	0 2 6	0 4 0	0 5 6	0 6 0
1 Soup Ladle.....	0 10 0	0 12 0	0 16 0	0 17 0
1 Sugar Sifter.....	0 3 5	0 4 6	0 4 6	0 5 0

Total..... 5 19 0 12 9 0 13 9 6 14 17 3

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4-inch fine Ivory balance Handles.....	21 0	16 0	16 0	16 0
4-inch fine Ivory Handles.....	21 0	16 0	16 0	16 0
4-inch finest African Ivory Handles.....	34 0	27 0	27 0	27 0
Doitto, with silver Ferrules.....	42 0	35 0	35 0	35 0
Doitto, carved Handles, silver Ferrules.....	55 0	45 0	45 0	45 0
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I have had the advantage of access to the National Collection at South Kensington and the unrivalled collection of Alfred Morrison, Esq., of Fonthill, who has secured the finest specimens from time to time, as they have appeared in this country. From the collection of Louis Huth, Esq., exhibited in South Kensington, and from many objects in the possession of M. Digby Wyatt, Esq., Colonel De La Rue, Thomas Chappell, Esq., F. O. Ward, Esq., Messrs. Nixon and Ribbles, and others, the bulk of the compositions have been obtained. My thanks are especially due to Messrs. Durlacher and Mr. Wareham for the liberal loan of many objects, which I have been thus enabled to copy in the quiet of the studio.

I venture to hope that the publication of these types of a style of ornament hitherto little known will be found, by all those in the practice of Ornamental Art, a valuable and instructive aid in building up what we all seek—the progressive development of the forms of the past, founded on the eternal principles which all good forms of Art display.

We have long been familiar with the power of the Chinese to balance colours, but we were not so well acquainted with their power of treating purely ornamental or conventional forms; and in the chapter in "The Grammar of Ornament" on Chinese Ornament I was led, from my then knowledge, to express the opinion that the Chinese had not the power of dealing with conventional ornamental form; but it now appears that there has been a period in which a School of Art existed in China of a very important kind. We are led to think that this art must in some way have had a foreign origin; it so nearly resembles, in all its principles, the art of the Mohammedan races, that we may presume it was derived from them. It would be no difficult task to take a work of ornament of this class, and, by simply varying the colouring and correcting the drawing, convert it into an Indian or Persian composition. There is of course, in all these works, something essentially Chinese in the mode of rendering the idea, but the original idea is evidently Mohammedan.

The Moors of the present day decorate their pottery under the same instinct, and follow the same laws as the Chinese obeyed in their beautiful enamelled vases. . . . . What is peculiar to the Chinese, especially in their large enamelled objects, is the large relative size of the principal flowers which mark the triangulate of the areas; and it will be seen throughout the plates how cleverly this apparent disproportion of the principal points of the composition is got over by the detail on the surface of the flower, so that the desirable evenness of the tint is preserved. . . . . In the Chinese ornament, triangulation is the main feature; the geometrical arrangement is absolute and undisguised, but softened by a free treatment of the intermediate spaces left by the triangulation.

The Chinese have, in none of our examples, by light or shade endeavoured to express relief, though in many of the examples it is suggested both by colour and form. Indeed, we think that the chief value of the publication of this style of ornament lies in its suggestive character; it shows how unnecessary it is to be content with the stock forms; and that many natural objects may be conventionally rendered in ornamentation without overstepping the bounds of propriety. The Chinese, however, have in this style reached the very limit of such possible representations, and a more moderate suggestion of relief would be more artistic.

The scheme of colouring of the Chinese is peculiarly their own. They deal principally with broken colours: pale blue, pale green, and pale pink for the masses; dark pink, dark green, purple, and yellow and white, in much smaller quantities. There is nothing crude or harsh in any of their compositions; the eye is perfectly satisfied with the balance and arrangement of both form and colour; but there is an absence of that purity in the drawing which we find in the works of the ancient Greeks, Arabs, and Moors; and even in the works of our own day, of all the Mohammedan races.

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## EUROPE AND ROME.

THE present position of the Temporal Power is said generally to be a matter that concerns more or less all the European Governments. And in a sense this is true, for there is no nation that is not affected by the agitation which the antagonism of Italy and the Papacy keeps on foot, and all but one or two of the very small Protestant nations contain a Catholic population large enough to make the proper solution of the difficulty a matter of importance to them. But the real position of the different Powers of Europe towards Rome is of the most varying kind. Putting Italy aside, there are some Powers which consider themselves bound to protect the POPE, and, if not to take his side and make his cause their own, at least to see that he has everything he can reasonably ask. France is, of course, the chief of these nations, and she is at this moment the mainstay of the temporal power. Then, again, there are Powers like Prussia, which do not propose to uphold the temporal power by force, but conceive themselves to have a special interest in the Roman question being brought to a proper issue; they claim to be consulted on the point, and do not consider the maintenance or dissolution of the temporal power as a matter lying outside their ordinary sphere of politics. Lastly, there are Powers like England and Russia, which decline to have anything to do with the question, and treat the temporal power as something which other nations may discuss and regulate as they please. This last is so much the simplest case that we may soon dispose of it. In England a great amount of interest is taken on the subject of Rome. English and Irish Catholics look on the victories of the Pontifical troops as victories won on their side. Strong Protestants think GARIBALDI a saint whose mission is to smite Antichrist. The large majority of ordinary Englishmen are perturbed at the notion of GARIBALDI disobeying the laws, and at the suspicion that the Italian Government alternately eggs him on and imprisons him, but in a general way they wish Italy to get all that she can get. Some statesmen, of whom LORD DERBY is, or ought to be, one, think the existence of the temporal power a positive advantage to England, because it affords a guarantee that the spiritual power of the POPE over English subjects shall not be wielded to the advantage of some one or more of the great Catholic Powers that in time of difficulty might be openly or secretly hostile to us. Some people think, again, that the temporal power renders service to the general cause of European order, which they prize so highly. Others, again, think that unless Italy is satisfied, Europe can never be quiet. But these are only opinions. England, as acting through her Government, can do, and will do, nothing in the matter. Nothing would tempt Englishmen to make themselves a party to any settlement of the Roman question, or to contract any obligations to the POPE or to Italy. It is utterly in vain to ask any guarantee whatever from us for the POPE. We would not guarantee him Rome apart from the rest of his territory; or the Vatican apart from the rest of Rome; or his bedroom apart from the rest of the Vatican. Let us hope, also, that we shall never again repeat the offer of an asylum to him if he likes to run away. If he chooses to go to Malta, we cannot prevent him any more than we could prevent him if he chose to come to London and hire a house opposite to that of Dr. CUMMING. But why should we trouble ourselves to ask him to annoy the English Government at Malta, which he most certainly would do if he were there, or to come and terrify honest Protestants in Bloomsbury? Let us leave him entirely alone; and if we are not going to do anything for him or against him, the less advice we give other people as to the way in which they ought to treat him the better. The only possible way in which the temporal power can be said to concern our Government is that we practically find that its existence involves the repeated advances of large bodies of French troops into the centre of Italy, a Power friendly to us, and whose independence

is advantageous to us. We might possibly make out that this touched our interests; and so far our Government might avow a completely secular reason for wishing a dangerous cause of disturbance to be at an end. But this is only a remote source of danger to us, and we have no intention whatever of trying to force France to free us from it. Any representations we can make on the subject must therefore be of a very faint and mild kind, and the days are now, we are glad to think, gone by when LORD RUSSELL used to write fierce despatches, ending in nothing, for the amusement of foreign nations.

Prussia is not like England. In the first place, Prussia, as a matter of fact, makes use of the temporal power of the POPE, has diplomatic relations with him, discusses with him and his officials arrangements affecting the Catholic subjects of Prussia, and sometimes exercises an appreciable influence on the Papal policy. Then, again, Prussia has not only Catholic subjects to regulate and protect as England has, but Catholic allies or dependents in South Germany, whom it is necessary to conciliate and befriend. Count BISMARCK, in his recent letter, avows that he considers himself the champion, not of German Protestants only, but of German Catholics as well. And lastly, Italy stands in a relation to Prussia very different from that in which she stands to us. Little more than a year ago, Prussia and Italy were actually in arms together as allies, and Count BISMARCK speaks of Italy as of a friendly Power in much more than the ordinary sense. Italy is an ally with great claims on Prussia, and Prussia acknowledges these claims all the more readily because Italy may hereafter be of the greatest use to Prussia. The Italian army is not very powerful, but it counts for something; and France, if she went to war with Prussia and Italy both, must divert at least a hundred thousand men from Prussia to Italy. The gist of Count BISMARCK's letter evidently was that he was not going to split up Germany by embarking in a war the object of which was to injure the POPE. If he was to fight on the same side as Italy, he must find a purely secular ground of quarrel. Nor, indeed, would he allow Italy to treat the POPE as GARIBALDI wished to treat him—to chase him out of his dominions, seize on all he has, and send him forth to exile and indignity. Italy must satisfy Prussia that she is willing to secure for the POPE a position worthy of him. What position is worthy of the POPE is a matter of opinion, and opinion differs as widely about it as opinion can well differ about anything. But Count BISMARCK knows very well what are the limits within which Italy can give him what he says he asks of her. A palace to pray in, and an unbounded liberty of gazing at ruins, was the position which, not so very long ago, LOUIS NAPOLEON thought worthy of the POPE, and it may be imagined that something of the sort was running in the head of Count BISMARCK as he wrote. Italy would have no sort of objection to granting thus much, and therefore the Catholic difficulty will cause no real barrier between Prussia and Italy, so long as war is not made expressly to get hold of Rome, and to gain what the Catholics of South Germany would consider to be a victory over themselves.

The cause of defending the POPE has been entrusted to France by the other Catholic Powers, chiefly because France would not allow any other Catholic Power to interfere. Spain could not do any good by herself, as she could never get an army to Rome if Italy were free to fight her single-handed, first at sea and then by land. Austria might interfere effectually, but it would create enormous difficulties in the internal government of Austria if an intervention bitterly disliked by a large section, and probably by the majority of the representative Assembly, were attempted in what is now a constitutional country. Spain and Austria cannot therefore interfere, and are obliged to leave interference to France. But it is not only that for reasons of their own they would find interference difficult; even if they were willing to interfere, France would

not let them. This interference is not merely a religious matter. It is a secular and military undertaking. France at present insists on the right of placing, whenever she chooses to say the Pope is in danger, large bodies of troops in the centre of Italy, but she will allow no one else to do this. She would not allow a single Austrian regiment to be sent to the Pope's assistance, for she does not want Austria to be able to take Italy at a disadvantage. Spain she naturally keeps back, for Spain could only intervene in Italy if France also intervened, and what use could Spain be to France? Spanish help would indeed be worse than useless, for it would represent a fiercer fanaticism than France can tolerate; and a fanatical ally, though contributing nothing to the success of an intervention, might very seriously hinder France in framing a settlement of the cause of dispute that would be equitable to all parties. France therefore claims to act, and is allowed to act, as the sole representative of the Catholic world in the treatment of the Roman question. But it is not to be supposed that the representation of the Catholic world is a mere farce, that France considers herself to be bound by no ties to those whom she represents and does not recognise that they have any interests of which she ought to be careful. On the contrary, it must make a great difference in the position of LOUIS NAPOLEON that the Emperor of AUSTRIA, for example, confides to him the task of protecting the POPE which Austria herself used once to fulfil. It is true that Austria no longer discharges this duty because France has forcibly compelled her to relinquish it. If LOUIS NAPOLEON let the Italian troops into Rome to-morrow, FRANCIS JOSEPH could do no more than grumble and remonstrate. But the Emperor of the FRENCH wishes to be on good terms with the Emperor of AUSTRIA, and must, therefore, in some degree attend to his wishes. It is, too, an old dream of LOUIS NAPOLEON that he should be the head of a Catholic league, and that Austria, Italy, and Spain should be allied in arms and policy with France. If this dream is impossible unless he conciliates Italy, so is it likewise impossible if Spain and Austria think the head of the proposed league utterly untrustworthy. The dream is only a dream anyhow. There are no signs of such a league now. But it must make some difference to LOUIS NAPOLEON that he has dreamt it, and at any rate he cannot now deal with Rome exactly as he would if he had not accepted a position which gave Spain and Austria a right to call upon him to represent them fairly if he represents them at all.

#### THE FENIAN TRIALS.

THE trials at Manchester have been entirely free from the indecorous interruptions which were designed to throw a slur on the conduct of the preliminary investigation. Neither the prisoners nor their counsel disputed the judicial calmness and dignity of the inquiry, nor did the principal criminals deny, except as a form of conventional rhetoric, the justice of the verdict. It is true that ALLEN himself thought it worth while to profess his innocence, meaning, probably, that he felt no remorse for the act which he had committed. The supplementary professions of Irish patriotism were almost equivalent to admissions of guilt; for, if the prisoners had not planned and executed the outrage with which they were charged, they could not reasonably have taken credit for their services to the Irish cause. The assertions of some among them, that they had not contemplated injury to life, only illustrate the difficulty of half-educated persons in understanding their own motives and intentions. That forty or fifty persons, including several men armed with pistols, should attempt to rescue a prisoner, and yet not intend to injure the policemen in charge, is an inadmissible theory. The offence of which ALLEN and his accomplices have been convicted excites indignation, not by its extraordinary atrocity, but by the insolent audacity of its perpetrators. The fine phrases which they recited after conviction are perhaps calculated to confuse weak judgments; but the pretension of a right to assassinate English officers of justice in the heart of the kingdom, for the constructive benefit of Ireland, effectually dispelled in Manchester the vague sympathies which are too often cherished for sedition and disorder. The vulgar agitators of the Reform League, with their repentant President, mistook English feeling when they professed sympathy with Fenian treason and murder, as grossly as they miscalculated on Irish prejudice when they gratuitously took part with GARIBALDI. The counsel for the Manchester prisoners exercised perhaps a sound discretion, as well as an undisputed right, when they challenged all the jurymen on the

panel who belonged to the city or neighbourhood; but the verdict was the more satisfactory because it could scarcely be attributed to local irritation or alarm. It was evident through the whole course of the trials that the feelings of the spectators, who probably belonged to the humbler classes, were entirely on the side of the prosecution. If Mr. BEALES should hereafter execute his threat of deluging the streets of London with blood, he may perhaps find that Governments and societies are not necessarily more tolerant of resistance in proportion to the increase of the democratic element in their composition.

The lawless encouragement which has been lavishly bestowed on the Fenian conspirators by the leaders of all American factions, and more especially by the PRESIDENT, has produced its natural effect in persuading criminals that they are entitled to the protection of a foreign Government in their anarchical crusade against law and order. One of the Manchester convicts attributed his fate to the alleged negligence of the American Minister in England, in not defending him, by some unexplained method, against English prosecution. When the PRESIDENT, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, and the Chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee publicly encourage Fenian enlistments, humble adventurers may be excused if they forget or misapprehend the purpose of their patrons. The chief dignitaries of the Republic, while they affect to violate international law and the plainest rules of morality, are only canvassing for Irish votes at American elections. The claim of immunity as citizens of the United States is curiously inconsistent with the profession of patriotic devotion to the cause of Ireland. If Fenian criminals are Americans, they are piratical intruders; and if they are Irishmen, they are indisputably rebels; but an understanding the original acuteness of which has been blunted by histrionic sentiment is incapable of discerning the horns of the most palpable dilemma. With one exception, the unfortunate men who are about to expiate their share in the outrage at Manchester deserve the negative credit of confining themselves to the Irish version of the standing apology for crime. The inconsistency of repudiating the act of which they boast may be pardoned to victims of their own wickedness and folly. The hasty admirers of mock-heroic utterances after capital convictions ought to consider that there is little merit in uttering challenges which entail no risk of a response. During the Reign of Terror some of the vilest of mankind shared the fate of innocent and noble victims, and all indiscriminately adopted the prevailing fashion of uttering high-flown sentiments on the scaffold. The only convict at Manchester of whose guilt there can be any reasonable doubt abstained from the use of inflated and irrelevant language in his protestations of innocence. The sad necessity of vindicating justice is rendered neither more nor less painful by the excuses of the culprits.

An incident which has occurred in the trials at Dublin has furnished a subject for an extraordinary burst of treasonable declamation. The prisoner WARREN, who had taken part in an armed expedition for the invasion of Ireland, claimed, as a naturalized citizen of the United States, the right of an alien to be tried by a mixed jury of English subjects and foreigners. As WARREN admitted that he was an Irishman by birth, his advisers must have anticipated the decision of the CHIEF BARON, that by the law of England allegiance is indissoluble; but the disaffected portion of the community hopes that the claim of a continuing sovereignty over American citizens may lead to a collision between England and the United States. The organs of rebellion boast, in insolent defiance of public order, that the American Government must resent the assertion of a doctrine which, according to an extravagant interpretation, would have made WASHINGTON and FRANKLIN English subjects to the end of their lives. The Irish Government is accustomed to tolerate extreme licence of the press; but it is difficult to understand the value of either ordinary or exceptional laws if Dublin journalists are allowed, not only to preach insurrection, but to invite foreign interference to secure the impunity of treason and murder. The sophistry which was employed in England to extenuate Trades' Union assassination is reproduced in a form, if possible, more offensive in Ireland. An anonymous writer who professes himself to be the murderer of two unoffending policemen defends his crime as an act of war ordered by an independent Government. Public apologies for prevalent forms of wickedness are almost more criminal than the outrages to which they apply, for no fallacy is too gross to disturb moral perception when the distinction between good and evil is once subjected to discussion. The patrons of BROADHEAD are perhaps sufficiently punished by the reprobation of a community not yet wholly



demoralized; but the Irish promoters of anarchy ought to be made responsible for their complicity with treason. The prisoner WARREN, who seems to have conducted himself with propriety and self-respect at his trial, is not to be blamed for adopting any course which may have seemed to him to afford a chance of safety. Like other victims of English tyranny, he knew that he was sure of a fair trial; and in protesting against the jurisdiction of the Court he thought that he had discovered an additional resource. His demand of a mixed jury would have been embarrassing if one inconvenient peculiarity of English jurisprudence had not incidentally corrected another. The theory of perpetual allegiance, and the concession of mixed juries to aliens, are both founded on an obsolete condition of political society. The rise of a great and independent community of English descent would alone make it proper to recognise the legal consequences of permanent emigration; and the same cause renders it necessary that conspirators and traitors should be tried by loyal subjects. If a Spaniard or a Frenchman resident in England is charged with theft or with violence, there is no difficulty in finding alien jurymen free from all suspicion of sympathy with his crime; but an American who has organized civil war in the United Kingdom would be certain of acquittal if one of his countrymen sat on the jury.

Although WARREN called himself an American citizen, he also affected the character of an Irish patriot, and the technical rule by which he retains the liabilities of an English subject was therefore consistent with reason and justice; but if he had happened to be a native American, the Court would necessarily have granted his request of a mixed jury. Although the prisoner himself, by an excusable blunder, seems to have thought that he was exempt from English jurisdiction, it was wholly immaterial for the purposes of the prosecution whether he was a subject or a foreigner. It has never been disputed that every Government takes exclusive cognizance of all offences committed within its territory; nor can WARREN and his companions have seriously believed that they were entitled to the protection of the United States when they landed in arms on Irish soil. The attempt to found a quarrel between the two nations on the indulgent maxims of English law was plausible enough to please the Fenian imagination; but Mr. SEWARD himself will hesitate to claim a right of interfering with the theory or the practice of English domestic jurisprudence. The arbitrary inference that the claim of continued allegiance might in some other case be vexatiously enforced furnishes no ground of complaint until the case has actually occurred. The supposed instances of the founders of the American Republic happen to be utterly inapplicable; for when the independence of the colonies was recognised in 1783, the allegiance of the revolted subjects of the English Crown was, by a necessary inference, transferred to the Government of the United States. The condition of later emigrants would be regulated by the general rule of English law; nor can it be denied that cases of hardship and injustice might result from the enforcement of the ancient doctrine. Several European countries permit emigrants to renounce their allegiance, requiring them at the same time to forfeit the rights which they previously enjoyed; and there is no reason why English law should not allow a similar licence, on condition that the change of domicile is absolute and final. When an Irishman who has become an American citizen resumes a share in Irish politics, he necessarily sacrifices the immunities which he may have acquired by his transfer of allegiance. If KOSUTH, who was lately an American citizen, were to violate the laws of Hungary, he would undoubtedly be dealt with as a subject of the Hungarian Crown. It is absurd to contend that an Irishman can, by a few years of rustication in the United States, acquire the right to be tried for felony or treason, in his native country, by a mixed jury; but the Government ought not to forget the possible presence of indigenous Americans among the Fenian conspirators. There is happily no doubt that, both at Dublin and Manchester, the trials have been conducted with moderation and perfect fairness. The American Government has no right to inquire into the process by which the prisoners have been convicted.

#### FRANCE AND ITALY.

THE Circular in which the French MINISTER of FOREIGN AFFAIRS expressed the views of his Government on the advance of the Italian troops into the Papal territory was a document that must have made a most painful impression on Italians. It was studiously cold, offensive, and humiliating. It did, indeed, scrupulously abstain from treating the advance

of the Italian troops as an injury to France. If it had not been so far discreet, either war or the downfall of the Italian monarchy must have been the inevitable result. The EMPEROR did not at all want either to crush Italy or to hand her over to a republic. He therefore only abstained from entailing on himself evils which he was anxious to avoid. No Italian can be particularly thankful for this. And, short of seeking a ground for an open quarrel, he did as much to hurt the feelings of Italians in the Circular as he well could do. To the injury of an open rebuff he added the injury of patronizing those whom he was blaming. He would have it seem as if he, and he alone, knew what the true interests of Italy are. The Italian people are utterly ignorant of what is good for them; the Italian army is not to be trusted; Italian Governments only last for a few days, and have no notion what to do while they do last. VICTOR EMMANUEL has some good impulses, and is open in some degree to right reason, but there is no relying on him. Fortunately, there is one man, a foreigner, who knows exactly what Italy ought to do, and what is best for her; and he is kind enough, not only to give Italy advice, but to see that she takes it. The advance of the Italian troops beyond the frontier was very bad policy, and this has to be explained to the Italians, who are like the English, Conservatives and want a most disheartening amount of educating and drilling before they can be got to see how things really stand. This is the gist of the French Circular, and it is because this tone is adopted so much as a matter of course that Italians must have been so much wounded by it. That the EMPEROR should publicly announce that the advance of the Italian troops was not arranged with his secret connivance was fair enough. LOUIS NAPOLEON and VICTOR EMMANUEL have plotted together before this, and have had many secret understandings and arrangements. It was not an unnatural supposition that here again something of the sort was going on, and that the Italian advance, though openly objected to, was secretly approved. If the EMPEROR, knowing that his previous conduct had exposed him to such a suspicion, chose to dispel it, he was quite at liberty to do so. He might, however, have said as much as this in a very few words. But he went on to lecture Italy on her folly, and also to treat this act of the Italian Government as something monstrous. It was quite opposed, as his Minister was made to write, to all international law. Why so? It is absurd to treat the POPE as an independent Sovereign who, when threatened by revolution, has a right to call in one friendly Power and to reject the services of another. If this is the position of the POPE, how does it happen that the September Convention ever existed? What business have the Italians and the French to go bargaining about the POPE and his territory? Why should Italy have been asked to agree that he might have his Crusaders to help him? There is no general principle of international law which touches the case of the POPE. He is a great exception to every rule. Among European Sovereigns he, and he alone, is entirely dependent for the possession of his throne from day to day on the assistance of foreigners. This creates a danger to the Power which governs all around him, and into the heart of whose territory these bands of alien soldiers are introduced. That, when fresh and larger bands of these soldiers are being poured in, the neighbouring Power should likewise advance into the territory, may be impolitic or contrary to treaties, or not justified under some special circumstances of the case, but it is certainly not a violation of any clear accepted doctrine of international law.

This is what the Italians have to complain of. The EMPEROR has been hard with them. He has not only acted adversely to them, but he has treated them as if they were his inferiors, doing a thing at once wicked and foolish which he was obliged to stop. It is impossible not to feel that he had an object to serve apart from that of guiding Italy in the right road. He was rather down in the world, and he wanted to show his strength. He feared that France was not so much thought of as she ought to be, and so he made an example of Italy. In the days when he was sure of his strength, and sure that the world recognised him as a successful, original, and bold ruler, he could afford to be very pleasant to Italy. But now he has got nervous about himself and his position. He remembers Mexico, and pays it off on Italy. He thinks of BISMARCK, and kicks MENABREA. He knew that Italy must give in, and so he had an easy victory. Unfortunately, not only he, but all the world knew it too. These little manœuvres generally defeat themselves. The EMPEROR has gained no glory or renown or respect by making Italy knuckle under. The most that can be said is, that he has once more

shown his subjects that he dares to do something. Few Frenchmen will be proud of this new intervention, or will think it any credit to them that the raw disorganized troops of Italy are unfit to cope with double their number of Zouaves and French veterans. But the EMPEROR had shown so much indecision lately, that it had begun to be doubted whether he would ever decide anything again. By his conduct in this present crisis he has just raised himself above the level of utter inactivity. But that is all. He might have got all that he has got now, yet have been much more friendly and just to Italy. There is indeed one contingency under which his conduct is justifiable. If it be true, as has often been rumoured, that Italy has been intriguing with Prussia, and trying to barter her assistance against France for the possession of Rome, the EMPEROR cannot be expected to be very friendly to her now. There are no known materials from which any outsider is entitled to draw the deduction that this is the real state of the case; but it is just possible that Italian statesmen have been letting it be understood that they would be on the side of whichever Power would give them Rome. If so, the EMPEROR might very naturally feel that Italy would have no reason to complain if he gave her to understand that such intrigues made him less friendly to her than he used to be. But even then it can scarcely be said to be good policy on the part of the French Government to have been so cold and arrogant to the Italians. France does not really strike Italy hard, for she wishes Italy to exist, and to exist under a monarchical government. But if she is not to be hit hard, what is the good of hitting her gently? If there was a danger previously lest Italy should side with Prussia, is there less danger now? On the contrary, the Italians will consider that they are in a great measure released from that load of gratitude to France which they considered was weighing on them.

This is so obvious, and the general effect of the recent intervention would be so much to weaken rather than strengthen the position of the EMPEROR if he merely left things as they are, that he will probably try seriously to do something to show the Italians that he is still their friend. He can scarcely let the Roman question drop. To do so would be to confess himself before Europe unequal to the task of solving a problem the solution of which he has made his especial business. It would undo the work of many of the best years of his life, and leave Italy either a wreck, or a Power that was gathering strength only to use it against him. Lastly—and this is by far the most important consideration—it would totally ruin his position with the French democracy. This new Roman intervention is very unpopular in all circles of France except those which are decidedly clerical. It cuts across all the feelings of democrats—both the bad feelings and the good. It is a help to the priests, or is thought to be so, and it has been done in an ungenerous way to Italy. It is exactly the sort of thing which the Ministries of LOUIS PHILIPPE used to do, and which made them hated in France. It is easy to fancy M. GUIZOT doing exactly what LOUIS NAPOLEON has done, trying to please high society, snubbing the Italians, using a very large force to get a very small advantage, and explaining his whole conduct on the principles of the Christian, the statesman, and the philosopher. LOUIS NAPOLEON has at least had the merit of encouraging his subjects to drink a rather stronger beer than this. The petty, tyrannical, intriguing policy of the Guizot days cannot be revived successfully now; and that it cannot is certainly one of the few clear advantages that France gained from the Revolution of 1848. Unless, therefore, the EMPEROR is content to accept a much humbler and more precarious position than that which has hitherto satisfied him, he must go on with his attempts to solve the great problem of Rome. There can be no doubt that if he were to die before he has solved it, and if it were believed that his dynasty was irrevocably mixed up with the cause of the priests, there would be a fierce and determined attempt to let the voice of democratic France once more speak. It is true that this attempt might be foiled; an insurrection could be crushed out easily enough if the troops were firm, and the EMPRESS as REGENT might have a momentary triumph. But what a prospect this is for a man to have before his eyes when he thinks of the future of his family—France governed by a woman and by priests, and using an army to keep Italy in its grasp! It would become a deadly struggle between the NAPOLEONS and the people, and such a struggle the EMPEROR will do all in his power to avert.

## SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE AT BRISTOL.

AT almost every public school in the present day there is a custom of having annual speeches. Few gatherings are pleasanter, for old associations are revived, new hopes are excited, and there is generally lunch. The same routine is almost always followed. First of all, the Head-Master introduces and, so to say, blesses the occasion. He gives a sketch—often, we fear, rather a fancy sketch—of the history and progress of the school. He tells what honours have been gained; he explains the general principles on which he acts, and modestly reveals the high motives which animate the society he sways. Then the recitations begin; and the head-monitor or præpostor reads his essay, or recites his poem, and shows, alike by his scholarship and his culture, what the school can do. Our Educational Ministry goes exactly through the same course. Last week the head of the establishment explained what trouble he had had in educating those under his charge, how hard he had worked, how little he had been understood at first, and then, when the moment of illumination came, how thoroughly he had, all of a sudden, been appreciated, and how blindly he had been followed. This week, at Bristol, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE has been playing his part, and has played it, we think, very well. It was to show how well he had been brought up. He is the prize pupil, the pet monitor, the leading præpostor of Mr. DISRAELI's school. Only a very short time ago he seemed backward and unwilling. He had the sort of mind that makes ordinary teachers despair. He would not learn his lesson; he was all against household suffrage; nay, he even took an honest pride in seeming to be wayward and independent, and had his own views about lowering the franchise. But his master knew how to manage him. He showed his pupil, not only what rewards attend doing as a scholar is bid, and how much better it is to be good and docile and contented, but also how much larger a sphere of usefulness is opened to those who are teachable, and thus rise into positions where they are enabled to do real good on a large scale. When a boy who is inclined to go wrong and to cut lessons is reclaimed, the master, if he is wise, does not exaggerate differences, or paint the future as hopeless. He soothes and coaxes and wins; he lets it be seen how much promise there is on the side of virtue, and how ample a field lies before excellence and courage, if directed in the right path. Mr. DISRAELI has put Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE in the right path, and he sees now how much he has gained by doing as he was told, and taking on trust the doctrine that he could not understand. The head boys at public schools almost always grow like the master more or less. They catch his tone, adopt his ways, and are penetrated with his manner of thinking. To themselves they seem to be forming, with a rapidity that surely must startle and please every one, original, profound, and unassailable convictions on a vast variety of the most important subjects, such as religion, current politics, the analogies of history, the topography of ancient Rome, and similar points of general and scholarly interest; but to outsiders it is quite clear that they are only wise at second-hand, and that they are miniatures of the head-master. What is noticeable in Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE is that he has got so thoroughly the tone and spirit of the Ministry that has educated him, and is really so nice and right-thinking and creditable in every way.

There is, indeed, no end to his benevolence and kindly feeling. He is polite and courteous and high-minded, as the best sort of monitors always are. He thinks with especial tenderness of ladies in general, of the Liberal party, and of the working-man. He distinctly said, and went a little out of his way to say it, that he did not believe that ladies really thought that if they went on talking enough they could make two and two five. He also showered his blessings on the Liberals. He owned they had done something for Reform. They had agitated it in their ineffectual way for some time, and had a languid purposeless interest on the subject. He would not go quite so far as his educational parent, and say that Reform had for the last hundred years been the exclusive property of the Tories. He wished to be humble, and was more generous and exact than to assert this. He was willing to own, and was not afraid to own, that Liberals did some sort of good. They acted as forerunners to the true statesmen and leaders of the people. They hewed the stone which the Conservatives cut into the statue; they stubbed up the waste on which Conservatives grew waving fields of corn. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE seemed quite serious about this. He did not offer it as a joke, or as a little bit of West country pleasantness. He was to all appearance honestly persuaded that he had got hold of the true view of the Liberal party, and that



there was something magnanimous in his saying out what was so much to the credit of political adversaries. There is something touching in the thought of Lord RUSSELL reading the speech, and finding that he is honestly and soberly considered by at least one human being to have been working all his life in order to pave the way for the wiser, stronger, larger statesmanship of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE. And if Sir STAFFORD blessed the Liberals, much more did he bless the British workman—that obscure and mysterious being, always having his ups and downs. Sometimes he is described as Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE would have described him in his uneducated days, as a dangerous, big-headed, ignorant creature that might be safely put to work in the fields or the streets, but ought never to be trusted with a share of political power. Sometimes he is described as a beery, wasteful, brutal thing, that it is quite absurd even to think of as an elector. Sometimes he is noble, angelic, full of political virtues and possible aspirations. He is up just now. It is a good time with him. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE is sure he is all right. The working-man loves the British Constitution, and does not like bribes, and longs for education. Even his past history is irradiated by the light of the present. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE assures him, not only that he is quite deserving of political power now that he has got it, but that he has always had it. He may not have known it, but he has had a very great deal of political power for a long time, and perhaps, if he examines his past history very carefully, rejecting all appearances and diving deep down into truth, he may find that he too has served an honest and honourable purpose, and has been paving the way for Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE and the Conservatives.

When young gentlemen write prize poems they are aware that, according to the inexorable rules which tradition has laid down for that species of composition, they must somewhere or other in the poem, and generally towards the close, bring in a proper quantity of what is technically known as "Salem." By this is meant a kind of rhapsody, half-religious and half-fanciful, about a future which, according to the subject and the taste of the writer, is represented as more or less remote. It is taken as understood that the university authorities, the examiners, the audience, and those possible readers and purchasers of the poem whom imagination is reluctant to forego, would not be comfortable, and would have an uneasy sensation that things looked bad, unless they had once more their annual assurance that a reign of universal peace is coming—that wildernesses will blossom, the English Channel be perpetually smooth, and so forth. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE remembers his university days too well not to put plenty of "Salem" into his speeches. His views of the future are most rosy. And he feels that if he gives his hearers "Salem" he may as well give them the particular sort of "Salem" they would most like to hear. What even those who have supported the Reform Bill from conviction have most feared is that great questions may be sometimes hereafter dealt with too hastily, and that passion and impulse, and even ignorance, may decide points which the wisest and calmest statesmanship could scarcely solve rightly. Now if Reformers fear this, what must be the feelings of those Conservatives who are still only half-educated, and do not as yet quite love and trust the dear working-man as much as they now know they ought to do? To such weak and wavering spirits Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE administers his "Salem." He prophesies that henceforth great questions will be discussed in a spirit of calmness. Every one will look on them philosophically, and deal with them carefully. No reason for thinking so is assigned. There never is any reason for "Salem." It stands on its own merits. There it is—the author undertakes to say, on his honour as the writer of a prize poem, that certain things which competent persons, like Vice-Chancellors and others, know to be desirable, will practically happen within a reasonable time. The assurance must, it would be conceded, be only taken for what it is worth, as the temporary opinion of a casual undergraduate; but the fine thing about "Salem" is that it even imposes a little on its authors, and the young man who utters the prophecy thinks there may really be something more in it than he imagined before his verses were successful. We feel almost sure Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE believed his "Salem," and was persuaded in some degree that, as he prophesied that we were entering on a time of great political calm, his prophecy would really come right. It is true that in the middle of his congratulations on the past and present, and his bright anticipations of the future, it comes across him that Lord DERBY himself had described the Reform Bill as a "leap in the dark." But Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE righted himself

in a minute. He got over the difficulty very easily. Lord DERBY had said the Reform Bill was a leap in the dark, and so it was. But then so is everything else; every smaller measure is a leap in the dark. And therefore to say that the Reform Bill is a leap in the dark is no more than to say that it is an Act of Parliament. Now an uneducated man could not have thought of this. It was a way of managing the matter which required cultivation and refinement, and the peculiar training which Conservatives get from their teachers. In every way, therefore, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's speech was a success. It was calculated to cheer, if not to instruct, his party, and it showed how well he had been taught, and how apt a scholar he had been.

#### ITALY.

THE final defeat of GARIBALDI under all circumstances cannot be lamented. It is to be deplored that so many lives have been sacrificed at the last—the lives, in many instances, of gallant and of devoted men; but a protracted contest would have led to more bloodshed, and to the same or a worse result. There can be little doubt that French troops and the Chassepot rifle contributed to the final victory of the Pontifical troops, and account for the extraordinary casualties of the last conflict. And this is a part of the story which no one can think of without pain. In shedding blood for the temporal power of the POPE, the French EMPEROR has been wasting blood. The day must come, though it may be adjourned, when this POPE, or another, will have to yield to the unanimous wish of Italy; and NAPOLEON III. has been sacrificing life, not so much for the sake of a sovereignty which, after all, is doomed, as for the sake of his own position in France. No doubt he is in a difficult position, and has been desirous of dealing as kindly by Italy as his position will allow. But if his peculiar position in France necessitates the use of Chassepot rifles against half-armed Italian revolutionists, it becomes a serious question, both for France and for Europe, whether his position is not an expensive thing to the world to maintain. It has unhappily become essential to him, in the interests of his dynasty, that he should not merely slaughter Garibaldians, but humiliate the King of ITALY. A good deal of blame attaches to VICTOR EMMANUEL and to his Ministers for the policy they have pursued in the last two months. But when all is weighed, when account is taken of the feverish condition of Italy, of the impossibility of really adhering to a Convention which was originally extorted by the presence of French troops on Roman soil, of the precarious position of the Italian monarchy, and of the formidable power of its domestic enemies, history will not hesitate to say that the man whose dynastic interests created the difficulty, and forced him to spend human lives for the idle purpose of prolonging it, is more guilty than the rash and hot-headed victims who have gone to their account at Montana; or than the Government of Florence, which was helpless in the presence of a considerable crisis. That the fresh occupation of Rome was followed up by a summons to the Italian army to withdraw from the POPE's territory is now tolerably clear. Undoubtedly their obedience to the EMPEROR's requisition relieves the Continent from the chance of an accidental conflict between French and Italian troops. But the French demand filled up the last measure in the cup of Italian humiliations. It is not much of a satisfaction to feel that the exigencies of the French EMPEROR's situation explain it all. Like his Imperial cousin, VICTOR EMMANUEL unhappily has his little domestic exigencies also. M. MAZZINI is thundering at him from Lugano. Popular riots are taking place in his large towns. His soldiers—whose discipline and temper have during the last fortnight been strained to the utmost—unless they are unlike all ordinary soldiers, will not be quick to acknowledge the virtues of patience and submission in their KING. They have had to stand still and see their own friends and countrymen mowed down by foreign artillery. And the truth is that, whether he deserves it or not, the King of ITALY at the present moment has scarcely a friend left. Excitable nations are too often in the habit of revenging all their own injuries upon their Sovereign. And if the Italians, on reflection, arrive at the conclusion that VICTOR EMMANUEL is as much to be pitied as the humblest of his subjects, and that it is useless to visit on his head the crimes of others, it will be a proof of their sagacity which could not be depended upon by those who have bent the bow till it nearly has broken. The best hope for the monarchy lies in the fact that, with all their faults, the Italians have a strong vein in them of political shrewdness. In placing themselves in so deplorable a

position, they gave a proof of their impetuosity; but the comparative equanimity with which they appear to have been willing to extricate themselves from it is a mark of superior political intelligence. It is not every nation which would refrain, in a time of revolutionary passion, from beating its head against a stone wall.

The present seclusion of General GARIBALDI will, it is to be hoped, prove more effectual than the last. He has not been shot, and the *Times* must be content to go on grappling with the literary difficulties which his escape perpetuates. The Paris Correspondent of the leading journal—whose views, as usual, are those of his employers, only a fortnight old—cannot conceal his indignation that the General, after promising to die, should at the last moment have changed his mind. This he considers to be an unwarrantable action, not to be expected from a patriot, and, whenever it happens, to be vigorously condemned. His opinion seems to be that General GARIBALDI was bound in honour to be killed, and that he has been guilty of a sort of breach of faith towards the newspapers. Without discussing the question whether the life of a generous fanatic is worth preserving, it may be taken as a matter of congratulation that the agitation in Italy has not been increased by the knowledge that the most popular Italian has fallen by a French bullet. As it is, the peninsula will not easily forgive or forget the French EMPEROR. Gratitude, it has been said, is a word that is not to be found in the vocabulary of politicians. But vindictive feeling is, on the other hand, a common national failing. The memory of the French bombardment of Rome twenty years ago was partially effaced by the French alliance of 1859; but more than one fresh act of French generosity will be required to convert Italy from a sullen and injured *protégé* into a useful and willing friend. The real danger of the country has been strikingly illustrated by the events of the last month. At the one critical moment Italy found she had no great or stable Minister. She never has had any since CAVOUR; and during the precious hours when time was of importance, and when not a moment could be spared, the country was positively bereft of any Government at all. What let GARIBALDI loose, and what brought about the French expedition, was a Ministerial interregnum of a week. Just at the nick of time nobody was Prime Minister. RATTAZZI was out, CIALDINI was not in. GARIBALDI was at Florence, haranguing crowds from a balcony, and the only prominent political authority was DOLFI, the Florence baker. The chief of the police found his Sovereign alone in his Palace, silent and smoking a cigar. The troops were wavering, the French were embarking, and VICTOR EMANUEL had no resource left except resignation and tobacco. It is difficult for Englishmen, who seldom pass through such violent political commotions, to conceive of the possibility of their country being left to weather a Continental storm in such a condition. One may, however, figure to oneself the pleasures of a morning on which the French were embarking at Boulogne to put down The O'DONOGHUE's revolutionary designs in Ireland, with Parliament prorogued, Lord DERRY, Mr. DISRAELI, and Lord RUSSELL all declining office, and the only visible representative of authority being the Duke of CAMBRIDGE smoking out of a window at the Horse Guards. The experience would scarcely be one which could be recalled with satisfaction, and we should, under such circumstances, come to a very sound conclusion to the effect that there was something rotten in the political state of the English Government and the English monarchy. This is exactly what Italians feel and say. They are not angry with their KING, because it is no use to be angry with a mere fire-eating NIMROD, but they have begun to ask already what use it is keeping up so hopeless a creature. Yet it would be easy to be unjust to him. Devoid as he is of political capacity, the KING is more interested than any one else in the fortunes of Italy, and his instincts have not been without their value in this last emergency. There is no question but that the King of ITALY, by his stubborn dislike to go to war with France or to break irreparably with the POPE, has saved Italy from a French invasion. He had not the wisdom necessary to prevent the crisis, but when it came, he held on blindly to his determination to do what NAPOLEON III. insisted on as his duty. What the Italians really have reason to deplore is the absence of unanimity in political parties, which prevents there being able and honest Ministers on whom they can depend both to guide the policy of the country and to influence their KING. They have been divided amongst themselves, and it is on this account that they have been drifting into great danger. Even about their own monarchy they have not heartily made up their minds. They scarcely know whether to throw themselves heart and soul into the maintenance of monarchical institutions, or to prefer a different form of Government. The same

indecision paralyses their diplomacy. At one time their Foreign Office thinks of a French, at another of a Prussian alliance. To-day they sound Count BISMARCK, yesterday they were affronting Count BISMARCK by trafficking behind his back with the French EMPEROR. The whole nation is sick and out of sorts, and till they cure themselves, the Italians will be, for all Continental purposes, unstable as water, and defeated in every diplomatic negotiation.

The hottest of the quarrel with France is over, but the necessity for a stable Ministry still continues to be the same. The Italians have to settle down again, and to swallow their mortification, and General MENABREA's tenure of office has been too much connected with their mortification for his fellow-countrymen to feel enthusiasm in his favour. He has done his best, but that best has certainly not been much. Like a gallant man, he came to the rescue of his master in a time of trouble, when political genius of the highest order would possibly have been puzzled what to do. As his evil star would have it, it became his first duty on taking power to write at a moment's notice one of the most serious and difficult despatches any Minister could have to compose. He had to apologize for a Ministry whose policy he disapproved, to calm a tumult which General CIALDINI thought was beyond his power to appease, to show a sufficiently bold front to France to satisfy his hot-headed fellow-countrymen at home, and to be at the same time sufficiently meek to France not to bring down on Italy a French war. M. MENABREA managed to get through the distasteful business, but he did it in a painful, feeble, well-meaning way, which made all Europe sensible how thoroughly Italy was at the mercy of NAPOLEON III., and how impossible it was for her under such circumstances to pretend to be at all dignified. To eat humble pie with an air of real cheerfulness and pride is a hard task for anybody. M. MENABREA's Circular had an appearance of piteous misery about it which was enough to disarm an enemy, but which at once convinced the Emperor NAPOLEON that Italy was beaten. And he took full diplomatic advantage of the knowledge. From this turning-point in the race France made all the running. M. MOUSTIER's despatch in reply was scarcely couched in terms of decent courtesy. A more arrogant tone has never yet been taken by the French Empire towards the poorest or weakest foreign nation. Perhaps the French had reason to complain of Italy. But an open breach would have been less affronting than the cold, glittering, sneering insolence of M. MOUSTIER's note. A celebrated Judge in Westminster Hall once complained that an eminent Queen's Counsel was too much in the habit of addressing the Bench as if he were God ALMIGHTY talking to four black beetles. If the King of ITALY and General MENABREA had been black beetles M. MOUSTIER could scarcely have been more contemptuous. The next step taken at the Tuileries was to require the Italian evacuation of the line they had occupied. Here, too, the Italian Cabinet had to give way; and then the truth oozed out in Italy that the Royal troops, while professing boldly to enter the Papal territory, had really been holding no towns of any consequence at all. M. MENABREA had been anxious to wound, and yet afraid to strike. And, finally, the Emperor NAPOLEON, acting up to the black-beetle theory, has received General LA MARMORA in a way which may be authorized by precedent, but which appears to put Italy in the position of a whipped child. An air of "grave displeasure" is an unusual sort of stage direction for an Emperor to give himself when he is going to receive an envoy extraordinary. The French EMPEROR on his hearthrug, bowing sternly at General LA MARMORA, is a picture that will not fascinate Italians. A fortnight of such diplomatic reverses scarcely fits General MENABREA for approaching the duty of negotiating about the final fate of Rome. Weak Ministries like the present do weak things in haste, which their successors repent at leisure. It is to be hoped that no hurried November Convention will take the place of the ill-fated contract of September. There is one Italian whose nomination to the post of Premier would at present be desirable on every ground of prudence and of honour. It is a national misfortune that Baron RICASOLI, whose integrity and independence are above dispute, should seem to have so little of the confidence of the King of ITALY, or of the support of Italian Parliaments.

#### LOCAL GOVERNMENT OF LONDON.

A MEETING of Vestrymen held, a few days since, to consider the projects for the municipal organization of London, was chiefly remarkable because it illustrated some of the difficulties which are likely to impede the success of the promoters. The most authoritative schemes which have been



suggested are the plan sketched out in the Report of the Select Committee of last Session, and the elaborate Bill which was drawn by Mr. LUDLOW and introduced into the House of Commons by Mr. MILL. The Committee proposed to give a direct representation to house proprietors by entrusting extensive powers to justices selected from their number by the Crown. Other municipal functions were to be vested in the existing Vestries under the name of District Councils, and a Central Board was to exercise certain central or federal functions. The attention of the late meeting was almost exclusively directed to Mr. MILL's alternative measure, and the Chairman, Mr. BEAL, was one of its most active supporters. It may perhaps be remembered that, according to Mr. MILL's scheme, the existing Parliamentary boroughs are to receive municipal enfranchisement, and that the Town Councils are to return a certain proportion of their members to the general Council of London. The City is still to retain a kind of honorary precedence, and the presiding dignitary is still to bear the ancient title of Lord Mayor. If it is really desirable that the metropolis should be organized as a great municipality, Mr. MILL's plan is consistent with the analogy of existing institutions, as far as a gigantic capital resembles an ordinary provincial town. But the necessity of substituting an urban confederacy for a single corporation proves the impossibility of dealing with London on the principles which apply to Liverpool or Manchester. At the same time, it is right to consider that experience has not yet shown whether it is possible or desirable to divide municipal powers and duties between two distinct bodies. If the proposed boroughs are to exercise the ordinary functions of incorporated towns, there will be nothing left for the Central Council to do; and, on the other hand, an efficient Council for the whole of London would reduce the constituent municipalities to inutility and insignificance. English corporations have, on the whole, notwithstanding many faults and shortcomings, devoted themselves chiefly to the management of their proper business, and abstained from abusing their powers for political purposes. There is too much reason to fear that an unemployed Town Council, either in a metropolitan district or at the Mansion House, would console itself for municipal inactivity by acting as a permanent League or Election Committee. To obviate the difficulty is not perhaps a task too difficult for skilful legislators; but if Parliament under the new Constitution retains any portion of its ancient character, it will regard with jealousy a powerful body residing at the seat of Government and representing a seventh part of the population of England.

The measure which bears the name of Mr. MILL, while it was remarkable for its comprehensive range, and for the ingenuity of its provisions, derived its principal importance from the announcement that it was sanctioned by the Corporation of London and the Metropolitan Board of Works. A theory may be a suitable subject of criticism, but it only requires practical comment when it is likely to be embodied in a law. It has hitherto been found impracticable to introduce any change into the municipal constitution of the City; and although future Parliaments will probably possess additional power, at least for purposes of destruction, it is not yet certain whether the multitude may be more tolerant than the middle-classes of obsolete pageants and high-sounding municipal titles. The statement that the City had assented to the Bill was confirmed by the internal evidence of numerous clauses which had evidently been introduced to conciliate the prejudices of the Corporation. Although it seemed strange that a tenacious attachment to the old state-coach should be combined with a willingness to abdicate the time-honoured privileges of the City, there could be no doubt that the promoters of the Bill believed themselves to have engaged in successful negotiations with the City authorities. A hesitating House of Commons might probably be determined in favour of the measure by the knowledge that there was no danger of displeasing the City, and interested opponents are generally more to be feared than indifferent critics. It appears, however, from statements made at the meeting on Monday, that the approval of the Corporation and its constituents has been too hastily assumed; and as there has been no public discussion of the measure, it is difficult to understand how any body of persons can have been authorized to speak in the name of the City. It is not, on the whole, desirable that so important an innovation as the establishment of a London municipality should, according to the forensic phrase, be settled out of Court. As antagonists of the measure, the members of the Corporation may perhaps be actuated by mixed motives, and they will probably uphold their opposition by some questionable arguments; but they will be

astute in detecting the demerits of the scheme, and they will ensure a full hearing of a difficult controversy. The speeches delivered at the late meeting prove that the local rulers of other parts of the metropolis are not disposed to surrender their powers and privileges without a protest. The elevation of Vestries into municipal councils would create fewer personal jealousies than the adoption of the Parliamentary boroughs as municipal districts. According to either of the conflicting projects, the administration of corporate affairs would probably be engrossed, as at present, by petty tradesmen. Even if wealthy and educated candidates could be induced to contest parochial or municipal elections, they would have little chance of success, and the duties of office would be irksome and entirely unrewarded. The arbitrary divisions of London repel local associations, and it is impossible to feel the same kind of interest in Paddington which creates a civic patriotism in Leeds or Liverpool. The proposal of giving landowners a separate control over certain branches of taxation and expenditure is at the same time invidious and unsatisfactory. The property which chiefly requires protection belongs to occupiers rather than to owners of ground-rents; nor would it be possible to give the great proprietors of entire districts the share of representation which would correspond to the extent of their possessions. The supremacy of the poorer class of ratepayers in municipal affairs is not an unmixed evil. As long as the apportionment of local taxes is regulated by the general law, corporate bodies can impose no exceptional burden on the rich; nor has it been found that, since the date of the Municipal Reform Act, the larger municipalities have been deficient in public spirit. The finest modern buildings in England are the Town-halls of some of the great Midland and Northern cities, and in several places the local debt, representing useful enterprises and improvements, would figure creditably in the budget of a petty German kingdom.

The reasons for an incorporation of London are founded on a belief that unity of administration would promote economy and efficiency. Mr. BEAL, with the characteristic confidence of a legislative projector, informed the assembled Vestrymen that in the article of gas alone the new Corporation would save the ratepayers 300,000*l.* a year. As every farthing of the amount would be taken, by a simple process of confiscation, out of the pockets of the gas shareholders, it might perhaps have been answered that Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE and Mr. CARDWELL have countenanced the same process of spoliation, without imposing any preliminary condition of municipal reform. It is at least as probable that a central administration would involve an increase of expenditure as that it would effect a reduction. The Vestries and other local bodies render unpaid services, and it is scarcely to be expected that the Corporation would, beyond the limits of the City, find it practicable to diminish the existing staff. That the management of corporate affairs might become more simple and efficient is not improbable; and it is for Parliament and the country at large to consider whether the possible inconveniences connected with a great corporation counterbalance the advantages which are likely to result from the proposed change. Of the cities which approach London most nearly in magnitude and population, Paris is governed with costly vigour by a Minister of the Executive Government; and New York still more expensively, and with utter inefficiency, by an elected corporation consisting of the most disreputable members of the community. The Legislature of New York, although it is itself avowedly corrupt, has been compelled by public opinion to deprive the City Corporation of some functions which had been scandalously abused. The police administration is entrusted to State Commissioners, although the criminal population still exercises a strong influence in the nomination of police magistrates. In London the municipal franchise is confined to ratepayers, who will not be guilty of the extravagance of the constituent rabble of New York; but one of the Vestrymen at the late meeting expressed an opinion that the control of the police ought to be vested in the proposed corporation. The demand suggests the conflict of powers which might possibly arise between the municipalities and the Government.

#### GERMANY.

THE founders of the German Customs' Union may perhaps have foreseen the political consequences which have followed from the establishment of a common tariff for the Northern and Central States. If the struggles of Austria for supremacy had not been otherwise hopeless, the foresight of Prussia in including more than half Germany within her own commercial frontier would alone have disappointed the ambi-

tion of the rival dynasty. Before the institution of the Union, every little State surrounded itself with a barrier for the purpose of levying duties of its own; and Governments as well as subjects have derived a visible advantage from an arrangement by which they receive their proportion of duties on imports, while at the same time they secure free intercourse with the neighbouring districts. A similar reform effected in the previous century by Turgot had prepared the way for the unity of France, by establishing internal freedom of trade among all the provinces of the kingdom. The Prussian statesmen who founded the German Union perhaps cherished no immediate design of impairing the political independence of Bavaria, of Saxony, or of Baden; but, as Count BISMARCK lately observed in the North German Parliament, it would have been unwise to enter into so close a partnership with Powers which could by possibility take the other side in a war. In 1866 several of the members of the Customs' Union rashly took part with Austria against Prussia; but the commercial and social confusion which would have resulted from the success of the Southern allies furnished a warning which has not been neglected. The conditions of peace, including the maintenance of the Customs' Union, were accompanied by an understanding that the armies of the South German States should, in the event of war, be placed under the command of Prussia. If the military treaties had not subsequently been signed by the different Governments, the Union would have been restricted to the dominions of the Northern Confederacy, to the great inconvenience of the North, and with intolerable loss to the States which were excluded. The French diplomatists who fancied and boasted that the Treaty of Prague had divided Germany into three, entirely forgot the commercial unity of the greater part of the old Federation, and they consequently failed to anticipate the inevitable adaptation of political relations to economical interests. The universal adoption of free-trade would render partial extensions of Customs' frontiers useless and inoperative, nor is it certain that it would realize the aspirations of Mr. COBDEN by rendering war impossible; but, as long as tariffs exist, countries which are included in the same circle of Custom-houses have the strongest motives for acting in political concert. The commercial policy of Germany has hitherto not been immoderately liberal, but the evils of protection vary inversely with the magnitude of the territory which is restrained from free intercourse with foreign countries.

The late debates in the South German Parliaments have given occasion for a final struggle against the predominance of Prussia. The Chambers of Hesse Darmstadt and of Baden accepted the Customs' Union and the military treaties by a unanimous vote; but the Lower House of Wurtemberg attempted to separate the simultaneous arrangements, and to reserve for its own Government the control of political and military affairs. Some of the dissentients may perhaps have wished to supply an additional reason for the admission of Wurtemberg into the Northern Confederacy, for there is an obvious hardship in a dependent alliance where the humbler associate is excluded from all share in the common deliberations. The Upper House in Bavaria, not venturing to provoke unpopularity by a display of Austrian or French predilections, absurdly refused to renew the Customs' Union, which is of vital importance to Bavarian commerce. The object of the reactionary party was to ensure the rejection at Berlin of the military treaty, and the envoy of France at Munich was so ill-advised as to exert his influence against a national policy. The Prussian Government had no reason to fear serious embarrassment from the efforts of the hostile party at Stuttgart or at Munich. The Minister had only to announce that the military treaties and the Customs' Union must stand or fall together, and to add the significant suggestion that the terms of peace conceded at Nikolsburg would have been far less lenient but for the prospect of a commercial and political union. The Wurtemberg Chamber, which had always admitted that the Customs' Union was indispensable, could not but withdraw its opposition to the residue of an indivisible compact; nor were the Bavarian peers strong enough to maintain their resistance to the policy of their own Government, to the interests of their countrymen, and to the general tendency of events. The young KING himself visited his capital for the purpose of remonstrating with the members of the Upper House, and his Government has since given notice that the demands of Prussia will be conceded without reserve. If the Austrian Government wished to detach any of the Southern States from the Prussian alliance, the Imperial tariff ought to have been reduced below the German standard; but

the commercial arrangements of Bavaria, having been for many years regulated with reference to the Customs' Union, could not be readily adapted to exclusive intercourse with the Austrian Empire.

The Ministers both of Bavaria and Wurtemberg have caused some surprise by stating to their respective Chambers that the treaties of alliance will only take effect in the event of a defensive war; but they are probably justified in alleging that the Prussian interpretation agrees with their own, inasmuch as the Southern armies, by securing German territory from invasion, add largely to the military strength of Prussia. The slight and transient opposition which has been attempted against commercial and military union with Prussia only illustrates the natural gravitation of the outlying States towards the Northern Confederation. A body may rest in stable or in unstable equilibrium, and the security of its position is tested by its recovery from disturbance. The soundness of Count BISMARCK's judgment in discouraging the overtures of Baden and Hesse Darmstadt for admission to the Confederacy has been loudly questioned in Germany; and the discussions in the Chambers of Bavaria and Wurtemberg were quoted in proof of the dangers of a timid or backward policy. It now appears that his hesitation caused no serious risk, and possibly the incorporation of all the Southern States may be accelerated by the rejection of separate demands. A less legitimate reason for delay consists in the unwillingness of the Prussian Governments to include representatives of Southern Catholicism or democracy in the Federal Parliament. The impatience, however, of the excluded States, and of the advocates of German unity, will be alleviated by the certainty that the object will, after more or less delay, be ultimately attained. Count BISMARCK, while he is certainly not deficient in German patriotism, is primarily a Prussian Minister, bent on consulting in the first instance the special interests of the monarchy. It is not his business to proclaim the unity of a nation which is still severed into many portions, although the powerful Confederation in its centre, for many purposes, represents the whole. It would be inexpedient and unjust to attempt to detach the German provinces from the Austrian Empire; nor is there the smallest prospect of recovering the ancient losses of Alsace and Lorraine. From a remoter region an agitation seems to be beginning for reunion with Germany. The Russian Government, in the indulgence of its modern zeal for Muscovite nationality, has lately taken measures for spreading the Russian language in its Baltic provinces; and consequently the German inhabitants of the seaboard, who have hitherto been contented with a preponderating share in official appointments, are beginning to discover that their natural connexion is not with Russia, but with Germany. At a recent banquet at Riga the names of King WILLIAM and of his Minister were greeted with loud acclamations; and it is not improbable that the censures with which their protest will be visited may cultivate their nascent sentiments of patriotism. As, however, the Germans are themselves intruders in Esthland and Liefland, their aspirations for union with Berlin are not altogether reasonable; and a more conclusive objection to such a project would be found in the power of the Empire which at present claims their allegiance. The Northern Confederacy is far from realizing the dreams of the enthusiasts who some years typified their patriotism in the person of the half-mythical ARMINIUS; but it is natural that wishes should be larger than their fulfilment, and it is much that a German Power has been formed which sets foreign enmity at defiance.

#### THE IRISH RAILWAY COMMISSION.

IT is a common popular belief that some men are born to good, and others to bad, luck; but in almost every instance the happy fortune of the one class and the disasters of the other may be traced to personal peculiarities. There is a temper that always inclines its possessor to throw away his chances. Either he fails to see the prospect and lets the golden opportunity slip, or, what is a much more frequent though not less fatal mistake, he is too much inflated by the glorious chances before him and is tempted to overstand his market. If they were closely analysed, the causes of the prosperity and adversity of nations might probably be traced in some measure to similar dispositions. Some countries are supposed to be especially unlucky, and none more so than Ireland, and yet almost every national misfortune in the history of that singular island may be traced to the character of the people themselves. Elated by the first gleam of sunshine, moody at the first shadow of a cloud, distrustful of each other, and ready to attribute every failure to malign influences from without, they have gone on from year to year, from century to



century, throwing away the chances of improvement that Providence has put in their way. Again and again special forms of mining or manufacturing industry have seemed about to make themselves a home in Ireland, when jealousy of interlopers and ill-judged strikes have nipped in the bud the hope of future wealth. Ulster has been an exception because Ulster is only half Irish, but in the other provinces it is difficult to recall an instance in which such chances as have turned up have been made the most of. A splendid opportunity offered itself after the famine and the establishment of the Incumbered Estates Court, for attracting to Ireland a large share of the capital that fructifies so fast on our side of the Channel. It was the favourite creed of the day that no colony offered so good a field for an enterprising capitalist as Ireland, and many tried the experiment. By ill luck, as we suppose the people themselves would call it—by bad judgment, as we should rather say—this little tide of fortune was turned to ebb almost before it had begun to produce any effect. The new-comers were looked upon as intruders, their schemes of profit were thwarted in every way, concerted opposition baffled the most promising commercial enterprises, agrarian and political disturbances drove away the timid, until in a marvellously short time the notion of carrying capital to Ireland was abandoned as a delusion. So that chance was thrown away; and, if the Fenians were allowed to have their will, every other possibility of bettering the condition of the country would be destroyed with equal effect. Just now Ireland has another little chance before her, and it remains to be seen whether she will have the prudence to turn it to account. A body of Treasury Commissioners are now in Dublin discussing with the leading railway authorities the terms on which it may be possible to transfer the whole machinery of locomotion to the hands of Government, at a price which is certain to be considerably in excess of the present market value of the property. It depends mainly on the moderation and good sense of the Irish Railway interest whether the project shall become the beginning of a new era for what we suppose we must still call that unlucky country, or whether this chance, like a score of others, shall be thrown away by those who alone are interested in turning it to good account.

At the time when the Duke of DEVONSHIRE'S Railway Commission was sitting, evidence from Ireland was poured in before them, all tending to show how absolutely necessary Government capital was to the working of the Irish railways, how impoverished the majority of the Companies were, and to how low a figure the market value of their shares had fallen. The eagerness of the Irish Companies to be bought up at any kind of reasonable price was the one point on which all the evidence substantially agreed; and influential meetings were got up in Ireland to declare that, rather than lose the benefit of such a policy, Ireland herself would be content to bear the risk of any loss, and to make good all possible deficiencies of railway profits by submitting to special taxation. It is not likely that this last condition would be insisted on, but it was mainly on the ground of the apparent anxiety of the Irish Companies to come to reasonable terms with the Government that the policy of issuing the present Treasury Commission was based. That it would be a benefit to Companies whose stock is not worth more than some fifteen or sixteen millions to have their property purchased for twenty millions, is obvious enough; and it is equally clear that the travelling public and the mercantile firms in Ireland would derive immense benefit from the transfer of the railways from three dozen generally insolvent concerns to a single owner of unlimited means like the British Government. Nor would the gain to Ireland necessarily involve a loss to the Exchequer, for if the bonus on the purchase above the market price were not too large, the superior economy in working the lines as a single system, and the large saving in interest by using the national credit, would suffice to make the undertaking fairly safe, as well as enormously advantageous to Ireland herself. This is the sunny side of the prospect, but in order to realize the hope it is necessary that the chance should not be thrown away. And it may very easily be thrown away. If any considerable number of the three dozen Companies choose to stand out for exorbitant terms, the whole scheme will certainly be abandoned; and though it would be just possible to complete the transaction with a large majority of assenting Companies, leaving those who were peculiarly unreasonable out in the cold, the probability is that nothing short of a general agreement to such fairly liberal terms as the Government may be able to offer will prevent the whole scheme proving abortive.

This is a matter which the Directors and shareholders of

Irish lines have to consider maturely. The temptation to raise the price on a large buyer is always great, and particularly so in Ireland; but the sellers will do well to remember that greed is apt to defeat itself, and that, unless a genuine offer is liberally met, it is certain to be frankly withdrawn. The last debate on the subject just before the prorogation of Parliament brought out very clearly the spirit in which the House of Commons approached it. In theory the intervention of the State in such a matter was not generally approved; but English statesmen of all parties were willing, not for the first time, to make an exception in favour of Ireland from strict economical maxims, and to sanction a speculation which Irish members assured them would be most beneficial to their country, and was earnestly desired by those most immediately interested. If the supposed anxiety of the Irish Companies for a sale to the Government should be changed into a keen disposition to get the biggest possible price, it will cost Parliament nothing to withdraw its half-reluctant sanction, and to leave Irish Companies to get on as well as they may without any more assistance from the Consolidated Fund. And when we consider that some hundreds of Directors, and we know not how many shareholders, have to be brought into a frame of mind sufficiently reasonable to be content with perhaps twenty or thirty per cent. more than they could sell their shares for now, we confess that we do not feel altogether certain that this chance will not be lost like many that have preceded it. It is so natural to assume that a buyer who offers a bonus of twenty per cent. may be driven to give fifty per cent., and so natural for every Company to think that it is less favourably dealt with than some other, that it really will require something that may seem like self-denial to accept the splendid boon which is now within the reach of Irish proprietors of railway stock. And there have been some indications not altogether favourable to the project from which Ireland would reap so large a harvest. So long as the proposal of Government purchase was out of favour here, nothing was heard of in Ireland but meetings to urge on this scheme as essential to the restoration of the country. Since the Government intimated their willingness to discuss the matter, there has been a marked change in the tone of public speakers on the subject. Irish Directors of this or that line begin to hint that, though very good for other railways, the plan would not be very advantageous to their own Company; and when the project was debated at the Social Science meeting the real or affected indifference to its success was in singular contrast to the feeling which had been previously manifested. If all this is only a little prudent preparation for making as advantageous terms as may be, it is no more than might be met with in any commercial body; but if it is really a sign that the Irish Companies are not to be dealt with, we shall soon hear that the scheme so warmly taken up at the instance of Irish members is given up as impracticable, and one more will have been added to the list of the lost chances of Ireland.

#### CULTURE AND ACTION.

WHEN Mr. Matthew Arnold, to the regret of his University, retired from his Oxford Professorship, he left as his last legacy to an amused and slightly bewildered audience a finished disquisition upon a new religion called Culture. The only difficulty was to understand what Culture meant. Mr. Arnold had explained that it was the great want of the world, and that its leading characteristics were sweetness and light; that he had got it, that Dr. Newman had got it, and that Oxford men generally were sweeter and lighter than the outside public; and all that remained for humanity seemed to be to discover as quickly as possible what sweetness and light were, and how best to arrive at so excellent a panacea for the ills to which humanity is heir. Every possible solution was adopted and abandoned by those who felt really anxious to grasp the new faith; and, in the end, baffled and curious inquirers came to the conclusion that sweetness and light were a sort of Eleusinian mystery, which nobody could understand except those who were initiated into the secret. One theory on the subject seemed to be that culture embraced a variety of good qualities, varying from a cultivated critical taste down to a habit of taking things coolly. An acquaintance with German literature, a determination never to stand for any metropolitan constituency, a taste for poetry, a belief in the French Academy, an acquaintance with the writings of Spinoza, a horror of Bishop Colenso, an equal horror of the orthodox formularies of the day, a chaste passion for poetry, a disposition to master the rudiments of Celtic literature, and an appreciation of Eugénie de Guérin appeared to be some at least of the characteristic features of sweetness and of light. Every now and then, however, Mr. Matthew Arnold appeared to complicate the question by a number of semi-religious ejaculations, at one time implying that

culture was calm, a holy calm, a sort of seraphic hush; at another that it was God's will; at a third that it was a sort of pious Christian spirit with the Three Creeds and the Thirty-nine Articles left out. Beyond this, nobody could make much of it, but everybody felt convinced that, whatever culture, sweetness, or light were, they were classical, beautiful, and noble. Doubts occasionally kept insinuating themselves whether, after all, culture, as preached by Mr. Arnold, was not rather a cosmetic than a scientific method, but Mr. Arnold appeared so sure about his principles that he must have been a bold man who, after hearing about Culture and Philistinism and Arminius, did not avow himself at once a believer in a creed so distinguished and so little encumbered with detail.

One great charm of the religion to many minds appeared to be that, while it was so pleasant on paper, it was so very disrespectful to all established schools and doctrinaires. Culture disapproved *in toto*, it was understood, of all schools and doctrines, theological, political, and moral. It had nothing to do with any Acts of Uniformity. It did not accept either the Reform League or the Pan-Anglican Synod. It was as much against M. Comte as it was against Dr. Cumming. If it had not been for some very pious sonnets published recently, one would have almost felt disposed to fancy that it was a sort of airy despair about the merits of any possible opinion. It happened that in his disquisitions on the subject, Mr. Arnold, in a graceful and pleasant way, fell foul of two or three living people; and one of those whom he touched with the tip of his polished lance has accepted this month the challenge, and replied to it in a very witty and powerful paper in the *Fortnightly Review*. Mr. Frederick Harrison's solution of the mystery of culture is a shocking one, though it is put forward in a shape which shows him to be a formidable match even for such an antagonist as Mr. Arnold. It briefly amounts to this, that culture, as expounded by Mr. Arnold, is all moonshine. It is the art, Mr. Harrison thinks, of looking serene. His answer to Mr. Arnold is framed in the form of a dialogue, in which the celebrated and mythical Arminius is one of the speakers. Mr. Harrison asserts that during the autumn he has been abroad, has made the acquaintance of Mr. Arnold's imaginary friend, and has taken the opportunity to inform him of the new religion which Mr. Arnold believes that he has discovered. And the Dialogue is devoted to an examination of Mr. Arnold's philosophic cure for human evils, which Arminius, after hearing all that can be said, somewhat rudely pronounces to be a sort of *parmaceti*—a French polish—a conversion of Iago's advice to put money in one's purse into a recommendation to put buckles in one's shoes. This, no doubt, is a caricature of Mr. Arnold's philosophy. But though a caricature, it is a telling caricature, and one which suggests to the reader the wide difference between the two opposite views which men can take who have had a University training of the same description. The divergence is one which is to be seen every day in the world around us, and especially in the younger generation that is growing up. Disbelief in the established ideas in which they have all been educated appears, in the case of some men, to lead to a species of delicate conservative scepticism. Everything seems to them noisy and unsettled and out of tune, and they come to the conclusion that there is nothing like the comfortable quiet of their own libraries, and the pursuit of their own intellectual tastes and pleasures. Others, who begin with a similar disquietude and uncertainty, find refuge in a species of revolutionary faith, a passion for action, and a hope and belief in the future which appears to compensate them for their disbelief in the present and the past. Mr. Arnold may, roughly speaking, be said to represent the former spirit of cultivated inaction, Mr. Harrison the spirit of feverish activity; and as both begin together and end so very far asunder, the contrast is worth observing and attempting to estimate impartially.

A certain amount of scepticism about the truth of the opinions handed down to us is a necessary consequence of the period at which we live. The world has now got to a stage in its progress from which it is able, thanks to the elevation and formation of the ground, to look back and obtain a bird's-eye view of its past course. An educated man who reads history can scarcely fail to be moved by the retrospect. Mankind seems—always excepting the case of our own selves—to have been advancing slowly from one illusion to another. There has been almost every possible school of philosophy, and in its endeavour to penetrate beyond the surface of the phenomena about it, the mind has gradually worked round in a circle to somewhere very near its starting-point. There has been pretty nearly every conceivable form of government. Men have governed themselves, have been governed by emperors, by kings, by parliaments, by soldiers, by priests, by classes, by individuals, by women, by children, and even by dummies, and politics are still the same unsettled, unscientific, hopeless study that they were two thousand years ago. And the history of religions has been pretty nearly the same. Every day learned men dig up the fossil remains of some extinct form of faith which strangely reminds us of what we have ourselves seen almost in our own day in the world around us. As Mahomet dies out, Brigham Young begins. There are a number of ingenious idiots who still go about insisting that Moses, or some such Biblical hero, is the cause of the similarity between the different things that strike one as similar in the mythologies of different races. Abraham or Moses taught somebody who taught Confucius, they tell us, and somebody who taught Zoroaster, and one of the pre-historic Buddhas came across Moses at the court

of a Pharaoh, and hence it is that the thoughts which occur to one Oriental have happened also to occur to another. But a course of comparative study of the different thoughts of different epochs reduces the mind into a kind of negative creed about all these things, and people soon begin to resign themselves unconsciously to a silent opinion that one opinion may differ from another by being a little more advanced or a little more primitive, but that certainty is to be attained in none. We do not say that this is a true view, or that it is an untrue one, but it is one towards which a good many people drift without being aware of it, simply from the fact that they are born in a critical and historical time. A celebrated Scotch philosopher, in one of his most interesting chapters, analyses all the various explanations that have been given of the freedom of the human will. He arrives at the conclusion that, up to the publication of his work, there have been fifteen. Only one possible solution that can be devised remains; and he adopts it as his own. When one comes to this passage one experiences a singular sensation. The philosopher's new answer to the difficulty may be the right one, but one cannot help remembering that it is the sixteenth. The statesman who has seen half a dozen revolutions or half a dozen Reform Bills ends by thinking that no revolutions and no Reform Bills are of very permanent importance; and the metaphysician who has heard of a score of explanations of the origin of free will ceases to be a devout believer in any. It may not be easy for some who have not gone through the process to throw themselves into the position of those who have, but it is an effort which it is necessary to make if they wish to comprehend the point of view from which questions about life and duty present themselves to sceptical and intellectual minds.

Those who are thus affected by the history of the past naturally desire to discover some sure anchorage for themselves amidst all the uncertainty, and it is here that their path branches off into two opposite directions, along each of which some of them every day may be seen travelling. The first of the two roads is the road leading to the religion of culture. If all strong views are equally illusory, the remedy that occurs to many is to have no strong view about anything at all. This panacea is not at all a new one. The ancient Greeks were as familiar with it as our most modern Grecians. It is the natural refuge and resource of an embarrassed critical age. Men despair of finding any lasting cure or lasting truth with which to minister to the diseased spirit of their times, and they prefer standing aside, and letting other more feverish enthusiasts race on towards a goal which is sure to turn out as much of a mirage as all the other goals towards which men and women hitherto have been racing. The best thing they can devise on their own account is to give themselves up to the cultivation of their own characters, to pass their lives in the pleasant green fields of literature, of poetry, of criticism, and to let the crowd go on jostling each other down the dusty high road. There is a great deal of real enjoyment to be extracted from a life of this description. A man who once makes up his mind that the world is for ever fighting and squabbling over the phantoms of its own imagination, feels a strong temptation to withdraw from the battle, and to bury himself in his own mental avocations. In company with his own thoughts he can live happily, and attain, with a little exertion, to a state of comparative philosophic indifference. Walpole, when he was sick of politics, retired to his roses. The thinker who is weary of metaphysical systems betakes himself to his own intellectual flower-garden, spends his time in improving his mind, in reading what others have written, in guessing, when the humour takes him, at truth; and may be seen, when others are fidgety about a Ministry, or about an Italian crisis, calmly watering his own intellectual cabbages, and lopping off any unnecessary shoots that have taken root among them. Individual culture is his way of escaping from the crucial perplexities of his generation. The reason he does not feel disposed to rush into the medley is a very simple one. Life seems to him very short and very soon over. However much he disturbs himself, it does not appear certain that he can materially improve the aspect of things about him. There will, he says to himself, be always the same credulity in human nature, there will be wars and rumours of wars, opinions will rise and wax and wane, and the race to which he belongs will always be creating some temporary idea first, and knocking it down afterwards. And, after all, his theory of life is not so clearly useless even to his fellow-creatures; and though the interests of his fellow-creatures are possibly an afterthought, still the afterthought is one to which he is by no means indifferent. Men who lead his life do undoubtedly preserve from one generation to another a kind of sacred torch, which does not deserve to be let die out. They remind their contemporaries, in a sort of superior way, of the vanity of all passing fevers. Popular excitement is a thing of a day, but calm and clear thought lives and lasts. This supremacy of intellect and of criticism is worth asserting. And besides this, there are higher and better sentiments which float at intervals across a mind that has devoted itself to such otiose seclusion. Though he seems to be standing still in the middle of a progressive century, the man is not really standing still to himself. He is, to the best of his power, moulding and altering his character, his mental powers, his temper, and his moral sense. And as soon as the stationary philosopher becomes aware that the process of individual development is going on inside him, he easily persuades himself that he has found the real philosopher's stone, and that the quiet and the repose of mind he has acquired is a sort of religion which it is his duty to preach to others. He grows enthu-



æsthetic over the sacred duty of not being enthusiastic at all; and uses a number of pious expressions about it that strike others as exaggerated and fanciful. He considers that in resigning himself to literary cultivation he is practising a species of divine contemplation. Perhaps, if he were forced by a severe cross-examination to explain what he was proposing to contemplate, he would be puzzled to answer. It would appear funny to an unenlightened audience if he were to unbosom himself and to confess that he was contemplating Goethe, or studying French literature. But he does not undergo unnecessarily this self-interrogation. He is aware that Aristotle and other great writers deem contemplation to be the highest form of human happiness, and he contemplates away with the thorough conviction that he is doing what Aristotle would have done. In the pauses of his contemplation of Goethe he can always contemplate the mistakes and delusions of the public, and the more he indulges in this occasional prospect, the more satisfied he feels that, if he is not right, they at least are all wrong. Perhaps even this is putting his case feebly and inadequately. For at least it is evident that self-culture is a moral duty. If a man cannot contribute any nostrum with confidence to the pharmacopœia of the quacks around him, he can do one work that lies before his very eyes, and try to make himself better and wiser. We do not say for a moment that the above is Mr. Arnold's creed; it would probably be an imperfect and unjust account of it. But the line of thought which produces Mr. Arnold produces also the style of character and life we have described. He is not himself perhaps its type, but in a rough way he stands as a very admirable and finished representative of the temper and spirit in question.

On the other hand, another shade of temperament, starting pretty much where the above temperament starts, lands itself before long in a totally dissimilar place and position. In order to follow its journey, we must begin with the same assumption or hypothesis as before, and determine to see with the eyes of people who have made up their minds that the received notions of the past are little better than more or less excellent illusions. Where can any moral resting-place be seen? The story of thought up to the present time has been the story of error, or at all events of imaginations containing a greater or less admixture of noble and valuable elements. One has, it may be said, too distinct an insight into the way in which the moral, philosophical, or theological ideas of mankind grow and are produced, to accept any as of undisputed authority, or to look on any human idea or opinion in any light except that of a mental or spiritual phenomenon. Is there any such thing as a moral or social axiom, and, if so, what is it? Bishop Butler bases much of his philosophy on the undisputed fact that man possesses certain egotistical instincts. In opposition to this view, others prefer to look at man as a social rather than an isolated animal. And one answer which is given to the problem, where to find truth, is that, if anything is true at all, the test of all morality and the golden rule of life is that man ought to try all his actions by the standard of what is best for the interests of the race. Perhaps nothing at all is certain; but if there is such a thing as a moral axiom at all, it is that right or wrong ought to be measured by thinking what most serves the progress and welfare of mankind. There is one difficulty which, at this stage of the argument, cannot but occur to many people who on the whole are not unwilling, putting theology aside, to assent to this proposition as the sole foundation of any possible system of ethics or moral philosophy. The difficulty is how to know what is meant by the welfare of mankind. It may mean one thing, it may mean another. One person will include in it twenty things that another would repudiate, or at all events reject. As we are not professing here to describe the views of Mr. Harrison any more than the views of Mr. Arnold, but simply to explain two phases of thought which account for the existence of men like them, it is unnecessary now to consider the exact answer which Mr. Harrison, believing what he does, would, from his own scientific premisses, give to this question. But one answer given to it by those who believe in action rather than in culture is, that the welfare of mankind is an idea or conception that is always changing and advancing with the world itself. The obvious thing to aim at to-day, in endeavouring to promote the happiness of mankind, may not be the obvious thing to aim at to-morrow. When we reach the table-land of to-morrow we shall get, it may be said, a fresh view about the mountain levels beyond which at present are hidden from us by the inequalities of the ground. The aim of everybody accordingly must be, not to hope to perform the Sisyphean task of rolling the stone up to the very summit of the entire range, but to conquer the difficulties of the day, and get our stone up to the highest eminence within sight. We cannot in our time be sure of forming a perfect ideal of what is absolutely best, any more than those behind us could do so. Future times, in like manner, may be capable of judging of the imperfections of our achievements. There is, therefore, as believers in action would represent, no reason for standing idle because we cannot expect to finish the world's work at one blow. We must build away, and trust that some one will be glad of our foundations, who will come when we are gone to put on the coping-stone. At any rate, they argue, there are certain definite evils to be eradicated. And it is because Mr. Arnold will not lend a hand to the humble operation of uprooting them, that they grow impatient with him, and want to know what he means by all his contemplation. A paragraph from Mr. Harrison's Dialogue happens so completely to illustrate the grounds of their dissatisfaction,

that we may venture to quote it. Arminius, on being told about Mr. Arnold's doctrine of culture, expresses himself as follows:—

"Soul of my namesake!" he burst forth with sad, sad vehemence of manner, "must I hear more? Here are we in this generation, face to face with the passions of fierce men; parties, sects, races glare in each other's eyes; death, sin, cruelty stalk among us, filling their maws with innocence and youth; humanity passes onwards shuddering through the crowd of foul and hungry monsters . . . and over all sits Culture high aloft with a pounnet box to spare her senses aught unpleasant, holding no form of creed, but contemplating all with infinite serenity, sweetly chanting snatches from graceful sages and ecstatic monks, crying out the most pretty shame upon the vulgarity, the provinciality, the impropriety of it all. Most improper!—quotha—most terrible, most maddening! Judge philosophies—but by no fuller philosophy! Social action, without a social faith! Religion, without a doctrine or a creed! A sense of the eternal fitness of things, the eternal judge of all things! Intelligence! curiosity! right reason! Abeldard, Montaigne, say you? Abeldard of Magazines, Common room Montaigne! Doctor subtilissimus! Or Coleridge is it, with his pilfered rays about the reason and the understanding? 'Ideal of perfection,' 'inexhaustible indulgence,' 'intelligent eagerness,' 'passion of doing good!'—he kept on repeating in a menacing tone, which I summoned all my sweetness to endure without laughing.

"Arminius," I said gravely, after waiting till this absurd ebullition was spent (all emotion is absurd to the eye of true taste), "if you think Culture is a simple matter of refinement, or that its principles are formed on æsthetic grounds only, you never were more thoroughly mistaken. . . . It now becomes my duty to tell you that the true and esoteric mission of Culture is this, that 'reason and the will of God prevail!'"

"Culture deals with religion, does it?" he asked carelessly.

"Yes," I said. "As religion is but one sphere of human experience, one side of our manifold activity, Culture turns the light of its guiding beacon calmly in due time upon that."

"And what may be its function in religion?" he asked, still suffering from his last outburst.

"Chiefly in this," I answered, "that it deprecates any strain upon the nervous system. It eliminates from the well-cultured soul all that savours of the zealot. . . . If one says that this or that is true, Culture steps in and points out the grossness of untempered belief. If one says that this or that is untrue, it shows how little edification consists in opening the eyes of the herd. The harmonious, the suave, the well-bred, wait the bright particular being into a peculiar and reserved *parterre* of Paradise, where bloom at once the graces of Pantheism, the simplicities of Deism, the pathos of Catholicism, the romanticism of every cult in every age, when he can sip elegancies and spiritualities from the fountains of every faith."

Between the two schools of thought—for Mr. Arnold belongs to a school, though it may not be a purely English one—there is evidently a wide sea of diversity. That they should judge each other with perfect fairness is not perhaps to be expected. The one produces philosophers and critics full of antipathies against the rougher and coarser movements they see on all sides of them—antipathies which, it is only just to add, are moderated by the sobering influence of education, of refinement, and of observation. The other produces politicians, men who sympathize with human nature in its coarsest grain, and who move the world by moving with it. The one turns out poets; the other, iconoclasts. The spirit of Waller lives in the one, a sort of Cromwellian rage in the other. It is pleasant to think that both have their uses, and that the world would be poorer for the loss of either.

#### THE TWO SWORDS.

THE late meeting of Bishops at Lambeth—so ridiculously called a "Pan-Anglican" Synod—and the attempt to overthrow the temporal sovereignty of the Pope are two events which have happened rather appropriately at the same time. It is not unlikely that the fact that the two movements have been going on together may have impressed itself on theological minds in quite a different way from that in which it strikes us. It is quite possible that some of the Bishops who were gathered together at Lambeth may look on their Roman brother as the Beast or the False Prophet; we cannot fancy that any of them can rate him so low as to set him down as the Little Horn. They may have rejoiced in the distant movement which bids fair to break the power of Antichrist; they may have even dreamed that the nearer movement in which they were themselves concerned gave happy auguries as to the system which should in the end supplant Antichrist. What if Mystic Babylon should be some day led to embrace the system which appeared at Lambeth in so imposing a form, to give up all its abominations and accept the pure *via media*, the genuine "*τὸ μὲν τὸ εἶ*" system, distinct alike from Romanism on the one hand and from Dissent on the other? But such speculations as these are not for us. We have to look at both events as illustrating certain general questions which have distracted the world for ages, and with them we may fairly class a third event, perhaps really the most instructive of the three—the late Declaration of the Roman Catholic Bishops of Ireland. We have already talked about all three separately as events of the day. We now wish to bring them together as helping to illustrate several distinct notions of the relations between the spiritual and temporal powers.

The Two Swords, the Sun and Moon, and the like, used to be the favourite comparisons by which mediæval thinkers loved to illustrate the nature of the two powers which, in the full mediæval theory, were held to be alike ordained of God. The complete theory is hard to understand now, because it turns so much on the mediæval idea of the Empire. In the belief of Dante, God had two Vicars upon earth—one for the government and guidance of men's souls, the other for the government and protection of their bodies and estates. The one was the Roman Pontiff, the other was the Roman Emperor. They presided jointly over a society

which, according to the aspect in which it was looked at, might be called either the Catholic Church or the Roman Empire. The powers of these two great chiefs were co-ordinate; each, in his own sphere, ruled by a divine commission; neither, in feudal phrase, held of the other. With our modern notions of nationality, the idea of a single temporal ruler, superior lord over all Christian kingdoms and commonwealths, seems strange and almost unintelligible. Amongst other things, we are apt to fancy that the universal supremacy of the Emperor implied a much greater interference with the internal government of particular States than, in Dante's idea, it did. As it turned out, the Imperial theory was never at any time fully carried into practice. To say nothing of any other difficulties, the existence of the Eastern Empire and the Eastern Church always remained a standing protest against any claims to universal dominion on the part of the joint potentates of the Old Rome. In point of fact Pope and Cæsar never did pull together as they ought to have done, and in process of time the Empire, fact and name, crumbled away, while the Popedom remains standing. But, while contemplating the history and present position of the Popedom, we should not forget that the vanishing of the Empire has left the great Christian society, in Lysander's phrase, lame and one-eyed. We will not dispute as to which was the Sun and which was the Moon. It is enough that one of the great luminaries of the Dantesque firmament has been put out, and an undue prominence has been thereby given to the one which remains. In the Dantesque theory, though it was possible that either Pope or Emperor might intrude on the functions of the other, it was not possible that either should intrude on the territory of the other or of any one else. The dominion of each, within its own province, was, in the strictest sense, universal.

The temporal sword, the sword that may visit the body and estate of the offender with temporal penalties, was thus placed in the hands of the Emperor by God—Kings, Dukes, Consuls, princes and magistrates of every class throughout the world being subordinate to his supreme power. The spiritual sword, the sword that may smite the soul with spiritual penalties, was in the like sort placed in the hands of the Pope by God—Bishops, Priests, and ecclesiastical officers of all kinds, being in the like sort subordinate to him. The supremacy of both was of course not an arbitrary but a lawful supremacy, to be exercised according to the laws of the Empire and the Church, contained in the twin volumes of the Civil and Canon Law. Now it is clear that the position of the Pope is altogether changed by the loss of his temporal yoke-fellow. He stands altogether by himself. Not only have many Christian nations cast off all connexion with him, but to those who still acknowledge him his relation is completely changed. Instead of one colleague or rival, he has to deal with as many Cæsars as there are independent governments within the range of his action. It may seem that to be thus exempted from all direct rivalry is an advantage, but the position is really a lower one. The civil sword is placed in countless hands, and every one of its bearers has to be dealt with according to his particular position and fancies. Again, it is from the loss of the Empire that the temporal power of the Pope directly follows. Undoubtedly some ambitious Pontiffs would have willingly united the two forms of universal supremacy in their own persons; that is, Christendom, like Islam, would have been made subject to a Caliphate. But this is not what we mean; we mean that the investing the Pope with the temporal dominion of some limited portion of the earth's surface follows, almost as a natural consequence, from the loss of the Empire. In the Dantesque theory the temporal dominion of the Pope had no place. No spot could be found which was beyond the limits of his spiritual authority, but on the other hand no spot could be found which was beyond the limits of the temporal authority of the Emperor. Of those two august correlative powers, neither could be strictly called either the subject or the sovereign of the other. But when the universal authority of the Emperor vanished, even in theory, when "omnes erant Cæsares," and each kingdom or commonwealth did that which was right in its own eyes, the question of temporal dominion altogether changed its nature. The temporal dominion of the Popes, like most other things, grew up gradually, and, like most other things, was not defended by arguments till it was established in fact, and had begun to be attacked by argument. The most reasonable argument in its defence is one which would have been meaningless while Pope and Cæsar stood side by side as co-ordinate powers. This is, that it is desirable that the supreme spiritual power should be impartial and independent among temporal powers, which it cannot be if its holder is a subject or citizen of any particular kingdom or commonwealth. To preserve this impartiality and independence the supreme spiritual power must itself become the temporal power within a certain district. The Pope must become sovereign of a certain territory, and, most obviously, of the city which contains his own episcopal see, and of such an extent of country round that city as to enable him to act independently of all other temporal sovereigns.

It must be allowed that this argument is perfectly good as far as it goes. The objection to it is that it is, at any rate at the present day, outweighed by several stronger arguments the other way. It is an argument conceived with reference to a divided and not to a united Italy. It conceives the Papal dominions to be one of various principalities and commonwealths among which Italy is portioned out. Its nature altogether changes when it is applied to a mere *enclave* in an otherwise united Italian Kingdom. Such a Papal dominion cannot be independent; if it is not practically subject to Italy, it must be

practically subject to some other Power which finds it convenient to support it against Italy. In the present state of Europe, the Papal dominion could not be made really independent except by making it a Power of the first, or, at any rate, of the second magnitude. The difficulty about the Pope being the subject of any particular Power still remains, and the old way of escaping from it has lost its virtue. The two most obvious shifts are to give the Pope an island under a common European guaranty, or, strange as it may sound, to make him the subject of a Protestant Power. A Protestant Power would not have the same temptation to use him for its own ends which a Catholic Power has. There are divers inconveniences about the position of the Patriarch of Constantinople under the Grand Turk, but it is certain that he is more independent in purely spiritual matters than he would be as a subject of Greece or Russia.

But while the Papal dominion lasts, the two swords are, within its limits, united in a manner as distinctly opposed to the principles of Dante as to the principles of modern politics. It must be carefully distinguished from all other cases in which sovereign power, or any degree of temporal power, has been vested in a churchman. In other cases where a priest has been sovereign, the two swords have been, almost incidentally, conjoined in the same hands, but, in the case of the present Papal dominion, the temporal sword is merged in the spiritual. In the case of the German ecclesiastical sovereigns, the most common complaint was that the priest was merged in the prince, that the Elector forgot that he was an Archbishop. But at any rate the government of such a prince, good or bad, was not priestly government on principle. The sovereign was an ecclesiastical personage, but it was not an established doctrine of State that he should act only through ecclesiastical agents. His government was no more necessarily a government of churchmen than the government of a kingdom whose sovereign happens to be a Queen is necessarily a government of women. But the government of the Papal States is essentially priestly government. The laity are a subject caste. The temporal dominion is confessedly an adjunct to bolster up the spiritual dominion, and the government of such a dominion must be bad.

Let us leap from those parts of the world where a faint relic of one side of the mediæval theory still remains to those from which it has vanished altogether. Britain, true to its character of isolation from the rest of the world, was never a devout votary of either Sun or Moon. Our forefathers never paid any tribute to Cæsar, and they paid no more tribute to Peter than they could help. It was the boast of England that her King was Emperor within his own island. And the thought seems sometimes to have floated across the insular mind that, as we had our own Emperor, we ought also to have our own Pope. But with us the tendency has rather been to unite the functions of Emperor and Pope in the same hands. The tendency has taken different forms in different ages. In the old times Church and State were the same body; the King and his Witan were supreme in all matters; they appointed and deposed Bishops; they ordained ecclesiastical as well as temporal laws; they determined what saints the people of England should hold in honour. When the Bishop and the Earl sat together as joint authorities in the same court, it is plain that the question of the two swords had not been raised. The two powers pulled so lovingly together that men hardly found out that they were two powers. The fact was first made manifest when the land came under the rule of strangers. William the Norman and Henry the Angevin were withstood, as no elder King ever had been, by Primates who could protect the English people only by asserting the dominion of a foreign power at a greater distance. As the government founded by the Conquest gradually became national, the gap was healed, and Kings and people fought steadily, side by side, against Roman encroachments. At last came the separation. Henry and Elizabeth claimed a supremacy which in form was hardly greater than had been exercised by the Old-English Kings. The difference was in the spirit in which it was used—in the distinct desire to humble the spiritual power and to repress all possible claim to independence on its part. Then came the Stuart times in which things took another turn, when the royal power was exalted to the highest pitch, but by the process of turning His Most Sacred Majesty into a sort of ecclesiastical person himself. In all these various ways the tendency of England has always been to unite the two swords in the same hands. But all these theories suppose a State in which all the nation is of one mind in religious matters—a State in which loyalty and orthodoxy, rebellion and heresy, are much the same thing. That order of things has passed away, and with it all the elder theories from that of Dante to that of Laud. The late judgments of the Privy Council, the mild Lambeth manifesto, the fierce Irish manifesto, all belong to a time when the whole nation is not of one faith—when, in short, Church and State are no longer two aspects of the same society, when it is in vain to talk about Sun and Moon, when, in the eyes of a large portion of the nation, either the Sun is turned into darkness or else the Moon into blood. Questions about ecclesiastical endowments, about voluntary and established Churches, never troubled either an ancient Witenagemót or a Tudor Parliament. We have hardly yet learned to look them fairly in the face. We will try to show some other day how utterly all the ancient theories are modified, or rather destroyed, by the one all-important fact of the full Civil equality of all creeds.



## MR. LOWE ON HUMAN KNOWLEDGE.

IT has not been generally understood that the Scotch are a confiding nation; but it is remarkable how every one who goes to Edinburgh immediately feels called upon to unbuckle his whole soul. The sweet *abandon* which reigns in the capital of the North is alluring to those who are not accustomed to it; in that gently festive air—in what Renan would call the *douce* *gaucherie* of the place—to be frank and outspoken comes as a matter of course. The Conservative leader there divulged how he educated his party, and winked the wink of mutual understanding. Mr. Lowe told no secrets of office, for, heaven bless him, he had none to tell; but he ran lightly through the various subjects of human learning and speculation, and weighed them all. His standard of comparison is simple. It is, roughly speaking, the same as is employed in horse-racing. You must handicap for age. Things which took place three thousand years ago are less important than those which took place two; and these, again, less important than those of one thousand years back. It is so simple, that it is curious that no one ever thought of it before. In the course of his speech Mr. Lowe contrived to illustrate his canon—and, generally speaking, his preference of the useful to the antique—by reference to the crying shame that, modern as the allusion was, and of so very recent interest, the celebrated comparison of the Cave of Adullam was yet a mystery to the majority of the House of Commons. The reference only shows the generous candour inspired by the Edinburgh air. Here is a gentleman who has apparently been treasuring in his bosom, and concealing from the world around, an opinion that people ought to be educated so as to be all thoroughly acquainted with the details of Hebrew history. If he had only said so before, it would have been eagerly caught up, and the hint might have been most fruitful at many places of education. But he goes down to the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh, and in the contagious frankness of the place the sentiment comes out at once. Then, again, look at Mr. Lowe's views of metaphysics. He believes that the ancients knew no less and no more than we do about metaphysical and moral science—a phrase which implies that neither we nor they know anything; and this conclusion is supported by the circumstance that all the masters of different schools of thought seem to have had different views upon it. He infers generally that metaphysical and moral science is rubbish. By a quaint coincidence—and the charm of great minds is their many-sidedness—he gives his entire adhesion to a scheme of examination of which metaphysics is an integral part, and that, too, metaphysics as taught “in Scotland, Oxford, and other places.” Other people, if they held views upon mental science which have the peculiarity of being self-contradictory, would be close and reticent and niggardly of detailed explanation; or at all events would only develop one view at a time in their speeches; but when Mr. Lowe travels northwards, out it all comes with an unreserve which makes us feel how thoroughly, for once, the speaker felt at home with his auditors. There is no hesitation, no *arrière pensée*. Mr. Lowe thinks that Latin “has a noble literature of its own.” He further thinks that the Latin literature is “inexpressibly inferior” to Greek. He thinks, in the third place, that we have too much of both, and that even the characters of the Greek alphabet are “sure to be forgotten” at the age of thirty. How pleasant it is to come across people sometimes who do not mind saying what they think!

It must be confessed, however, that there is something fatiguing in following Mr. Lowe. It is not every moment at which one feels fully equal to the task of contemplating as a harmonious system of philosophy two logical processes which lead to opposite results. Here is a pair of arguments, both of which were given to the Edinburgh audience, and both of which, most creditably to their strength of mind, were received with sympathizing applause. The French literature, says argument number one, is very fine, and Englishmen gain by studying it; it is also useful and convenient to know French. Now French is a modern language. Therefore it is right to study at least one convenient modern language. So far number one; now let us listen to number two. The Greek literature is very fine indeed, but the Romans, through learning it, were induced to neglect their own language, and so were far inferior to the Greeks, who knew nothing but their own. Now Greek was to a Roman a modern language, and a very convenient one to know for travelling; therefore, it is a loss to know one convenient modern language, and the study ought not to be pressed. In the second of the two arguments we have ventured to supply the minor premiss, which is, however, merely an obvious historical fact. Now both these arguments must have served their purpose, and the Philosophical Institution at Edinburgh seems to have enjoyed them; but for Southerners it is certainly a slight strain to have to admire and believe both at once. It would not matter if there were a day between, just as the public which reads leading journals was able to understand easily one day that Garibaldi was a representative hero, and on the next, that he was a pernicious fanatic; but it is the having the two views put so very close together that creates all the difficulty.

Not to pursue, however, any further the somewhat agile logic of the address, it is worth while to try to understand clearly what the real wishes of Mr. Lowe upon education are. We are speaking for the present of the education of the upper and middle classes; that education which is not primary, and must, until some one can invent a better phrase, be termed secondary. Now,

the necessity for a wide reform in education is very generally admitted. The present system is too narrow, too pedantic, omits many things which demand a place, and persists in some methods, and even in some subjects, which ought by this time to be exploded. The modern languages, history, science, press for entrance, and are even at last beginning to have their claims recognised. So far, then, as Mr. Lowe urges the introduction of them, and disparages the pedantries and the effeminacies with which classics are still overcrowded, he is to be welcomed as a true reformer. Much of what he said was admirable, and the remark that *Æschylus*, if he were to come to life again, would certainly be plucked in his own plays at Oxford, is about as good an epigram as educational discussion has ever turned out. But if Mr. Lowe supposes that he carries weight into the scale of reform by attacking classical literature, so to speak, right and left, he is much mistaken. We cannot perceive throughout the address any indication that he has taken the trouble to represent to himself at all the reasons for which the classics should ever be read by any one. Yet, as viewed by the most reasonable of the supporters of classics, they are simple enough. It is allowed that a man gains much by foreign travel; he sees things from another point of view besides that of his own country, and he can so form, by comparison of different standards, a better judgment on things which come before him. The same is the case with the knowledge of Greek and Roman literature, except that the travel is more distant and the advantage proportionately larger. By seeing how people thought and reasoned two thousand years ago, one becomes, as it were, binocular in mind; subjects start up in relief when viewed from two points so widely different. No better illustration can possibly be given than the one which Mr. Lowe suggested for the purpose of arguing in exactly the opposite direction. We are all now, he says, in favour of representative government; the idea is a modern and popular one, and has complete command over our methods of political judgment. On the other hand, the Greeks and Romans—it is not strictly true of the latter—could conceive of no popular government beyond the limits of a city, and for purposes of imperial administration fell immediately into the vice of *Cæsarism*. Let this be true for the sake of argument. Now, which will be the better able to form a good opinion on a matter of government—the man who understands only one of these ways of contemplating public policy, or the man who is conversant with both? It happens that at present a great many Frenchmen, and a few clever men in England, believe that the principle of *Cæsarism* has been too much neglected, and that it contains the materials for a very perfect political system. Are we more or less able to pronounce upon this view from having studied the working of such a system in the history of Imperial Rome? Last Session a powerful speaker was dwelling on the position of a people which, from one or another cause, drifts away from its free institutions, and is politically ruined. He compared such a condition as it is, in his opinion, now, and as it was two thousand years ago; and he illustrated his position by reference to an antiquarian relic. Did his view gain in strength and clearness, or did it not, from his power of making the comparison? The monument was the lion of Chæronæ, and the speaker was Mr. Lowe.

*Halicarnassus versus Gondar*—such is the way in which Mr. Lowe puts the question. It is more important, he says, to know about the capital of Abyssinia than to know about the capital of Caria. In the interest of educational reform we protest against such a representation of the controversy. Why, of the two, the fact is the other way. The interests which centre round the first place have a more real connexion with us at the present moment, more truly bear upon our present life, than those which invest the second. The civilization and literary culture of *Halicarnassus* was an important fact in European progress; the whole life of Gondar is but a speck on the surface of human history. It can hardly be in seriousness that a powerful thinker puts before the public a criticism almost vulgarly inadequate. At the same time we look in vain in the address for a comparison which will serve us better. Boys are not flogged, he complains, for mistakes about the Christian religion, whereas they are for slips in Pagan mythology. To keep up the time-honoured make-believe—for Mr. Lowe is well aware that boys are no more flogged for mistakes in lessons nowadays than members of Parliament are—what does he want the chastisement to be for, and why for one thing more than for another? If for things modern rather than things ancient, and for things practical rather than things speculative, why does he never take the trouble to point out the limits beyond which antiquity ceases to bear upon modern life, and the mind to gain from busying itself with abstract thought?

It is not, as we said, from any general disagreement with the purport of Mr. Lowe's speech that we find such fault with it. All the subjects which he recommends are thoroughly worth study, and repeated assaults will no doubt at last conquer the citadel in which classics hold their somewhat tyrannous sway. But it is better to let abuses go on as they are than to attack them merely at random. If science and modern studies are only to be introduced by an indiscriminate massacre of ancient history and abstract reasoning, it will be long before we see them take their proper place in education. The truth is, Mr. Lowe felt generally that things were wrong, and did not take the trouble to sort his ideas before he delivered them. One interesting detail upon which his mind seems to have been lately engaged it is hardly right to pass over. He urges the importance of physiology, and the advantage that comes from knowing the posi-

tion of the liver. Later on in the speech he recurs to the same topic. An educated man of the present day, he laments, will not have the slightest idea whether the spleen is on the right side or the left. Educated men, therefore, ought to know it; and it may be inferred that the speaker does. Will some intimate friend of Mr. Lowe, the next time he meets him, ask him what is the true view of the functions of that valuable organ in the animal economy? If Mr. Lowe knows what the spleen is, and what it does, he has the advantage of the scientific men of the present day, for to them it is as yet a mystery.

#### GUY FAUX.

IT would doubtless be impertinent to remind our readers that this is the day of a great national solemnity. Though shorn, by a weak compliance, of some of its fair proportions, the Lord Mayor's Show will still strike an awe into the hearts of true Londoners, and inflame apprentices with the noble ambition of treading in the footsteps of the great Whittington. Yet, amidst the glories of the present, it is to be hoped that our minds will carry us as far back as to Tuesday last—the day of a celebration almost equally dear to patriotic minds. We see it stated that the Fifth of November was this year marked by more than ordinary enthusiasm, and that effigies were carried in triumph in which Garibaldi was represented as striking down the Pope. This was not perhaps a very happy symbol of the actual position of affairs. The fact, however, that the occasion could still produce such a vivid exercise of the imagination is so far gratifying. We must confess to a certain sneaking liking for the Fifth of November. There is much to be said against squibs and shoutings, and indeed against street boys generally. Even the custom of an annual fight in our University towns has been condemned by some stern moralists. For all this, however, and though suffering many things because of yelling injunctions to remember the Fifth of November, we cannot find it in our hearts to condemn the proceeding altogether. As a queer waif and stray from the past, it is not without a certain interest. According to Charles Lamb, the boys in Christ's Hospital used to go about on Easter Day, chanting the pious words,

He is risen, He is risen,  
All the Jews must go to prison.

This unconscious satire upon the logic of Christian persecutors was in its way instructive. The similar assertion that the boys of England see no reason why gunpowder treason should ever be forgot is a highly compressed declaration of the genuine old principles of party warfare. Archbishop Whately said, with great truth, that the doctrine of persecution was summed up in the nursery rhyme which proposes to throw Old Father Longlegs downstairs for the sufficient reason that he wouldn't say his prayers. The lesson thus taught to infants is duly expanded by the time they are old enough to play with gunpowder; they are then indoctrinated in the true method of keeping up their early animosities. The moral inculcated by means of the symbol may be expressed more directly thus. You ought, it says in effect, to take the worst villain on your enemy's side as a fair specimen of the whole party; you should make a hideous caricature even of him; and you should have stated occasions for bringing it out, and lashing yourself to fury by its contemplation, lest by any accident it should slip from your memory. This theory is pretty well understood on all sides, especially in theological controversies, though it seldom finds so quaint an expression. Every clergyman of a controversial turn of mind keeps a whole stud of Guy Fauxes, and brings out one every Sunday, belabours him to his heart's content, and generally concludes by a grand pyrotechnical display of eloquence over his mangled remains. It may be the Pope, or the infidel, or any other legitimate object of dislike that is so treated; but the practice is identical in all cases, and the essential thing is to put up the very ugliest and most weaklimbed of all conceivable scarecrows to represent your antagonist. The burning of Guy Faux is a very happy concrete illustration of this extremely popular amusement. The amount of ill-feeling which can actually relieve itself by this vent is infinitesimal, for we may assume that the boys who carry round this unfortunate dummy know almost as little about the original as Oxford undergraduates know about Du Guesclin. And we may, therefore, with a good conscience look on and admire their frank exposition of the most atrocious creed of party warfare. Let us, they say in substance, always remember every good party cry—always shout Waterloo when we meet a Frenchman, and propose the toast of a bloody end to the Pope when we are at dinner with Dr. Manning.

The theory of Guy Fauxes may be extended considerably further. It is useful in the case considered because it preserves in a ludicrous form some of the curious weapons of ancient warfare. We look at a Guy Faux as we might look at a sling in a boy's hand; it was formerly used by armies in serious battle, and is now become a plaything for children. But there are other antiquated pieces of lumber that are still brought out in procession to excite a similar mixture of amusement and annoyance. There are even Guy Fauxes who singularly enough insist upon trotting themselves out for the amusement of the populace. When we ask what is the difference between the Lord Mayor on the 9th and Guy Faux on the 5th of November, it is no conundrum, but a matter for serious investigation. Guy Faux has the advantage of not being endowed with sensibility, and is therefore

happily unconscious of the impression which he makes upon reasonable human beings. Guy Faux does not, except in such exceptional places as Exeter, create a hundredth part of the interruption to business, and of the annoyance to peaceable citizens, caused by his living rival. Guy Faux, moreover, is burnt, and put completely on one side for 364 days in the year—a circumstance, however, which we do not venture to reckon on either side of the account. Without pursuing a very obvious parallel, it is enough to say that the resemblance is as striking as the contrast; though it would seem unjustifiable to inflict upon a highly respectable magistrate of our chief city a humiliation which is not inappropriate to the effigy of a defunct traitor. The Lord Mayor, as we all know, does not occupy so splendid a position as formerly; he is not all that French fancy paints him; and his office is not generally coveted by the most distinguished men in the country. But that is no reason for deliberately making him ridiculous; for exposing him to the chaff of mites of street-boys, and the sneers of his fellow-citizens. The pillory was a barbarous and degrading form of punishment, especially if the mob did not happen to be on the side of the criminal; but a pillory concealed under the cruel mockery of a solemn procession, and one in which the mob is certain to be against you, is too cruel for any ordinary offender. It is true the mob can't throw stones and dirt, but it is also obviously impossible that a London crowd should regard a Lord Mayor as anything but a very elaborate joke got up for their amusement, and for the express benefit of Mr. Fagin's pupils. By way of adding point to this cruel facetiousness, the unhappy man is made the subject of a bit of eloquence from the distinguished barrister who occupies the office of Recorder. He might by some strange effort of voluntary self-deception have convinced himself that his robes and his state-carriage and his men in armour had more or less imposed even upon the assembled masses of Cockneydom; but this delusion, if possible, is ruthlessly torn away. No human thickness of perception can possibly conceal from him the fact that the judicial eloquence expended upon him is a very thin covering indeed for sarcasm. Long practice probably enables the legal dignitaries to get through their task without openly laughing; but if Mr. Russell Gurney contrives to do his annual duty so as to persuade his audience that they are listening to a solemn *bonâ fide* panegyric, we should say that Mr. Gurney must be one of the greatest orators in ancient or modern times. It is difficult to be truly eloquent when you have a toothache, or are suffering from sea-sickness or the gout; but the pangs of a suppressed sense of the ridiculous are an even more effectual damper upon a full flow of rhetoric. And the man who is forced to bear the infliction of these various annoyances has done nothing criminal, and will be called upon to sit in judgment and to entertain Cabinet Ministers. The only parallel of which we can think is to be found in a custom of certain negro tribes. When they have elected a king, it is said, they bring him into the village, and all the inhabitants turn out and offer him every insult that the negro mind can invent. The next day he will be able to do with them what he pleases; but meanwhile they take a childish pleasure in running up, as it were, a little score on their own side of the account to begin with. It seems possible that some of the instincts of the savage may still survive in the breasts of Common Councilmen—a theory which seems to be confirmed by the fact that at the Guildhall Feast the rest of the guests insist on being separated from them by an iron railing; and this apparently perverse mode of exposing their chief magistrate to the ridicule of the streets of London may in that case be partly explained. The Lord Mayor has a right to our sincere commiseration, and the more so, in the present instance, as he seems to have extorted from his supporters some partial alleviation of his sufferings. He has got rid of some of the most ludicrous accompaniments of his pageants, and is allowed, as it were, to run the gauntlet, instead of being compelled to walk it. Let us hope that this may be a step towards the total abolition of the ceremony; or, if that is too violent a change, to some economy in the public annoyance—as, for example, the procession might be handed over to Guy Faux, and the Lord Mayor left at home.

It is the fashion just now to twist everything that occurs into an illustration of the probable effects of the Reform Bill, and we have no objection to comply with the prevailing custom. Orators from the Ministerial benches have taken great pains to express their belief in the conservative tendencies of working-men. For the most part they have been content to rely upon a round statement that such tendencies exist, without seeking to produce any corroborative facts. It is strange that they should have overlooked the illustration of which we make them a present. Here are a couple of customs from which all meaning has evaporated for many years past. A philosopher may put up with the burning of Guy Faux because, on the whole, it makes little interruption; and it is one of the quaint sights whose disappearance we occasionally miss. Still it is scarcely conceivable that sane persons should take part in it, or that its proposed suspension in the city of Exeter should lead to actual riots. The Lord Mayor's procession is equally ridiculous, and a very much greater annoyance. Every rational being on the line of route would be delighted to suppress it instantaneously. Yet it is with great difficulty that we have got the better even of the men in armour. And somehow these two exhibitions drag on a miserable existence for years, to the annoyance of everybody concerned, simply by reason of the intensely conservative propensities of the British lower orders. You may laugh at the ceremonies,



you may prove them to be ridiculous nuisances, but if you lay a rash hand upon them you arouse every conservative bristle of the classes concerned. Talk of danger of rash innovations from such persons! a conservative orator might exclaim; a people that sticks to its Guy Fauxes will never give up its Bench of Bishops—an argument, as he would have carefully to explain, of the *à fortiori* nature, and therefore implying anything but a similarity of the two institutions. A man who would preserve even the rats and mice would, of course, object to a rash alteration of the old house.

#### THE REFORM LEAGUE AND THE FENIANS.

A ugly combination of influences seems to have set in against the Reform League in general, and its President and Council in particular. The Oriental superstition of the Evil Eye has prevailed, and too much success has been fatal. After an impotent and incoherent attempt to establish a new Reform Club, an experienced and enterprising promoter has brought his action against Mr. Beales and Colonel Dickson for services rendered in piping where no children could be found to dance. The Leaguers do not seem to be thought clubbable men, and, judging from the anarchy which prevails in their public proceedings, a private reunion under Mr. Beales and his colleagues was not a very promising offer of social harmony. A week or two ago we announced the distinct and official adoption of Fenianism by the more prominent Leaguers, and, to do the party of advanced action only justice, we must say that the reasonable nonsense of Lucraft and his associates was only met by the party in general with a burst of indignant execration. To use the language of the *Debate*, "the League has been destroyed by the Council; and the deed could not have been more effectually and quickly done had the actors in the drama been paid for their services. This is not merely the cry of the Tory papers, or of the organ of snobism—the *Telegraph*—but that of all classes, and of men of all opinions. . . . The public will require an outspoken disavowal by the President of the proceedings of the Council; they will require a direct resolution to be adopted by the Council condemnatory of the proceedings of the 23rd of October, and a rescinding of the resolutions then adopted. . . . If that is done, we are of opinion that, as far as any real compactness is concerned, the Reform League might as well dissolve at once." As neither this nor anything like this has been done, the conclusion follows that, in the judgment even of Mr. Potter, the League has ruined itself for ever.

Now precisely what the advocates of the League have suggested, as the only honest course to adopt, is the course which the League has not taken. Mr. Beales, the President, instead of persisting in his mainly language against Fenianism, has gone far to eat his patriotism. A single relapse into propriety was too much for him. He is quite astonished that he should so far have been mistaken by his colleagues as to be supposed to have been guilty of "a denunciation of Fenianism." So to understand his letter was "wholly to misinterpret its spirit and object." He never intended "one word of denunciation of the motives, or depreciation of the patriotism, of the Fenians." He only thought that assassination would not in this instance succeed. He is careful to say that "to oppose misgovernment by arms may be a sacred duty," and that "to the arbitrament of civil war recourse may be had" in the last resort. That is to say, between himself and Fenianism there is no shadow of difference as far as principle is concerned; it is a mere question of expediency and policy. The O'Donoghue is even more explicit. He cannot trust himself to say "how he was gratified by the discussion in the League Council," that is, by the seditious language of Lucraft and Cooper and Odger. "The general tone of the discussion has greatly increased the O'Donoghue's confidence in the League." He interprets it to mean that the reckless zeal of Irishmen to appeal to physical force "cannot in reason be pronounced to be unwarrantable." He seems to distinguish between private murder and civil war; but, although he will not countenance assassination, he advocates rebellion. We may as well contrast with this seditious trash the language which was used by the counsel for the Fenian murderers at Manchester. "Of all the curses with which Ireland has been afflicted," said Mr. Digby Seymour, "this crime is the blackest and the worst. It is a cross between Irish discontent and Yankee rowdiness. There is not a politician of any standing who has not denounced it, not a capitalist who is not afraid of it, not an altar which has not cursed it." This is seen, at any rate, by Mr. Baxter Langley and Mr. Richardson, who have ceased to be members of the League Council. Mr. Thomas Hughes has tardily cancelled his commission as Vice-President. All that is decent in the League, to use Mr. Langley's words, must now discover that "the inference from the resolution passed by the Council of the League is an approval of a physical force revolution as the true remedy for Irish grievances."

In the face of all this reclamation, what has the League done? At their meeting of the 30th of October a resolution was moved that the Council of the League never did countenance private assassination or secret organizations for political purposes. To which an amendment was brought forward that "the Council saw no reason to disclaim treasonable motives." In the course of the discussion on these resolutions the plain-spoken Lucraft whimpered "that he had never said that he was an advocate for physical force"; but as he was reminded by his candid friend Mantle, "he (Lucraft) had a singular way of saying things that other people

understood in an opposite sense to that in which he meant it." This suggestion that the Leaguers cultivate the doctrine of a non-natural sense perhaps would apply to Mantle himself, as it certainly does to President Beales. It is their misfortune to have to use words, and words are unlikeliest, with the rest of the world, signs of ideas; and the whole press has obstinately refused to understand how it can come to pass that the League approves of Fenianism, and does not mean to approve of that which alone makes Fenianism to be what it is. Fenianism has done nothing yet but organize rebellion, rescue prisoners from the law, plan nocturnal ravages, and murder the police. Without these things Fenianism is not, and therefore to distinguish between them and an abstract Fenianism which is neither rebellion nor murder is just as absurd as to adopt the Heptarchy or Mormonism. At this interesting point, when the only difference among the Leaguers was to how insignificant an extent they could retract their original resolution, the Council adjourned; and after two days' meditation—we will not say deliberation—they came to a final deliverance.

On Friday evening the debate, if a noisy wrangle may be dignified with such a title, was resumed. The press was indignantly rebuked for daring to understand that sympathy with Fenianism meant at least an indirect approval of rebellion and murder; and a Mr. Finlen was found to out-Lucraft Lucraft in his own peculiar line. This Finlen said "that until he had read the remarks made by Cooper, Lucraft, and Odger, he did not believe that the Council was composed of such pure and bright metal." "For his part he would repeat, Let Fenianism go on and prosper"; and another speaker, though he was not for assassination, could not help remarking "that Brutus the assassin was an honourable man." After a violent and stormy sitting the milder policy was adopted, and "sympathy with assassination or secret organizations for political purposes" was repudiated. We shall probably be told that this is all that can be expected—that the League has set itself straight, and that it has separated itself from Fenianism and retrieved the little mistake made a fortnight ago. We venture to remark that the League has done no such thing; and, as Mr. Potter says, much more is required of them than this. Their resolution of the 23rd of October has not been rescinded, and at this very moment the League is committed to the proceedings of that day. And further, they must disavow the treasonable language of Lucraft and Cooper, Odger and Finlen; so long as these people remain on the Council the League is infected. The Executive must be purged at least of those who, not in the heat of talk, but deliberately, repeat the offensive and extravagant seditious of which they have been guilty. But it is superfluous to treat this matter so seriously. Their ignorant, frothy, noisy screams are only worth a moment's notice as showing the contemptible character of the instruments of mischief. Very likely they mean nothing, as they can scarcely do till they know the value of words. It is of course very well for Mr. Disraeli to salute them as nincompoops, which they are, *non composes mentis*, to the full extent of the phrase. But in spite of all this we should not, and we may as well admit the fact, be where we are but for these nincompoops. For good or for evil these men have influenced very materially the future of this great country. They have extracted from Earl Derby and Mr. Disraeli the bosom secret which for ten years they hugged in silence. They have transferred political power from the middle-classes, and they have "dished the Whigs." And they have done something else. By their triumph in Hyde Park they have taught their faithful allies, the roughs, a lesson which is bearing its fruits every day, and in every town in the kingdom. The authority of the civil magistrate is now openly challenged by the dangerous classes as defiantly, and for the immediate purpose as effectually, in Exeter, as in Mr. Walpole's office. And though, under pressure, the League has in a way disavowed Fenianism, yet Fenianism knows very well that in the conduct and success of the League it has its chief strength. We hear one day of troops marched to Liverpool in consequence of a supposed outbreak of Fenianism; the next day we are told that Dublin is not safe except under strong military protection. Justice itself can only be administered in our chief cities when its seat is surrounded by an armed force. The League had a work to do—to inaugurate, as they say, a Reign of Terror; and we are living under it.

As we have had frequent occasion, in connexion with the Council of the League, to mention the name of a man called Lucraft, we may take this opportunity of mentioning a very strange piece of information which has reached us. It will scarcely be necessary to remark that, in the proceedings of the League, Lucraft's name has been very prominent; and he took upon himself to be the first and the noisiest to advocate Fenianism, on the especial ground that it appealed to physical force. Among the most turbulent and seditious of the shabby demagogues of the League Lucraft has been most conspicuous. He boasts himself to have been an agitator for twenty years; some years ago he might have been employed as a journeyman in a very obscure way, but now it seems that his only trade is sedition, or rather revolution. Another man named Conolly, a mason if we remember rightly, has also been very forward in speech and sedition; he as well as Lucraft is a member of the Executive Committee of the League Council. Some time ago, the Council of the Society of Arts, among many of its crazes, collected funds for the purpose of sending representatives of the various trades to the Paris Exhibition, in order that they might gain useful information of the progress of industry among foreigners. This scheme was only an instance of the fashionable *enliven* or petting of the working-man, but it was so far plausible or pretentious that the Fund got together was large. The Prince

of Wales was induced to give 50*l.*, and the Government was cajoled into a subscription, or grant of 500*l.* It is reported, and we believe that there can be little doubt of the fact, that these two men, Lucraft and Conolly, were selected for this purpose; and that we, the English taxpayers, have had the honour of bearing the expenses of these two distinguished working-men—workers, that is, in sedition, and representatives, if of anything, only of mob violence and turbulent agitation—for a trip to Paris. If this be so, we should like to know who selected Lucraft and Conolly; and whether any understanding was taken, in any way, that these men should earn their subsidy; and further, if there was any understanding that the inquiries made at Paris by these eminent craftsmen should be embodied in any Report; if so, whether that Report has been received; and if such is the case, whether it is accessible, and will be made public? It is quite possible that it may be asserted that the Society of Arts is not responsible for the honour and confidence reposed in Lucraft and Conolly, and that this part of the job may have been entrusted to nobody knows who; but the Society of Arts is responsible to the subscribers to the Special Fund, and to its own members, for the purposes to which that fund has been devoted, or rather, as it would seem, scandalously misapplied. Some account of this incident the Society of Arts is called upon to render to the public; especially if, as we hear, the matter has already caused some very necessary, but not pleasant, proceedings on the part of its own members.

#### THE RAILWAYS OF EASTERN EUROPE.

FROM Dantzic on the Baltic to Trieste on the Adriatic, a diagonal line, almost perfectly straight, might be drawn on the railway map of Europe dividing the body of the Continent into two distinct parts. The line would run north-north-east and south-south-west; almost, in fact, due north and south. West of it would appear a perfect maze of railways, while east of it the lines that exist are widely apart, and there is hardly anything that can be called a network. There is, indeed, one nucleus of lines in Upper Silesia, and eastward from Vienna one or two lines proceed in a scattered manner, but more or less connected with each other, down the valley of the Danube; but, speaking generally, we see only vast empty regions, penetrated here and there by an adventurous branch vainly looking for some connexion to fit it into a general system. The diagonal line we have described would itself be cut at only five different points by trunk roads projecting from the Western European network into the waste beyond. The most northerly intersection of all is the line from Berlin to Warsaw, as yet the sole railway link between Western Europe and Northern Russia, Southern Russia being still wholly disconnected. South of that is the Silesian line of Prussia, continued far eastward into Galicia under Austrian direction, but not quite reaching to Southern Russia. Still more to the south is the line connecting Bohemia with Vienna and the railways running eastward from that capital; then the line between Vienna and Bavaria, and last of all, the lines connecting Vienna with Italy. Western Europe has no other railway roads into the East, and, but for a single and roundabout transverse connexion between Vienna and Warsaw immediately east of our imaginary line, all these various routes to the East are disconnected. It is important, however, to note that this deficiency of communication, this absence of a network, is not likely to be of long continuance, and the supply of the defect promises many changes in a military and commercial aspect; in short, it is likely to produce a thorough revolution in the material condition of the countries in question. It is not going too far to say that in five years' time entirely new possibilities of attack and defence will have been provided for the States of Eastern Europe, while new channels of commerce will have been opened up, into which may be diverted, besides the new trade to be created, a good deal of the business of the Continent which has hitherto followed more circuitous roads.

The works that are going on provide for three different objects. First of all is the completion of the internal communications of Russia. We described these so fully in a former article (January 5, 1867) that for the present we need only say the work is going on, and that probably in five years from this time Russia will have an internal network of some kind, linking together the north and the south, the Volga and the Black Sea with the Baltic, the southern and western frontiers with the principal stations of the Russian army. The other two objects now being served are still more important in a European view, part of their importance, however, being derived from their connexion with the internal system of Russia. The one object is to connect the Southern Russian system directly with Western Europe; the other to connect the Black Sea ports with the ports of Western Europe in the Atlantic and German Oceans. These two objects are intimately connected, for one or more of the trunk-lines from Western Europe will have their terminus at the Russian port of Odessa; but they are separated in some respects, as other Black Sea ports besides Odessa will be served by the new railways, and commerce much more extensive than that of Russia will be vitally affected. The military aspects of the lines serving these different commercial ends will also be unlike.

By lines now in progress, then, the railway system of Southern Russia will be joined to that of the rest of Europe in three or four different ways. First in order, as the most advanced, comes the line from Dunaburg by Witepsk to Orel, opened

between Dunaburg and Witepsk since the appearance of our former article, and rapidly in progress for the remainder of the distance. It will be remembered that Orel is one of the most important junctions in the internal railway system of Russia, the place where two or three lines branch off to the south, and the meeting-point of the lines from Moscow and Dunaburg. As soon as the Dunaburg line is opened, there will only remain the lines in the south to be finished to accomplish the main purposes of the Russian trunk lines. Already the unfinished interval on the main line to Odessa is reduced to little more than the distance between Koursk and Kiev, for it may be admitted that practically the Odessa-Kiev line is finished, although it will not be available for traffic this season, as had been too sanguinely anticipated. The next project in order, the junction between the Kiev line and the railway system of Austria at Lemberg in Galicia, is a good deal less advanced. The whole length of the branch is little more than 300 miles—one-third in Austrian, the remainder in Russian territory; but while the Russians are executing the preliminary works from Kiev to Volostchisk in expectation of a line from Lemberg by Tarnopol, the Austrians are surveying a line in the somewhat eccentric direction of Brody, north-east of Volostchisk, and totally unavailable for "making connexions" with Russian trains. It is likely, however, that where so short a link remains to be finished, commercial necessities will make themselves felt, and Austria will appreciate the importance of making its Galician lines part of the trunk railway between Germany and Odessa. It will be annoying as well as ludicrous if, in a few years hence, the hundred miles or so between Lemberg and Volostchisk continue untraversed, forming an impassable though narrow gulf, severing Southern Russia and the Black Sea from the rest of Europe. Attention has lately been called to yet another scheme, which however is only a scheme, though it may not long remain such, as the Austro-Hungarian Government has granted a concession which is being actively promoted. This is the Kaschau-Oderberg junction, a comparatively short link by which the railways of Hungary, whose most northerly terminus at present is Kaschau, will be joined directly to the Prussian lines at Oderberg, on the Silesian frontier. According to the promoters, one of the special advantages of this link will be its forming part of the trunk line of the future from Hamburg to Odessa. The Hungarian lines are to be carried eastward through Transylvania and Moldavia to the Odessa-Tiraspol line; but it does not seem probable that this trunk-line can be in existence as soon as its competitor through Galicia and Southern Russia, where so little remains to be done. Nor will it be so effective as a link between Russian and other European railways, the connexion through Galicia being for them the most direct, although it may be the most important with reference to Odessa. Thus, with some certainty in two, and probably in three, different ways, Southern Russia will be placed during the next five years in railway communication with the trading centres of the West.

The importance of such communication to the West as well as to Russia can hardly be exaggerated. The south of Russia is the richest and most fertile part of the Empire, and the gain to travellers when they can reach Western Europe without a long détour by Moscow and St. Petersburg will be enormous. German manufactures will also have better access to the Southern Russian markets than they at present have across the Polish frontier, and even from England light goods of all descriptions will reach these markets most effectively and speedily by the same route. It is just possible also that, as the American railways are largely used for the conveyance of wheat, the South of Russia as well as Hungary will employ railways for transporting its harvests direct to the West. This channel at least will be open in the event of a sudden rise in price, and no one need be told how much our prices will be affected by the possibility of fresh Russian supplies at a week's notice. While these are the commercial prospects, the military advantages to Russia, Austria, and Prussia appear to be nearly balanced. Russia no doubt appears to be the greatest gainer, as she will be able to move armies to points where they would otherwise have been destitute of easy communication with their base; but this result will be due to internal changes in Russia, and not to the junction with other systems. So far as Prussia is concerned, Russia will still have no other road than the Warsaw line, only connected in the most circuitous manner with the stations of the army in the south; while as to Austria, she will get nothing more than a good road straight from Kiev into Galicia. Austria, however, will have good interior lines for defending all but Galicia; and even the road into that province, straight from Kiev, which Russia will soon possess, will be threatened in time by one Hungarian line which has been projected, from the terminus of which Lemberg may be reached without any great difficulty. The circumstances will be different when Russia takes up earnestly, as she threatens to do, the direct line between Warsaw and Moscow, as yet untouched, except for a short distance between Warsaw and the valley of the Bug. Galicia will then be accessible by an easy road, which Austria cannot threaten, and the position of Prussia in a quarrel with the northern Colossus will also be deeply affected. Warsaw will then be, even more than it is, a pistol held by Russia at the head of Germany and Austria—a stronghold in their midst, from which the disciplined hordes of the Czar may securely issue at will. As yet, however, this military line has hardly been surveyed, much less taken in hand.



The lines from Lemberg to Kiev, and from Oderberg to Odessa, will be useful not only as links between Southern Russia and Western Europe, but still more as joining a Black Sea port with the ports of the West. But they are not all the connections of this sort in progress. One has only to look at a railway map to see how obvious it is that other improvements must be carried out. The terminus of the Galician lines, whose connexion with the Russian system at Lemberg is being taken in hand, is Tchernovitz in Moldavia, between which point and a line already in course of construction from Odessa, a much shorter interval remains to be filled up than that between Lemberg and Kiev. We refer to the Odessa-Tiraspol line in Bessarabia, in course of prolongation to Kichinef, from which to Tchernovitz is a distance of about 150 miles. It rests with the Government of the Principalities to make this link, already suggested by the contractors of the line between Lemberg and Tchernovitz. As in the case of the interval between Lemberg and Volostchik, commercial necessities appear to promise that this narrow gulf cannot long remain unbridged. The Government of the Principalities, however, unmindful of the opportunity, has favoured more a trunk line from Tchernovitz to Bucharest, to be prolonged to Giurgevo, which will place not only Giurgevo but Galatz in the same position as Odessa is at present. More than this, Rutchuk, on the opposite bank of the Danube from Giurgevo, is already in communication with Varna by railway, so that Varna will also be linked by this projected trunk line through the Principalities with the West of Europe. This last result will be secured even more effectively by a further extension of the Austrian lines down the valley of the Danube, the distance between the eastern terminus of these lines and Rutchuk being less than that from Tchernovitz to the latter point. Were there any prospect of Servian lines being actively prosecuted, they would serve as a parallel to the latter extension on the opposite bank of the Danube; but the Servian lines, like the projects peculiar to Turkey as well as its independent Principalities, appear hardly worth any notice. Brilliant as are some of the Turkish projects, for which even concessions have been obtained, it seems quite unsafe to reckon on them till ground is actually broken. Without them, however, enough is in course of accomplishment to make it probable that within about five years—at least in less than ten—Varna, Galatz, and Odessa will all be in communication with the entire West of Europe. This means, for commercial purposes, that they will soon be almost as near London as Brindisi has been made by the opening of the Mont Cenis railway. In other words, the Black Sea, which has hitherto been so distant practically, compared with its distance as the crow flies, from English commercial centres, will be brought comparatively near to us. We shall thenceforth take a closer interest in the commerce of the region, which will be like a new world opened up to our industry and enterprise.

The main result, apart from mere trade expansion, will be the formation of closer bonds between Asia and Western Europe. At the utmost, the whole country bordering on the Black Sea will be little more than five or six days' journey from London. Places like Erzeroum and Trebizond, which sound so distant, which are more familiar to readers of half-fabulous history than to the work-a-day world of the present, will become vivid realities. The whole of Asia Minor will, indeed, be doubly accessible, and the progress of commerce in unlocking the resources of the land, stagnant for generations but already beginning to revive, will be quickened manifold. The fitful attempts at railway and road-making into the interior will be superseded by systematic endeavours, the effete Turkish administration yielding somehow to the urgent necessities of the time and the eagerness of the commercial world. Even in making the Syrian deserts and green mountain ranges almost as accessible to tourists as the Alps, the change will have contributed to the creation of a new Eastern world. The Mahomedanism of Asia Minor will be assaulted in its recesses by the civilization of the West; nor will the influence of the change be confined to Asia Minor. Probably almost as soon as the Black Sea is united to the German Ocean, the Russians will have finished the line from Poti to their Transcaucasian capital, Tiflis, which will thus become as exposed to Western influences as the Russian capitals themselves. Tiflis—which is held so distant that almost any report, however fabulous, which reaches us thence, seems as probable as the truth, all being so remote—will then be within a week's easy journey from our own shores, nearer than New York, almost as near as Lisbon and Gibraltar. In a less degree, Persia will be affected by the changes which influence Transcaucasian Russia. Tabriz and Teheran will be drawn with redoubled force into the currents of trade, instead of lying outside in a world of their own; and when once, as will likely be the case very soon, the Transcaucasian line is prolonged to the Caspian, the whole of North-Western Persia, as well as Tabriz and Teheran, will directly participate in the change. Teheran itself will then be within a week's journey from London. Thus Persia, like Asia Minor, will be sucked into the whirlpool of European ideas and customs, and exposed to the revolutionary influences which are already wonderfully acting on European Mahomedanism. It is impossible to suppose that Mahomedan communities, organized as they are, can survive in the fierce struggle for existence raging around.

The changes to be effected by the completion of railways in Eastern Europe are therefore of sufficient magnitude to justify some attempt to familiarize ourselves beforehand with the new aspect of things. There may be another result which will affect the interests of England more closely. By these lines we may be assisted to a quicker route to India than any which has yet appeared

feasible; and that within a few years, if only we take time by the forelock, and complete elsewhere the works necessary to secure the result. While Europe is thus changing, India is also being transformed; and the event which will place Tiflis, or say the southern shore of the Caspian, within an eight days' journey of England will be contemporaneous with the extension of railways from one end to the other of the Indian peninsula, from Kurrachee to Madras, from Darjeeling to Beypore. The effect will be that, by taking instantly in hand a line of railway from the Caspian to the Indus valley, following the present route of commerce by Meshed, Herat, and Candahar, we should in five or six years' time from this have a through railway from London to India, uniting London with every town in India to which the railway extends. The railway journey would indeed be broken by the Channel, the Black Sea, and the Caspian; but the sum of the voyages bridging over these intervals would not be more than three days, while the actual journey by rail from London to the Indian frontier would be accomplished, at a very slow rate of travelling, in seven or eight days. The total journey would thus be ten or eleven days between London and the Indus. Of course, at the Indus a day or two's more journeying would be necessary, in the case of most travellers to India, to take them to their respective destinations; but even with this addition the saving in time would be obviously enormous compared with the present route. The special advantage of the scheme suggested is that for about the same cost it would accomplish much more than the schemes hitherto talked of, such as the Euphrates Valley railway, which would involve works of nearly equal magnitude. Even with a Euphrates Valley line in operation, the traveller between India and England would still have long voyages in the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf. Other recommendations in favour of the project are the utility of the line for the local traffic of Persia, and the abundance of coal at one portion of the route, where the Elburz range of hills in Persian Khorassan is crossed, from which even the Indian railways might be supplied. The subject is at least deserving the attention of speculators. No doubt the Euphrates Valley line is preferable as a road for transporting troops between England and India, but there is no reason why both projects should not be prosecuted simultaneously. The moral influence of a railway by the route proposed would be great, and apart from the commercial gain would outweigh the disadvantages of its passing exclusively through foreign territory. The influence of the Indian Empire over Persia and Asia Minor would be mightily increased. It may be said that possibly the whole tract of the route in Galicia and the Principalities may fall into Russian hands, as it will certainly be coveted by Russia. But such a contingency, though possible, is not at all probable, and its improbability will be heightened by the continuation of the lines through to India. Western Europe, especially Germany, which, in the language we have used, must be included in Western Europe, will always have a strong interest in preserving the freedom of the routes to the Black Sea, henceforth to become so important; and the interests in that direction must be strengthened by any circumstance, such as the use of the lines for through transit to India, which will increase their importance. Russia may covet the mouths of the Danube, but her ambition will be opposed by a combination which she is not likely to overcome for many scores of years in the future. The railways which will make the region important will also secure its defence. If Russia in a few years can move her legions to the banks of the Pruth by easy railway journeys, the Austrian Empire, on the other hand, or any Danubian Federation which may displace it, will command similar resources, and, in conjunction with allies having the same interests with itself, would be in a position to pour in masses of men with which even Russia could not venture to compete.

#### COMPLIMENTARY DINNERS.

THREE complimentary dinners within as many days seem to show that the era of silver teapots has passed away, to be succeeded by an era of banquets and toasts. Ten years since, the departure of Dr. Macleod for India would assuredly have been commemorated by a teapot; and Mr. Trollope's family would have been presented with a full-length portrait in oils of its eminent chief; while Mr. Dickens might have had as many silver services and portraits as his sideboards and his walls could contain. All this has changed. To nobody above the lowly rank of a curate is a teapot ever presented in our day. But the spirit of combined fussiness and reverence manifests itself in other forms, on the undeniable practical principle of Satan always finding some mischief for idle hands to do. The eminent man may escape his teapot, but he cannot hope to miss the complimentary banquet. Indeed, to go a long way from home, either to the extreme East or to the extreme West, must in time grow to be an indirect test of a man's position. No man may be called illustrious until he has gone either to India, like Dr. Macleod, or to America, like Mr. Dickens, and thus stimulated his friends to give him a dinner. The thirst for glory will be measured by his hunger for a banquet in Great Queen Street. The Freemasons' Tavern is rapidly becoming the only genuine Temple of Fame. Banquets to successful *litterateurs* are coming as thick as blackberries, and they possess a great many peculiar advantages over the old way of testifying respect and admiration. They are cheaper, to begin with. Nobody gives more than his neighbour, and men who would have felt bound to put down their ten or

twenty pound note for a teapot, or a purse, or a portrait, can now win equal renown at the more moderate cost of one guinea. Then, again, you do not altogether lose sight even of this small sum. Plate is unsocial. The subscribers cannot get any personal fun and enjoyment out of the teapot. The hero of the hour carries it away in a bag of green-baize, and for the persons who have paid for it this is an end of the transaction. A dinner, on the contrary, is thoroughly and emphatically social. We give our divine or novelist a dinner, but then in this very act we also invite ourselves to help him to eat it. In giving him a dinner we give ourselves one at the same time; and as there are many persons who really like taking their food in the glare of a thousand jets of gas, amid a dreadful din and bustle and hubbub, this is somewhat of an argument for them at least. Other persons, or perhaps the same persons, are also cast in so mysterious a mould as to be willing to endure an endless quantity of speech-making from others, on the bare hazard of getting a chance of making a speech of their own. In the old teapot scheme there was no room for gratifying more than one man with a taste for oratory, or at most two. The astounding institution of a score of toasts had no place in one of those more primitive ceremonials. Hence there were a score fewer speeches to be made, and perhaps three or four score more of disappointed men. It is true that against this must be set the fact that the majority of men, who know by painful experience the stammering imbecility and fatuousness of nine English speakers out of ten, have a strong interest in suppressing oratory. But these are the silent and peaceful many, here as ever led by the blatant and fussy few, who divide the speechifying among themselves, and fondly believe that their victims like and admire it. They are not wholly wrong. Wherever two or three Englishmen are gathered together, under any shadow of formal pretext, there is sure to be a certain feeling that the proceedings would be imperfect without a measure of solemn oratorical shuffling and mumbling. It is possible that there were some people present at the dinner to Mr. Dickens who would have felt that they had not had the full worth of their guinea, nor risen to the full significance of the rite, if there had not been, besides meats and wines, a full allowance of tumid and second-rate oratory into the bargain. To a sensible man this may seem extremely funny and incredible; but then so do a great many other things which we are still constrained to admit as actually existing. How anybody who could dine peaceably and meditatively at home or at his club on a piece of meat and a pint of wine, should yet prefer to eat mediocre mixtures in a noisy crowd with a cento of wearisome and, in the main, meaningless speeches to follow, must remain a mystery. That men do entertain this preference is also likely to remain a fact. From the reports of the speeches made at the three complimentary dinners of last week, it seems that on each occasion the Chairman and the hero of the evening contrived to steer clear of sheer nonsense and vacuity. But for the rest, don't let us reason about them; listen and look and pass on as swiftly as may be.

It must be a serious nuisance, even to a vain man, to have to pay the penalty of a banquet, if he should venture to give up his employment, like Mr. Trollope, or to make a journey, like Dr. Macleod and Mr. Dickens. The fat and steaming adulation which is so common on these occasions—indeed for the sake of which, to a certain extent, they are got up—cannot be particularly pleasant even to men who enjoy their reputation. To have praises poured over him and down his back, which would be almost hyperbolic if applied to Shakespeare himself, must make a straightforward man, with some knowledge of himself and his powers, ready to shiver. The moderate-sized mortal perched on a pedestal lofty enough for Jupiter or Apollo must have honest qualms and misgivings. To be made into a Phaethon against his will, and to be forced to course through the heavens, is a grievous fate for him, unless he be forgetful enough or ignorant enough of his own powers to believe, in the intoxication of the hour, that his adulators are doing no more than giving him his due. As a rule, we suspect these affairs afford much more pleasure to small men than to the big man. They are placed in an unusually fine and exalted position. They become the patrons, and therefore the more than equals, of the hero of their evening. The deep gratitude which is always so ostentatiously paraded by the guest is by them taken quite in earnest. They humbly persuade themselves that they have somehow placed the great author under an obligation; that they deserve very well of him; that, if he has written delightful novels, they in turn have provided for him a delightful treat of food and oratory. It is curious to think how many worthy men there are to whom to come into contact with persons of eminence even in this remote way is gratifying and elevating beyond description—to whom it is really a thing to be much thought of that they should have come under the bodily eye of Lord Lytton or Mr. Dickens, and perhaps, in the expansion of the hour of parting, should have seized the hand that wrote *Pickwick* or *Pelham*. This makes them actual friends, or at least acquaintances, of the great man—after a fashion. The contagion of glory is a wonderful force in all these affairs. For some very plain man, with a name absolutely and for ever unknown beyond the limits of a very narrow private circle, to find that name blazoned in the public prints in company with peers and judges and poets, is to cease to be obscure. A ray or two from the divine halo which glitters round the head of the Chairman and the illustrious guest lights up even the humblest and most obscure of the stewards. To pay one's shot for dining with eminent literary

personages is to receive some breath or two of the divine literary afflatus. Who dines with literary men must needs himself be literary; and to have a reputation for being this, especially in very rural and very commercial circles, is to have a right to lay down critical laws to one's neighbours.

The people who insist on finding good in everything may urge that, after all, this extraordinary system of banqueting is a mark of reverence and gratitude for great genius and worth, on the part of the obscurities who crowd to dinners and reflected glory. Perhaps so. And to the veneration and thankfulness we can make no objection. On the contrary, his capacity for these profound emotions is one of the noblest parts of man's nature. It is the form assumed by these sublime sentiments against which it will very soon be high time for plain folk to protest. What is the hidden link which connects veneration with dining? Why, because I like to read skilful compilations of love-letters and ingenious analyses of the more complex phenomena of flirting, should I testify my esteem and love for the writer who can tread this lofty ground with such courage and success by going to eat my dinner in his society in a hot room with a great deal of gas, atmospheric and oratorical? The only answer is, that at least this is no more unreasonable than the ancient practice of presenting him with an utterly superfluous piece of plate. We might just as well have asked why the gracefulness of Mr. Trollope's love-letters, or the vigour and fertility of Mr. Dickens's genius for caricature, or the success with which Dr. Macleod has sown liberal seed in an illiberal land, should have been rewarded with a teapot or an inkstand for which they could have no sort of use. This, however, is the test of all these celebrations. To introduce any consideration of utility is to exhibit a base insensibility to the gushing emotions of the hour. Your goodwill is to be nicely measured by the entire preposterousness of the form in which you clothe it. If you would dine *tête à tête* or in a party of four with the idol, the ceremony would be pleasant and intelligible. But fortunately nothing can be thought of more absurd than the notion of dining with the idol in the company of three hundred other persons. We often laugh at the American custom of serenading a political hero until he consents to come out upon the balcony and make a speech. Is our own practice of dragging the literary hero to Willis's Rooms, and there making him speak, a whit more rational?

#### IRISH WRONGHEADEDNESS.

IRRESPECTIVELY of the folly and criminality of Irish sedition, there are features in Fenianism which it is worth while to contemplate, merely as indications of national character. The speeches of three of the men found guilty at Manchester cannot be read without inspiring mingled feelings of pity, wonder, and regret. We assume the genuineness of these very fine pieces of rhetoric, for we can hardly venture to conceive the possibility of a literary gentleman who would supply felons' oratory to order; and we put aside as irrelevant, or at least unsupported, the suspicion of any *arrière-pensée* in the speakers' minds, prompted by the hopes of a rescue, a pardon, or American intervention. We assume that the words spoken were uttered by the prisoners under the impression that no contingency could occur to prevent the execution of their sentence. Proceeding on this assumption, there is a great deal in their speeches which we could not expect to find in the speeches of Englishmen or Scotchmen under similar circumstances. And what we do find suggests a striking comment, not only on national characteristics, but on certain teaching to which we have recently been listening. It is not only in learned halls and academic groves, as Mr. Lowe tells us, that men learn words instead of things, and that the tinkling of phrases begins to exercise dominion over subjugated minds. What a history have we of this power in the lives of Allen, Gould, and Shore! Here are men, born probably in a class above the lowest, who leave their country to improve their fortunes in a land where handicraft skill of a moderate sort with ordinary perseverance can always ensure a living, and where great industry, combined with average intelligence, rarely fails to obtain something more than a competence. In America it was open to each of these three men to earn in two years as much as would enable them to purchase a small farm, and live comfortably and respectably all their days. They might have gone on as many others have gone on, whether Europeans or Americans, adding dollar to dollar and acre to acre, and have indulged their political propensities by battling for or against the institutions of their adopted country. They might in time have been Democrats or Republicans, and they might have made either the Democratic or the Republican ticket a key to the emoluments of office. They might have become inspectors of police, councillors, aldermen, or even members of a State Legislature. In each of these capacities they might have followed the customs of the country, and bettered their fortunes at its expense. But they did nothing of the kind. They went, and many of their companions went, into the Federal army, and attained probably at least a subaltern rank in it. Instead of turning to good account the resources which an opportune war had placed within their reach, they took to a species of politics which could offer little promise of reward, either in the way of profits or of honours. But the glamour of phrases and traditions was upon them. They were dazed and stupefied by the blinding visions of their own imaginations. The tags of old speeches, fragments of old song, were in their minds and on their lips. "The Green above



the Red," "The Shan Van Vocht," and "Native Swords" alternated in their recollections with some appeal of Meagher's or some peroration of O'Connell's. They had no special knowledge of any Irish wrongs. Some of them had never suffered, others had never witnessed any sufferings more than fall to the lot of all men, in all countries, who are not born to independent fortunes. But they had heard from their fathers and their mothers that there was once a time when misgovernment and injustice were strong in Ireland, and they inferred that they are strong as ever. They had equally little knowledge of Irish history, Celtic chiefs, or land-titles. They took up the tale of ancestral persecution, and assumed to themselves the duty of vindicating their ancestral rights. If called upon to define what their rights and their wrongs were, they would have had little else to advance beyond the vague traditions of obsolete disinheritance, the obnoxious existence of landlords, and the tyrannical exaction of rent for the occupation of land. But, to an Irishman transported to a region in which land is unstinted and equality universal, the conditions of owning a superior and renting a farm would be intolerable. This peculiar hardship he would fuse in one common alembic with his country's wrongs, and go in for Fenianism. Lost in his own illusions, he would not see that his adopted countrymen were laughing at his folly, nor would he recognise in their exhortations to sedition the simple indication that they considered him a nuisance to themselves. Deceived by the feigned sympathy of those who wanted to get rid of him, as much as by his own fatuous speculations on an Irish Republic, he would extend the sphere of his conspiracies from New York to Toronto, from Toronto to Dublin, from Dublin to Manchester. At no stage of his career would it ever enter his mind that he was doing anything very wicked or very foolish. He would neither have counted the odds of a contest with the British Government, nor have analysed the elements of his own grievance against it. He would know nothing of the actual state of the country, of the economical conditions which govern the distribution of wealth, of the incapacity of any Government to alter or control them. All his knowledge would be centred in half a dozen phrases, of which "Green Erin," the "Sassenach spoiler," the "Saxon tyrant," the "Irish Brigade," the "Men of '98," the "Old lords of the soil," were the most frequently repeated. And with these on his lips, and a vague notion of an Irish Republic on his mind, he would go to do battle against half Ireland and all England. When he found himself in the felon's dock for a crime which in almost every State of his adopted Republic is punishable with death, he would deliver himself of such declamation as Allen, Gould, and Shore indulged in last week. He would launch, as they launched, into invective against the "imbecile and tyrannical rulers" who oppressed his native land; he would, as they did, defy death with the same passion with which he had previously defied law. He would proclaim himself and his friends as inveterate enemies of the Government under which they were born, and seal by his fate his devotion to a cause which he had imperilled rather than advanced by his zeal.

This is the behaviour of the convicted prisoners. They have been, up to the last hour of their trial, full of enthusiasm, passion, and a kind of heroism. In this respect they have been very Irish. An Irishman will say that we could not award higher praise than by crediting his countrymen with the gifts of passion, poetry, and self-devotion. We admit that the qualities we have awarded them are the qualities which, in certain proportions, enter into the composition of greatness. We acknowledge that they are not the qualities which a Scotchman or Englishman would exhibit in the same condition. But we go a step further, and say that very few Englishmen or Scotchmen would allow themselves to be placed in the same predicament as these men. Not that Englishmen or Scotchmen are devoid of the imaginative faculty. Their imagination, however, is many-sided, and takes in many views of a subject. It has not the fervour, neither has it the narrowness, of the Celtic genius. It has fewer illusions, and is proof against the spell of phrases. No one can assert that the countrymen of Scott and Burns are not as richly gifted with the poetic faculty as any Irishman. No one can say that the race which twice within one generation suffered the horrors and the penalties of civil war, in loyal devotion to a family little worthy of such loyalty, is incapable of the most romantic enthusiasm. No one who has seen the English people glowing and heaving with some great and widespread sentiment, such as made the first Reform Bill and the repeal of the Corn-laws inevitable, can doubt that it too is susceptible of the strongest emotions. No one who witnessed the long processions of footsore and haggard Chartists in 1839 and 1848 can doubt that the very poorest among us may be wrought on by a deep and powerful political feeling. Yet no average Englishman or Scotchman, however great the interest he took in the political question of the day, would be likely to pursue the course taken by Gould and Shore. Unlike the Irishmen, Scotch and English Radicals would look to all the bearings of any subject which engrossed their attention or excited their enthusiasm. They would ask themselves what was the best remedy for their grievances; then, whether the best was the most practicable; and lastly, whether anything they could do of themselves and for themselves could mitigate the grievances which galled them, without involving them in extreme courses. There were many Chartists in England and Scotland whom the events of 1848 disabused of their hopes of coercing the Government of the country. What did these men do? In the first place, they did

not go about declaiming poetry or blank verse, or a prose more poetical than either. Some of them went to the land of their political yearning, and in the uncleared soil of the United States learned to exchange the vocation of politicians for that of farmers. Others stayed on in the old country, and, seeing that they could not mend its institutions, determined to try if they could not mend their own fortunes. They abided their time, they disseminated their own opinions, or they set about obtaining what they sought in a different manner. But many of them gave up politics, and took to work of some kind; and found out that, after all, England was worth living in, though it had not got the five points of the Charter. One thing they did not do. They did not run their heads against a stone wall in honour of a verse or a phrase. Had these men lived in Ireland, and devoted themselves to Irish questions, they would have set about their reforms in a very different fashion from the Fenians. They would have employed the legitimate instruments of free speech, a free press, and petition, to obtain redress for glaring and admitted evils. They would have confined themselves to practical remedies, and not have launched out into impracticable theories. If the Church had been their grievance, they would have taken stock of the statistics applicable to it and its rivals. They would not have resolved on destruction so much as reconstruction. Had the land question vexed them, they would have fixed on some test-case, have brought it before the Courts, and proved whether the land laws abetted wrong. Whatever else they might have done, they would not have conceived the project of founding a Government on the basis of anarchy, and reconstituting property on the basis of spoliation. They would have shown in their conduct less of the warmth, impulse, and temerity of youth than the Celtic champions of freedom. But they would have exhibited a prudence, a foresight, and a strategy such as ought to win the lasting respect, if it did not win the immediate admiration, of neutral spectators. And the different feelings which they excite illustrate the contrast between the political virtues of Irishmen and those of their more thoughtful fellow-subjects. The one race is the unfailing victim of the buncombe in which it deals; the other deals in it but rarely, and still more rarely believes in it.

#### THE CLOSE OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

WHETHER the Temple of Janus is to remain shut or open—and some of our public instructors are never quite certain in what way War or Peace is symbolized by those difficult gates—the Temple of Peace, at any rate, will be soon erased from the Plain of Mars. There is always an outburst of sentimentalism at the closing of one of these Great Exhibitions, and the departing angels scream a sorrowful elegy over the vanity of human things, and the necessity which rules that all that is brightest must fade. We shall not needlessly disturb the euthanasia of "the greatest, the richest, the best-arranged, and the most instructive Exhibition the world has ever seen," nor can we pretend to be of that Sacred Hierarchy "who have really thrown themselves into the Paris Exhibition." It is not given to every man to be a cosmopolitan, and the art of appreciating Exhibitions as a whole must be the possession of those favoured geniuses who understand everything. It is a sublime thought to have presented to you the crown and essence of all human things; and to embrace in one view all arts and sciences, the triumphs of peace and war, all that religion in its manifold and perplexing aspects, and much that charity in its activity and eccentricity, can do for the benefit of mankind—to say nothing of a little epitome of the history of the world from the days of lake dwellings to those of a *salle évangélique*, illustrated by a history of labour only some four thousand years in extent—is a glorious conception. Its only fault or difficulty is that it is too glorious, too sublime, too magnificent. Poor little humanity resents this infinity. We are affronted at our own insignificance, and we get surly and annoyed at all our glories and our own inadequate conception of them. Not but that at Paris there was quite enough to satisfy either element in Hamlet's soliloquy. There was what might almost exaggerate the godlike apprehension of humanity, and there was at the same time what might suggest even to Mr. Disraeli whether ape or angel had the best title to our genesis. We are not sure whether proficiency in machinery and rifled guns and fictile fabrics is among the characteristics of the New Jerusalem; but there can be no doubt that a witches' Walpurgis Nacht came nearer to the ethnological monstrosities and drinking-saloons and dram-shops which were, after all, the most popular departments of the French Exhibition. A French idea alone could have so arranged the great lesson of life that gold—almighty gold—should be enshrined in the innermost adytum of the sanctuary, and that the Holy of Holies should be the home of the coinage of all the world, while the guinguette and the loose-zoned graces in the persons of sham hours and shabby Hebes should administer every variety of Stygian nectar and the ambrosia of Hades, in the uttermost ring of what, as a whole, it would have puzzled Dante whether to assign to Hell or to Paradise. In other words, while we are ready to assume that the world was fairly enough represented both in its past and present at Paris, one need not be a cynic to be impressed with the conviction that, as Mr. Squeers observes, "Human natur's a rum'un" if it can be at once so grand and grotesque. It was this combination of splendour and meanness, of all that ennobles and much that debases, which after all made the Exhibition a melancholy place to that much-labouring person the philosophic visitor.

But happily the philosophers were in a minority. People sent their goods to Paris to be sold, and other people went to Paris to buy them, or, as in London and elsewhere, to look in at the shop-windows, and turn over the goods, and talk to the counter-men and counter-maidens, and do what the ladies call a day's shopping. This was, to nine people out of ten, what came of throwing themselves into the Exhibition, and they threw themselves into it with all their hearts and very impaired digestions. It suited the French Emperor to get himself visited by Czar and Kaiser, and he did get himself visited. It suited him to have a very great Exhibition, such a one as the world never saw before, and he had it. This estimate begins and ends the Paris Exhibition. Such as the world never saw before; a eulogy which, for vagueness, is exactly the same as the universal formula by which ladies describe their sensations—"I never saw the like." No doubt it was the very biggest collection ever collected, and the building which contained the biggest collection was the very ugliest even in the long catalogue of uglinesses which have been devoted to this purpose. It is now discovered that this ugliness of the casquet is a providential event, if not arrangement, and that the casquet was meant to be ugly in order to set off the jewel. Besides this general principle which requires that all Exhibitions should be hideous, there was a special reason why a Paris Palace of Industry should be most hideous. As one object of the display of 1867 was to show off Paris, so the structure of the Champ de Mars was purposely contrived to be beyond conception vile, to act as a foil to the beauty of Paris. This ingenious thought was, it must be admitted, successfully carried out; and if it looks like an afterthought, its ingenuity is enhanced. And, moreover, this the last Exhibition was not only the largest, but the most scientific in its arrangement. Pass round the ellipse, and you got everything classed according to its idea; pass backwards and forwards, and you got a glimpse of the geography and ethnology of the world. Only keep to the circulating idea, and you might compare cotton with cotton, glass with glass, and pictures with pictures; take to the diagonals, and you might get through your England in ten days, and your Venezuela in ten minutes. Extremely scientific and accurate all this, to be able to attain either or both of these two great didactic functions of an Exhibition; if a visitor were but a docile machine, and could restrain his roving eye, and never venture to refresh his jaded interest by a little unscientific variety. If we dared, we would venture to doubt the existence of the purely scientific visitor. We suspect that the stern and austere student who only went to Paris to learn was either altogether mythical or confined to those much suffering gentlemen who draw up reports for the *Illustrated London News*. It is only given to the heavenly bodies to be for ever and ever completing scientific ellipses. All this is of course on the supposition that the double arrangement was carried out at Paris, which was by no means the case. The world's facts, or at any rate the world's "exhibits"—as it is the fashion to call shop goods—did not quite fit the scientific planner's compasses and measuring tapes. Relative values and quantities, and the great law which was to be deduced from them, got complicated, and dislocated by disturbing elements. The completeness, after all, was a pretty theory, but it was not a fact. Some countries—our own amongst them—have got rather sick of these bazaars; they do not always pay, and they are almost the only advertisements which cannot be depended upon. What the butchers and fishmongers find to be to their interest the shopkeeping mind generally has discovered. An open market, and a comparison of stalls and stores, keeps prices down; and on the whole, just as purveyors find that it answers better to dot isolated food shops about a great city than to concentrate them in a Poultry or a Fish Street, so English manufacturers find they gain nothing by showing their goods on a counter close to their Flemish or French rivals. So that, if some countries will not exhibit, and some trades are afraid to exhibit, the comparison of national industries is after all illusory. At any rate it was so at Paris.

Perhaps, however, this is an aspect of the Paris Exhibition which we adopt only to soothe our mortified vanity. We shall be told that, when we say that the materials for a complete comparison of the industries and trades of all the nations of the world were not forthcoming in the Champ de Mars, we only say this because in so many departments we were fairly beaten. There is some truth in this. That we only came off second-best, if we did come off second-best, is not to be denied. It could not perhaps be otherwise. France was on the spot, and took care to secure the lion's share of space. Besides which, for the first time, France, with an ingenuity of administrative skill which quite equals the shrewdest of Yankee notions, not only made every country find itself in fittings and accompaniments, but contrived, like a prudent widow who lets lodgings, to screw her own housekeeping out of her lodgers' pantry and cupboard. To foreigners this Exhibition was the dearest yet devised; and, as is not likely to be forgotten, we in England were, we regret to use the word, swindled by the Imperial Commissioners. We were asked on a visit, and then told that we were to find ourselves. This incident has made us sulky; and it has certainly done much to disgust English exhibitors. Though, after all, our national vanity must admit—and the more completely and the sooner the lesson is learned the better—that if we had done our best and sent our best, and displayed everything that we have got to display, we should have been in too many departments of industry defeated, and in some cases ignominiously defeated. In saying this we make every allowance. In this contest, as in some others, we have taught the

barbarians arts in which they have excelled their teachers; and we have so often defeated savages that at last they have learned to conquer their conquerors. We know that cheap labour abroad is an ugly condition under which our English beef-eaters and wheat-eaters have to compete with the consumers of bouillon and the earners of a shilling a day. But, to say nothing about arts in which it is hopeless to attempt to rival French taste or the instinctive appreciation of elegance and refinement which is indigenous in India, it must be owned that the large orders which English manufacturers have, during the last six months, sent to Flanders and Germany and France, and all in consequence of this Paris Exhibition, for machinery are very alarming; and not the less alarming in the present state of the English labour-market and the practice of strikes and Trades' Unions. Nobody ever yet came out of a competitive examination with perfectly fraternal and affectionate feelings either towards the examiners or the successful candidate; and there are reasons enough why Englishmen should not be so very enthusiastic about the French Exhibition. It has answered at least one grand purpose. Although French authorities say that French trade, on the whole, has not benefited by the show, still France, or what is more France than France itself, has benefited by it. The Emperor has not only most fully vindicated his place in the sacred ranks of sovereigns, but he has received his brethren almost as satraps. It is much that the pre-eminence of the world, not only in trading matters but in politics, has been so emphatically asserted for Paris. The year 1867 has done much towards establishing the boast that Paris is the capital of the world; and Paris certainly never behaved better, nor looked better, nor made more money. When your entertainer is all smiles and courtesy, and sparkles over with geniality and profusion, it does no good to go much below the surface. That surface was brilliant enough, and in its way pleasant enough. If we only went to Paris to be amused, the Exhibition was amusing enough to those who liked a very peculiar style of amusement. If we had the taste and knowledge thoroughly to appreciate the collection stupidly called the *Histoire du Travail*, we saw a gathering of objects such as not only can never be gathered together again, but which it is an event in life to have seen. If we went to be instructed, there were abundant and curious sources of instruction. But, careless or studious, there was one impression from which no Englishman could escape; and it was that in many of the arts of life, and in all that makes up civilization, we are not quite so excellent, and not so completely the salt of the earth, as we are apt to think; and perhaps that our salt, such as it is, is losing its savour. And for a large experimental demonstration of this admirable and necessary lesson, we are very thankful to the good city of Paris.

#### THE NEW PALL MALL STATUES.

IF great commissions had the gift of making great artists, sculpture would be almost as flourishing amongst us as it was in the days of Pericles. We might afford to laugh at the remark of an eminent French critic, who, in his review of the Parisian Exhibition, repeats what Frenchmen have too often told us, and pronounces that the noblest of the Fine Arts barely lives in England. Unhappily great commissions possess no such desirable virtue. In fact, they may very positively and obviously tend just the other way. Incompetent art is all the uglier, and all the more effective in corrupting the taste of the public and of the artist, the larger its scale and the more liberal its remuneration. People will soon petition for an Act to clear the highways of the colossal obstructions which are multiplying about Pall Mall, as if that quarter of the metropolis, not hitherto supposed to be fanatically devoted to the gods, were given over to idolatry. Nor can we expect better things till people have learned, once for all, that a bad statue is no honour to a hero; that Court favour, or academical rank, or city likings are of absolutely no value in marking a good sculptor; and, if there be but one or two men in this most difficult and rarely-mastered art who can turn out thoroughly good work, that the monument shall not be put up, or shall be put up by them only.

Meanwhile, when we turn to review sculpture in England, with a few brilliant exceptions, we have to submit to the reluctant task of chronicling what is little better than a succession of failures displayed, or failures approaching; though, indeed, with the consolation that we risk nothing in prophesying that we shall have the verdict of the public with us, whether we describe the indignities inflicted on Lord Clyde, or anticipate the pains and penalties in store for Prince Albert when he appears in colossal deformity in Hyde Park. Indeed, we could almost feel a little malicious pleasure in recalling the warning which we once endeavoured to address, without the slightest good effect, to the Committee of the Clyde Memorial. That, it may be remembered, was in the early days of the scheme, when Baron Marochetti's friends were begging in the newspapers, or sending the hat through the rank and file of the army, for the mild sum of 8,000*l.* to complete the design which, they were good enough to assure us, had "obtained unqualified praise from the best judges." As our readers go through Pall Mall, we now request them to compare this modest phrase (which we ventured to translate into the approval of the Committee of selection) with our prediction of what the work was likely to prove—a prediction, let us add, which we supported at the time by a long and well-known catalogue of the Baron's previous performances:—

A great man should be commemorated worthily, or the attempt should be laid aside. Better that Lord Clyde should remain, as Milton said of Shal-



appear, *spunehred in pomp* within the remembrance of his countrymen, than be handed down, till some Commissioner of Public Works directs his removal to obscurity, in one of those images of which, in Hamlet's phrase, one might appropriately say that we should have thought *some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated nature so abominably.* Sir Walter Scott has somewhere drawn a picture which, with all deference to the best judges, we venture to submit as a faithful anticipation of the tawdry style exhibited by the Baron's equestrian performances—the Duke of Orleans, the Cœur de Lion, and the Charles Albert:—

Who comes in foreign trashery  
Of tinkling chain and spur,  
A walking haberdashery  
Of feathers, lace, and fur?

It is thus that Scott gives his design for a sham hero. But is it after this fashion that Englishmen wish to see Lord Clyde represented?

The memorial has been placed in the garden of the United Service Club, and those who go by may judge at once for themselves how far our prediction has been verified. Perched on a tall pedestal they will see a paltry figure, all dress and accoutrements, standing anyhow and doing nothing (unless it be shuffling out of sight with its left hand something which looks like a huge pot), and owing whatever likeness it may have to a well-known picture by Sir F. Grant, of which, in fact, inspection of the print will at once show it to be little more than a reproduction in metal. As for any look of heroism, of character, of life—of all that made Colin Campbell Lord Clyde—there is nothing of the sort. In fact, placed as the figure is upon this round red cylinder, the first thought which has occurred to more than one spectator was of that familiar but unheroic toy known in nurseries as “Jack-in-the-box.” On the whole, and taking into consideration the difficulty in guessing what ignorance and want of taste will do next, we are startled at the literalness with which our prophecy has been fulfilled. Keith and Bishop Newton have nothing like it.

For the figure the sculptor received some aid whilst he could cling to the skirts of Sir F. Grant. In designing the group below, he was left to his own unassisted ability, and here his imagination has been unable to soar above those well-known friends of the sculptor in want of an idea, Britannia and the British Lion. This very tame subject he has, however, treated in a style so grotesquely familiar as almost to give it an air of novelty. A coarse-looking young woman has flung herself down on the beast as if he were a garden seat, after judiciously taking up her dress on each side, to avoid soiling it. She has crossed her legs; her right hand plays idly upon the lion's mane; the left is offering to all passers-by what is less like a laurel-bough than one of the cherry-covered sticks sold to children. Add to this that the bust is covered with scales, whilst from the waist downwards she is in linen; feet bare, and covered with large chilblains, no doubt from exposure to our climate. In short, as the great artists of old produced a “Venus Victrix” or a “Rome Triumphant,” so here Baron Marochetti has been good enough to provide us with Britannia as a street flower-girl. What deep allegory the artist may have concealed beneath this conception of his subject we cannot endeavour to penetrate. But when one has once grasped the idea, what at first seemed pieces of slovenly bad taste, or even proofs of ignorance of art, are seen to be perfectly appropriate. Everything about the unfortunate girl speaks of neglect and impudence. Beside the chilblains on the foot, there is a curious malformation of the toes; the arms have lost their natural form and beauty, and are swollen into rude muscular gatherings; the neck has been weather-hardened into a round mass, of which no sign now remains of the beautiful curves and shapings which, in their natural state, have called forth so many glowing verses from the poets. We need not dwell on the features, in which the wrecks of former comeliness may be traced amidst the brazen stare and general coarsening incident to her profession. Even the body of our unhappy Britannia has so fallen away from neglect, that the folds beneath the waist seem to cut an inch or two into what should be the trunk itself. The British Lion has naturally shared the fallen fortunes of his mistress. A more deplorable and mangy animal has rarely been exposed in a travelling caravan; his paws have no trace of muscular power, nor even of muscular form; and the dreary look of his dilapidated mane and muzzle tell an eloquent tale of a creature fallen upon evil days and into bad hands, and altogether “out of form” and spirits. One can hardly help thinking, as one surveys the melancholy group, how much the 8,000*l.* which was asked to create this masterpiece might have done to bring the lion and the lady out of their sorry plight into something like a look of decent good condition.

Such is the manner in which the army honours Lord Clyde! We should, however, be sorry if our readers inferred that Baron Marochetti's style has undergone that deterioration which sometimes, unfortunately, marks an artist's entrance into the Academy. This group is not more deficient in the elements of monumental sculpture—thought, power, grace, invention, truth to form, refinement in execution—than the long preceding series of the Baron's works. We do not know that he has even charged a handsomer price for it; not more, for instance, than for casting the Nelson Lions, which cost about three times the sum at which they would have been undertaken by persons who would have cast them well and durably. His art, in sober truth, is just what it was when it was laughed down in Paris by M. Planche; and M. Marochetti, in his turn, may now laugh in his sleeve at the English patrons who have made his fortune by believing that Court favour, and flattery, and a foreign title, and the *entree* into some fashionable houses are all the requisites wanted to make an artist, as they have often been enough to make an Academician.

Let us add one word in excuse (such as it is) of our Academy. There was not a finer judge of sculpture in England, or a man with a higher standard of what an artist should be, than the late President. We do not presume to guess at the secrets of Academic elections. But it is remarkable that, whilst Sir Charles Eastlake lived, the author of the Clyde Memorial did not find his way within the circle of the Forty.

Opposite to this group is the statue of Sir John Franklin, modelled within the studio of Mr. Noble. It would have been agreeable, if only for contrast's sake, had we been able to say that the balance of art is redressed on the western side of the place. But Mr. Noble must, we fear, be regarded as another incorrigible in the matter of sculpture, and we can only again lament the want of taste and common sense which led to the employment of an artist whose previous works had not less obviously and decisively proved that considerable practice had not been followed by any approach, however distant, to perfection. For the head the modeller appears, again, to have been indebted to a well-known original portrait of the lamented sailor, which seems to have been rather more faithfully followed than in Lord Clyde's case. Of course a sculptor must create a posthumous likeness from existing materials, and thus far the references we have noted are justifiable. But it must also be required by the laws of the art that it should furnish only the groundwork, and be supplemented, if imperfect, by the artist's power to penetrate and to represent essential character; that it shall not simply copy the whole air and attitude of the original. To observe these conditions obviously requires a great and inventive artist; nor is it necessary to add that they have not been, and could not be, followed either by M. Marochetti or by Mr. Noble.

For the rest, the Franklin need not detain us long. The greater pretentiousness and more extravagant demerits of the Clyde called for detailed criticism; the dead dull commonplace of Mr. Noble's work only provokes silence. The great explorer stands in the attitude of a bad actor; the legs being widely parted, without a corresponding action on the part of the arms, which, like those of Clyde, are timidly glued to the body. The figure has hence no expression of energy or resolution, hardly even of inquiry; nothing whatever to bespeak the man. Nor are these deficiencies compensated by fineness of work, or accuracy in the modelling, as this journal has had too often to complain of in the case of our ordinary sculptors; it is left undecided whether there are any limbs beneath the vague and conventional drapery, which enfolds the figure like a leaden cerement. A large mass of cordage, anchor, &c., behind adds to the gloomy look of the whole.

Lord Herbert, who suffered terrible things at Salisbury at the same hands which have distinguished themselves in the Lord Clyde, has been now modelled by Mr. Foley, for a colossal bronze placed in front of the War Office. This sculptor has been often noticed by us as a sound, if not an imaginative, artist, and in power to model the horse he has rarely been approached in England. When treating the single human figure, he appears less able to free himself from conventionality; the set forms and common expedients occasionally recur; although in this field he has also given us some very satisfactory work, and is in all respects far ahead of most of his compeers. Whether because Mr. Foley's reputation has overcrowded his hands with commissions, or from some over anxiety in regard to the first public statue which he has done for London, this work cannot be held free from some trace of these faults. There is a want of lightness in the mass, and a look of the lay-figure about the management of the draperies, which are gathered in a somewhat confused knot, like that of the Roman toga, about the waist. Nor are the arms effectively disengaged from the figure—a common failing of our bronze statues, arising from reasons on which we have not here space to dwell. The head looks down, the chin resting on the right hand; the left holds the too-frequently repeated roll of paper. This action is graceful, and truly renders one aspect of Lord Herbert's habits of mind; yet one would think it rather appropriate to a philosopher than to a brilliant man of the world and active practical statesman. The sculptor has but one “moment” for the *pose* of his work; this should therefore always be the one which essentially and, if possible, also obviously marks the character.

We are here judging Mr. Foley, as a true artist deserves, by the high standard. It is much, amidst all the inefficient work of the day, to find a figure which really has a *pose* and an idea at all; and we cannot doubt that this point was carefully weighed by the sculptor. The features are sufficiently refined and faithful to Lord Herbert; the sculptural treatment of the face should be compared with the heads of Clyde and Franklin. The bas-reliefs around the pedestal strike us as unequal; the one in front lacks unity of subject from the unimportance of the principal figure; in that on the east side, representing a volunteer review, the officers commanding are well put on their horses, and the chargers themselves are modelled with Mr. Foley's well-known skill and care in this department of art. There is also evidence of care and feeling for nature in the handling of the draperies. If not, as we have said, free from conventionality and crowding, their drapery-like look will be recognised at once by any one who takes the trouble to go on from this statue to the heavy forms of Mr. Noble's, or the careless furrows and unmeaning masses of Baron Marochetti's, which are singularly like the exploits of a boy with his first pen-knife.

We do not know whether the position required it, but the Herbert statue is placed considerably too high for comfortable

study, and would gain much if the lower part of the base could be removed. No memorial figure, where the features are of interest, should be placed on a higher pedestal than one of four feet—a rule which the Greeks seem to have observed with that good sense which, in art, forms nine-tenths of that supposed mystery, good taste. But then the Greeks really loved fine art! And when we love it too we shall have it, and wonder at the folly and the vanity of which we have been compelled to-day to mark our two most signal recent instances.

## REVIEWS.

### THE IRISH EPISCOPAL SUCCESSION.\*

JUST seven hundred and one years ago, a renowned light of the English, and afterwards of the French, Church, no less a person than John of Salisbury, wrote thus. "Erat, ut memini, genus hominum, qui in Ecclesiâ Dei archidiaconorum censetur nomine, quibus vestra discretio vestra omnem salutis viam querebatur esse præclusam. Nam, ut dicere consuevistis, diligunt munera, sequuntur retributiones, ad injurias proni sunt, calumniis gudent, peccata populi comedunt et bibunt, quibus vivitur ex rapto, ut non sit hospes ab hospite tutus. Qui in eis præstantissimi sunt, debent utique servare legem Domini, sed non faciunt." At an earlier time still, so Orderic tells us, a gallant and pious knight in Normandy, finding that his estates were in the diocese of no Bishop, was troubled in conscience therat. He liked not to be thus wholly without a spiritual father. He therefore, by a formal act, put his estates under the spiritual jurisdiction of the Bishop of Lisieux, a city called in the Latin tongue Lexovia. But he made a special bargain in the deed, "ne clerici terræ suæ opprimerentur injustis circumventionibus archidiaconorum." Far be it from us to say that the Archdeacons of the present day are, as a rule, at all like those of the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries. We know, by many admirable examples, that no two classes of men can be more unlike. But we should not be at all surprised if Dr. Maziere Brady thinks otherwise. He at least, if nobody else, "opprimitur injustis circumventionibus archidiaconorum." He is fairly beset by Archdeacons. He is baited by them. He has three of them upon him at once. First is Archdeacon Lee, an assailing whom no man can despise, a divine of acknowledged learning and reputation. Then comes Archdeacon Stopford, of whom we do not remember to have heard before, but who is evidently a great man in his own eyes. Lastly, there is a certain Archdeacon Martin, who does not appear to the naked eye; at least, among all the mass of books and pamphlets before us, we do not discern any bearing his name, and we have learned his existence only from a note in Dr. Brady's book. Besides all these Archdeacons, there is also a Dean, Dr. MacDonnell of Cashel, who writes in the *Contemporary Review*. He, we are bound to say, understands the way in which controversy ought to be carried on much better than Dr. Brady's other assailants. We respect Dean MacDonnell as a theological controversialist who can argue against a brother divine of another way of thinking without abusing him, and who, in a case where the evidence is as conflicting as evidence can be, understands that there is something to be said on both sides.

Archdeacon Stopford of Meath is a disputant of another sort. He is singularly amusing, from his boundless self-assumption and his incapacity to see the point at issue. Into many of the points of detail disputed between him and Dr. Brady we shall not attempt to enter. To confess the truth, the brain grows simply dizzy in trying to follow the succession, the consecrations, the deprivations, the squabbles and fightings of all sorts, which form the history of the small and obscure Irish sees. A man must have a good memory who can remember all the Popes and all the Antipopes; but who can undertake to bear in mind all the occupants and claimants of the episcopal thrones of Killaloe, Kilenora, Killalla, Kilmacduagh, Ardagh, and Achonry? Amidst such a chaos it is only in the course of nature that each disputant should catch the other in a good many mistakes. And when each goes on to accuse the other of misquoting manuscripts, we, who have not seen the manuscripts, must, so far, altogether suspend our judgment. In this sort of controversy the critic who does not care himself to become a disputant can criticize only in a very general

kind of way. But it is very easy to compare the tone and spirit of the disputants on either side. Dr. Brady, worried by Archdeacons on either side, has at last, in the pages of *Fraser's Magazine*, shown that he too can speak out vigorously on occasion. We have nothing to say against the spirit or tone of his article; Dr. Brady does not wax one-tenth part so fierce as his enemies have waxed against him; still the article is essentially a polemical one, and Dr. Brady ends by putting forth practical proposals about the Irish Church which he must expect to see vehemently attacked. But there is nothing of this sort in his original publication—the pamphlet which, in the course of five editions, has grown into a book. When we read it and compared it with Archdeacon Stopford's answer, our first feeling was that Dr. Brady was writing for truth, while the Archdeacon was writing for victory. Dr. Brady put forth an historical proposition, which did not seem to us to be of the intense importance which many people evidently think it, but which, as an historical proposition, seemed fully worth examining. He supported his proposition by arguments some of which appeared strong and some weak, but on the whole we thought that, if he did not absolutely prove his main case, he at least made it far more probable than not. But we at all events saw nothing in Dr. Brady's way of dealing with his subject which was at all inconsistent with the spirit of one who seeks truth for its own sake. We cannot say this of Archdeacon Stopford. He is not only a furious partisan, and egotistical to a ludicrous pitch, but he writes in an amusing style of offended dignity. His grievance seems to be the presumption of a clergyman in the diocese of Meath venturing to think and write on an historical subject without dutifully consulting the Archdeacon who is set over him. The beginning and ending of his book are among the grandest examples of the grand style on record. Mark the offended dignity of the opening:—

It has been represented to me that when the succession of the Irish Bishops has been questioned by a clergyman benefited in the Diocese of Meath, it is fitting that I should notice it.

I have therefore examined a pamphlet entitled "The Alleged Conversion," &c.

I am sensible that Dr. Brady's pamphlet could not justify the length of this reply; but having regard to the question raised in the Irish "Ecclesiastical Record," I think it proper to state the grounds on which a canonical succession of Bishops holding under the crown and the law, and a succession of Bishops holding under the supremacy of the Pope, is to be ascertained: keeping always in mind the canons of the Universal Church.

The ending, too, is like nothing in the world save the proclamation of a French Prefect or Mayor when on his very tallest stilts:—

I undertook in the commencement of this Tract (p. 3) to shew,—

I. That the Irish Prelates have actual and canonical succession.

II. That Roman Bishops in Ireland have neither actual nor canonical succession.

I have now to summarize what I have proved.

He then starts, "Seeing" that "the Irish Church" did so and so, and "that one succession of Bishops" did so and so, and so on—seeing this and that through two pages—and at length announces to his own perfect satisfaction, "I have proved that the Prelates of Ireland have actual and canonical succession." A pause to take breath, and we start again, "And seeing that" this and that for two more pages—

And that such succession, first and last, was in violation of the canons of the universal Church, made specially against the Bishop of Rome (pp. 5, 6); and that such succession never had any foundation save in the alleged supremacy of the Bishop of Rome, claiming by a falsely alleged right Divine to violate and abrogate all laws of the Church universal and of this realm (p. 85);—

I have proved that Roman Bishops in Ireland have neither canonical nor actual succession.

Then follows the solemn peroration:—

I submit to all who value and will maintain the British Constitution, that the Irish and English Churches, as consolidated in the Council of Cashel in 1172, in which the Anglican succession of Bishops has been maintained from that day to this under the common law of England, forms an integral part of the British Constitution which cannot be destroyed without endangering all, for it is "one of those flowers *qui faciunt Coronam*;" and to pluck away this flower would yield to the Bishop of Rome a supremacy successfully resisted for seven hundred years.

Here we have the cream of the whole matter. Certain historical statements are to be rejected, not because of their lack of evidence, but because they would endanger the British Constitution, and give an advantage to the Bishop of Rome. Nobody but a frantic Irish Protestant would think that the British Constitution rested for one jot or one tittle of its being on such rotten props as the Council of Cashel or the succession of Irish Bishops. But even supposing some really important constitutional point was touched, will any man tell us that historical facts are not to be honestly looked in the face because the consequences may be constitutionally dangerous? The man who writes in this way may be an ingenious partisan, a clever defender of his own threatened position, but he can have very little genuine love for historical truth simply as truth. And the spirit of the whole book is the same. There runs throughout an undercurrent of indignation at the audacity of the Irish Protestant clergyman who ventures to inquire into the title-deeds of the Irish Protestant Church. The whole thing is evidently to the Archdeacon not a simple question of fact, but a question of ecclesiastical position. Dr. Brady in short is the traitor within the fortress, on whom his watchful Archdeacon must come down with all the ancient vigour of his order. When people write in this spirit, and go about to be eloquent to boot, it is a proper judgment on them if they become ungrammatical. We perhaps think less of the dignity

\* Facts respecting the Present State of the Church in Ireland. By the Rev. Alfred T. Lee, M.A. Fourth Edition. London: Rivingtons. 1865.

The Alleged Conversion of the Irish Bishops to the Reformed Religion at the Accession of Queen Elizabeth, and the Assumed Descent of the Present Established Hierarchy in Ireland from the Ancient Irish Church, disproved. By W. Maziere Brady, D.D. Fourth Edition, enlarged. London: Longmans & Co. 1866.

Some Strictures on Dr. Brady's Pamphlet, &c.: a Letter to His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin. By William Lee, D.D., Archdeacon of Dublin. Dublin: Hodges & Co. 1866.

The Contemporary Review, No. XI.—Irish Church Politics and Church History. By John C. MacDonnell, D.D., Dean of Cashel. London: Strahan & Co. 1866.

The Unity of the Anglican Church and the Succession of Irish Bishops: an Answer to the Rev. William Maziere Brady, D.D. By Edward A. Stopford, Archdeacon of Meath. Dublin: Hodges & Co. 1867.

The Irish Reformation, or the Alleged Conversion, &c. By W. Maziere Brady, D.D. Fifth Edition, containing also a Letter from James Anthony Froude, M.A., &c. &c. London: Longmans & Co. 1867.

Fraser's Magazine for Town and Country, No. CCCLIV.—The Irish Church in the Time of Queen Elizabeth. By W. Maziere Brady, D.D. London: Longmans & Co. 1867.



of an Archdeacon of Meath than Archdeacon Stopford himself seems to think, but at least he cannot claim the privilege of King Sigismund. Take the Archdeacon's last paragraph, cut away its metaphors and parentheses, and we get this remarkable concord:—"The Irish and English Churches. . . forms an integral part of the British Constitution."

A great part of Archdeacon Stopford's argument is simply off the point. The question as to the succession merely is, Do the present Protestant Bishops of Ireland or the present Roman Catholic Bishops of Ireland—or neither, or both, which are further possible alternatives—derive their episcopal succession from the Irish Bishops who were in possession of sees in 1558? The question has a certain practical connexion with a very important question—namely, the general ecclesiastical and political position of the two Churches in Ireland; but the question itself is one of the narrowest questions of fact. And, as a question of fact, it is of incomparably less importance than the disputants on both sides seem to think. Both sides take for granted that it is a matter of intense moment whether the present Irish Bishops are episcopally descended from the Bishops before 1558. Arguing an ecclesiastical point in an ecclesiastical way, it seems to us to be of no ecclesiastical importance whatever. If a Bishop is lawfully appointed to a see lawfully void, it is of no sort of consequence whether he is consecrated by Bishops of his own province or his own nation or by Bishops from any other part of the world. And if a Bishop be unlawfully appointed to a see which is not lawfully void, his canonical position is not made one whit the better if he is consecrated by Bishops of his own province or nation. To affect the canonical position of a Bishop, either his election or his consecration must be shown to be bad; but his consecration is not shown to be bad simply by showing that the sees of his consecrators are in some other province or nation. It is doubtless decorous that a Bishop of Derry should be consecrated by the Primate of Armagh and two of his suffragans, but it is merely a question of decorum; if need so require, he may be just as validly consecrated by three Bishops from Mesopotamia. Of all Churches in the world the favourite in the eyes of a genuine lover of Bishops is the Episcopal Church of Scotland. There a true succession of Bishops has maintained itself without State help, in the face of a Presbyterian body receiving State help. In the eyes of some zealous Anglicans it is well nigh the model Christian community, and no one doubts that, on all episcopal principles, it is the canonical representative of the mediæval Scottish Church. Yet it is quite certain that the orders of the present Scottish Bishops are not derived from the ancient Scottish Church. The Scottish succession has had to be twice patched up by consecrations in England. But such a process, though it may undoubtedly give some shock to national sentiment, makes absolutely no difference as a matter of canonical order. It strikes us that a good deal of the argument on both sides is wasted. The question of mere succession seems to us to be quite subordinate to two others. There is, first, the canonical question whether the consecrations on either side were irregular or schismatical. There is, secondly, what to our lay understanding seems infinitely the more important question, whether the Church of Ireland, that is, the people of Ireland, gave any real consent to the changes of the sixteenth century, or whether they were not simply forced down their throats by English invaders wherever English invaders were physically able so to force them. The point raised by Dr. Brady as to the mere nationality of the episcopal succession may be of great value so far as it supplies evidence bearing on either of these greater questions, but in itself it is little more than one of the curiosities of ecclesiastical history.

Archdeacon Stopford writes throughout in such a stilted and pedantic style that it is not always easy to know what he means. A great part of the following paragraph, that in which he opens his case, might really as well have been written in Irish:—

I have not to consider the succession of Bishops in a Roman or Sacramental sense; a sense in which it cannot be shown in the See of Rome itself. In Scripture I find Bishops as the chief ministers of the Church. I find the succession of Bishops in each See carefully guarded in the laws of the whole Church from the beginning, in subordination to the objects of their ministry—the preservation of the faith, and of the unity of the Body of Christ; in this view I examine the principles by which succession must be governed.

Nor is it easy to see what is proved by such a flourish as this, which comes in the middle of a section, connected, as far as we can see, with nothing before or after:—

Sir Armoric de St. Laurence, and the two hundred and thirty who with him outdid Thermopylæ, were a fit type of that Iron Race who did establish throughout Ireland a government equal in vigour, and not unlike, to the government of the British in India; subject to like occasional and partial rebellion, but always renewing its strength. Of the greatest and most extensive rebellion which ever existed in Ireland, and which had the greatest foreign support, O'Sullivan Bear (whose family were engaged in it) writes:—"Dumque Hiberni et Angli belligerabant, Hiberni perque partes Anglorum (et erant insania, et cæcitate mentis) sequebantur, usque ad illum magnam et æternum bellum, in quo etiam minor pars Hibernorum ab Anglis defect." (Hist. Cath. p. 83, Kelly ed.)

Somebody in the course of the controversy has pronounced Archdeacon Stopford to be the highest living authority on Irish ecclesiastical history. Perhaps he is; he clearly thinks so himself, as he assumes that all the world is familiar with his writings. "Some years ago I called attention to a judgment of the Council of Constance"—when, where, how, we are not told; we are bound to know without references every scrap which an Archdeacon of Meath has written. Now we are familiar with the names of Dr. Todd, Archdeacon Lee, Mr. Graves, and various other Irish

scholars, but unluckily we never before heard of Archdeacon Stopford. We therefore cannot make the reference to his undated and undescribed work. But the specimen to which he appeals so triumphantly does not give us any very favourable notion of his skill in dealing with a purely historical matter. He supposes that his point is in some way advanced by quoting a decree of the Council of Constance to the effect that "the Church in Ireland and the Church in England were one National Church." What the Council determined was to vote by "nations;" four, afterwards five, French, German, Italian, English, and Spanish. The claim of England was admitted only after some controversy, and in that controversy it was argued, naturally enough, that Ireland and Scotland too formed part of the English "nation." So it was also held that Poland and Hungary formed parts of the German "nation." We cannot in the least understand what this has to do with any question about "National Churches" in the modern sense of those words, or how it at all touches any of the points at issue between Archdeacon Stopford and Dr. Brady.

We cannot go in detail into every minute point raised on either side. Our own impression is that each side has pressed its own statements much too far. The time dealt with was one of confusion and anomalies of all kinds. The Queen on the one side, the Pope on the other, allowed many things which were distinctly irregular according to their several theories. Many Bishops played fast and loose between the two systems. But the prevalent idea that all Irish Bishops except two accepted the Elizabethan changes, that they went on orderly using the Prayer Book and preaching the Queen's Supremacy till the Pope broke in on this harmonious state of things, is distinctly shown to be a figment. Dr. Brady has done good service by making this clear, as it is a point on which narrow and technical controversialists have often relied. He has also done good service in exposing some of the caudals of the Elizabethan Government in Ireland. He has done good service, we mean, to the cause of historic truth; whether he has shaken the foundation of the Protestant Establishment, or plucked flowers from the British Crown, or sapped the British Constitution, or failed in reverence to the Archdeacon who is set over him and who so greatly magnifies his own office, are points into which we do not care to inquire.

#### MR. MORLEY ON BURKE.

THE time has gone by now when it could still be considered an open question whether it was a good or a bad thing to have a philosophy of history. The old injunction to historians, "Give us facts, not your speculations about facts," was very well in its day, and, by insisting on exhaustive and critical examination of authorities, and stern sifting of evidence, contributed much to the stability and seriousness of historic studies. But it was in time perceived that narrators could have their theories as well as other people, that a picture could be to the full as false and misleading as a deduction, and that whatever was said or left unsaid concerning the past involved an hypothesis of some sort. The question, therefore, now is, whether it is better to have our theory expressed or implied, artfully and carefully concealed or frankly expanded to public view; and there can be little doubt, we fancy, which is the preferable alternative. Again, it is felt that history written in the *ore rotundo* style is daily becoming more and more unmanageable. The anecdote-mongers and scandal-mongers, and the lovers of the picturesque, have laboured with such zeal and success that we are threatened to be bewildered and crushed by the never-ceasing stream of facts which is poured upon us. From the prim Dutch garden which history was in the days of Robertson and Hume—embracing little matter and much art—it has become a rank tropical jungle, with no art at all, through which only the strongest and heaviest organizations can force their way. Some open channels of communication must be cut through this oppressive fertility, some causeway or viaduct thrown across the luxuriant wilderness from which a notion of the general features of the country may be obtained. Some theory, in short, on which to marshal the facts of history, is recognised as a necessity. Of course, such theories may be erroneous, and may require correction; most human undertakings have that peculiarity. But the risk must be run all the same.

It is this general principle which has guided Mr. Morley in his survey of the important period comprised in the first half of the reign of George III. No portion of history needs it more. In one sense the history of that period is known with minute accuracy. The mass of details recorded in connexion with it is positively overwhelming. But, as Mr. Morley truly says, it is actually hidden from us by this very circumstance, and "attention has been so exclusively paid to the constant shufflings and combinations going on among Grenvilles and Bedfords and Rockinghams and Shelburnes," that the general plan and progress of the whole are overlooked. The very clearness with which we can realize the individuality of many of the chief actors suggests a delusive semblance of knowledge of the entire stage on which they appeared. We see them move and talk, their features and peculiarities are familiar to us as those of friends—of Johnson laying down the law in his big wig, of Goldsmith gazing on with uneasy admiration, of Reynolds listening with his ear trumpet, of Burke "calling forth all the powers" of the sage of Bolt Court. What more can we want to know about these people, so

near and yet so far, so clean gone and yet so distinctly realized? In truth, we want to know their age as well as them; we want to get beyond all this brilliant talking and animated debating, and to know what was the net outcome of it all; what was in effect done for England—that is, for the wellbeing and happiness of English men and women—in those stormy years; above all, what was prevented from being done for their welfare by the passions and ignorance of the King, the nobles, and the people. A great deal which they planted we have reaped. The taxes we pay, the questions we discuss, the triumphs or the failures in the policy of our own day rejoice or afflict us very much in consequence of the conversations and conclusions arrived at in those club-rooms and lobbies and dinner-parties. Their wit and humour and eloquence are the delight of our leisure, but the realized deeds of wisdom or folly which came of it all are at this moment filling our lives with no small portion of their happiness or misery.

Taking one of the finest characters of that day as his central figure, Mr. Morley has grouped around the towering individuality of Edmund Burke the leading questions and issues of the time, and contemplated them as they affected him, and as he in turn reacted upon them. The book has thus two very distinct elements—a personal one and a general one. To advert to the personal one first, Mr. Morley's view of Burke's character as a politician and a man is broad, generous, and singularly candid. He is not in the least a hero-worshipper, and while claiming for the great Irishman a rank among writers and statesmen which must satisfy Burke's most ardent partisans, he displays with unflinching impartiality the less admirable side of his subject. Two points in the picture he has drawn will attract attention and be variously judged—1, Burke's consistency; 2, his merits as a philosophical writer on politics. With regard to the first, Mr. Morley maintains with great animation that Burke was not inconsistent; that "he changed his front, but he never changed his ground"; that the apparent contradiction between his views in 1770 and 1790 is only apparent, and not real. "He withstood to the face the King and the King's Friends. He withstood to the face Charles Fox and the Friends of the People." Mr. Morley has given to this view a force and consistency it never had before, and with a slight hesitation we are inclined to admit that he has proved his point. He shows that from the very commencement of Burke's career as a writer and speaker anything thoroughgoing, radical, or revolutionary, whether in politics, theology, or ethics, was hateful to him in the last degree. "Seventeen years before the composition of the ever memorable *Reflections* he denounced the philosophers with a fervour and vehemence which he never surpassed"; and Mr. Morley quotes the outrageous passage in which he inveighs against the "infidels, the outlaws of the constitution, not of this country, but of the human race. They are never to be supported, never to be tolerated." It was the same in politics as in religion. Any one who ventured to touch with a finger his fetish, the Constitution, was immediately exposed to the very miscellaneous torrent of his invective. And he applied the same principle in his estimate of foreign countries and events. *Quidam non movere* was truly his motto. Interfere with the established order of things, and you were an atheist, a leveller, a wretch. On this side of the argument Mr. Morley certainly has the best of Mr. Buckle and Lord Brougham. But we venture to think that, while Burke's chronological consistency may be thus defended, it is at the expense of the logical coherence and harmony of his views at any time. And this brings us to the question as to the proper rank due to him as a thinker. Mr. Morley considers that he ought to be placed very high, but here many will differ from him. It is not a question about the shrewd, subtle wisdom of the maxims, the deep practical insight into men and things of the aphorisms with which his works abound. They are quite admirable, but they come from a practical, not a speculative, mind—a mind which holds consistency and symmetry very cheap provided the working results are good, or even if they should be very bad. But for the detestable system which he idolized, and which forced him to stand by with folded arms, uttering words of wisdom while titled incapables were doing deeds of folly, Burke would have put this shrewd practical sense into its proper place, in the wise counsel, the prudent administrative act, the measured well-considered reform. But this man, who might have been the chief of administrators, was never allowed to administer at all, and was thus thrown upon speculation, which he disliked, and not a little despised. It is, therefore, not with Burke the great Minister—the possible English Colbert—but with Burke the reasoner that we have to do, with the thinker who thought peace far safer than truth, and had such a passion for order that he was terribly afraid of progress. A pedantic consistency no doubt often incapacitates for statesmanship; but ought not the principles of a thinker to hang together? Ought he to hold that government exists only for the good of the governed, and yet be filled with such an all but fanatical enthusiasm for the established order of things that he would not suffer the *status quo* to be touched, wherever and whatever it was, in France, England, or America? It was not that, as a man of consummate common sense, he deprecated the discussion of philosophical politics in Parliament. But, as he said himself, "He hated the very sound of them." He thought that such investigations were not only useless, but wicked and monstrous; that to inquire into the principles of government was "like being embowelled of our natural entrails." He rejoices that his countrymen stick to prejudice, and have "not been drawn and trussed in order that they may be filled, like stuffed birds in a museum, with

chaff and rags and paltry blurred shreds of paper about the rights of man." We think there is little of the matter, and still less of the manner, of a thinker in such utterances as these, and they abound in his writings. He had as great a contempt for ideas and ideologists as Napoleon I. himself—a disposition possibly enough useful and becoming in a statesman, but one which sits strangely on a philosopher.

Mr. Morley throws into four massive and well-defined groups the chief questions of domestic and imperial interest on which the action of Burke's genius was more or less manifest—1, The Constitution; 2, American Independence; 3, Economical Reform, Ireland and India; 4, The French Revolution. These were by no means the sole or even the chief political and social problems of moment which were awaiting solution in that day. Indeed Mr. Morley, by one or two significant glances, indicates that he sees far deeper forces at work under these surface phenomena both in the secular and the speculative order. He is quite aware that "the powerful solvents applied by Hume were as potent for destruction in one set of opinions as Adam Smith's book was for construction in another." But these primordial agencies were remote from the practical sphere in which Burke moved, and do not therefore come within Mr. Morley's argument, even supposing that Burke was fully cognizant of their existence and importance, which Mr. Morley is far from pretending that he always was. It is into the confusing maze of daily politics, the tangled mass of parties and interests struggling for power, the noise and the eloquence and the turmoil of Middlesex elections, of risings in Massachusetts, of spoliation and tyrannies in India, of the lurid glare of revolutionary flames in France, that Mr. Morley invites us to go with him; and it implies much wisdom or much conceit not to be thankful to him for his guidance.

English liberty, it is well known, towards the end of the last century underwent an all but total eclipse. "After 1794 the system of government was simply one of absolute despotism." "Fox, Sheridan, and Grey openly averred in 1795 that they thought resistance to the laws was justified if it could be proved likely to succeed." This state of things is commonly explained by the reaction and alarm excited by the French Revolution; and there is no doubt that the explanation is partially true. But it is very inadequate, and Mr. Morley shows that the quasi-servitude of the English people in 1795 was by no means solely attributable to the crimes and follies of their neighbours, but in a very considerable degree to their own misconduct as well. From the earliest years of George III.'s reign public affairs took a sinister turn. The Whig oligarchy was hopelessly selfish, incapable, and corrupt, the people powerless or apathetic, the King obstinate and unenlightened, and bent on extending his prerogative by any means that served. The "prolonged fuss," as Mr. Morley says, "of the Middlesex election" always remained incomprehensible to George III., as it doubtless has to many others. The salvation of English liberty depended entirely on the fact that Burke, and other able and upright men, did very clearly apprehend the magnitude of the issues involved, and that, regardless of the accidental and even scandalous details of the particular case, they resolutely held fast to broad principles of freedom. "The question amounts to this," said Burke to the House of Commons, "whether you mean to be a legal tribunal or an arbitrary and despotic assembly." However, in the matter of Wilkes's exclusion, the people were well led, and knew very well that the arrogant pretensions of the Lower House were hostile to their liberties. The lovers of freedom at last prevailed, and under a Ministry of which Burke was a member the Resolution of Wilkes's incapacity was expunged from the Journals of the House. But this was in 1782, and in the meantime the Commons had received another check. America had been taxed by them, had resisted, and had conquered her political independence. "It was this portentous transaction," Mr. Morley says, "which finally routed the arbitrary and despotic tendencies of the House of Commons, which pretensions the King was now artfully utilizing for his own purposes." Unfortunately, at this crisis the people made common cause with their natural enemies, the oligarchs and the Crown. National and imperial pride filled cobbler with the same arrogance and lust of power as animated Sovereign, Lords, and Commons. It was "our subjects in America, our colonies, our dependants," as Burke said, who were to be put down. England was spared the fatal triumph of her ignorance and ambition, but "public opinion was seriously demoralized by even a temporary infusion of arbitrary ideas into the popular mind." And Mr. Morley brings together two dates with a startling suggestiveness which may not be without bearing on contemporary events. The atrocious legislation of 1794, he says, was "a retribution for the lethargy or approval with which the mass of the English community had watched the measures of 1774." We have not a tithe of the space necessary to follow Mr. Morley in his disquisition on the fundamental misconceptions which pervaded the public mind of that day, and led the nation into these disasters. Two phantoms there were in the pursuit of which the country squandered blood and treasure, and ran the risk of losing its liberties. One was the mercantile system which led to the suppression of the intercolonial trade in 1764—a system, as Mr. Morley says, now happily stone-dead. The other phantom unfortunately still lives to lure men and nations astray—the notion of abstract, indefeasible right, to be vindicated and fought for at any sacrifice of positive well-being and genuine interests.

While we must pass over entirely the chapter on Economical Reform, Ireland, and India, we can do but scanty justice to the



crowning effort of the whole work—the final chapter on the Revolution. Mr. Morley here rises to the full height of his great argument. Since people have left off screaming over the Revolution, and have begun to take pains to understand it a little, it has grown progressively clearer that it is the one great fact in modern history which it behoves all to study and comprehend. Whether the awful light which it cast across the world were celestial or infernal, it is quite impossible to see anything truly if we attempt to shut out its rays. Between reactionists who execrate it and anarchists who worship it, it is difficult for the sober philosophic student of history to pursue the even tenor of his way. Did it do nothing but destroy, did it constitute the modern world and contain the germs of all the future, was it inevitable, was it an unmixed blessing or an unmixed curse? In the midst of these multitudinous and bewildering questions Mr. Morley keeps his temper cool and his judgment calm. He sees that the Revolution was at one and the same time all that its most fanatical friends and bitterest foes ever said for or against it. It was at once cruel and benevolent, destructive and restorative, full to running over with the seeds of good and evil. Especially noteworthy is the assumption throughout this discussion that the Revolution was one of those portentous catastrophes which have their analogues in the natural world, and with which it is worse than idle to connect the puny omissions and commissions of individual men. "Every mass of men, in volcanic moments like the mythic Etna, covers a Titan, and it is by the Titan only that they can be moved." This is a long way from the theory, once very popular, that it was Marie-Antoinette's neglect of etiquette that caused the Revolution.

To the categorical question, what then *did* the Revolution found that was either positive or permanent, Mr. Morley answers that it did much more than set up an institution or furnish a cut-and-dried programme. It created a new atmosphere, moral and political, which could be unperceived only because it was all-pervading. It did not supply rafts to cross the tiny streams of traditional politics, but inspired men with a Columbus-like aspiration and daring to tempt the unknown deep in quest of New Worlds. "A mental expansion," as Mr. Morley justly says, has followed it; and this is observable in literature and philosophy as well as in politics—in the writings of its foes as well in those of its friends. The painstaking men of genius who before the Revolution strove to introduce ameliorations into the decaying régime had not command of the requisite momentum and social forces to carry them out; but

The Revolutionists, like Medea with Æson, used the knife and the fiery cauldron with aspirations, not of repair, but of renewal; not of reform, but of new birth. . . . Men thus got a full glimpse of the possible future which was soon shut out again by the thick curtain of the smoke of battle-fields, but which has lingered in their memories and reappeared in their dreams.

How Burke comported himself in the presence of these tremendous events, how wrong he was—and yet, in another and deeper sense, how right he was—in his judgment of them, must be ascertained by reference to the book itself. The style is terse and incisive, and brilliant with epigram and point. It contains pithy aphoristic sentences which Burke himself would not have disowned. But these are not its best features. Its sustained power of reasoning, its wide sweep of observation and reflection, its elevated ethical and social tone, stamp it as a work of high excellence, and as such we cordially recommend it to our readers.

#### THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.\*

A NEW novel by the author of the *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table* offers a pleasant relief from the long series of insipid and flimsy stories through which the conscientious critic has to plod in the constantly disappointed hope of discovering some flash of original talent. Whatever may be Dr. Holmes's other merits or shortcomings, he has at least two good qualities which insure a certain satisfaction to his readers. In the first place, he is a thoroughly original writer, who always communicates a genuine and characteristic flavour to his writings; and secondly, he has the fortunate incapacity for dullness which results from an indifference to the ordinary expedients for padding. Whether he wishes to be humorous or pathetic, he is content to work out his effects in the fewest possible strokes, and does not spoil them in the effort to force them upon our notice. He has an admirably delicate touch, and even when his wit misses fire, he does not persist in an obstinate hammering upon the same place. It is perhaps unfortunate that, in criticizing an American author, we are generally disposed to inquire into the indications rather of national than of individual characteristics; though it may be inevitable that this should be the case in a literature where we must still look rather for the promise than for actual performance. There can be no doubt that in some respects American writers give ground for great hopes of future excellence; but there are few who have clearly got beyond the pupil stage, and established claims to be judged from a cosmopolitan point of view without favour or allowance on the score of what we may call intellectual provincialism. Of those few Dr. Holmes is certainly one; and yet he has so strong a tinge of his native soil that, in reviewing his books, we naturally consider them as throwing light upon the special tendencies of the American mind. His humour is distinctly his own; it is a natural growth,

not fashioned upon any European model; but it has a certain family likeness to the productions of others amongst his countrymen. There is no department of art in which Americans have developed a more distinctive character than in their humorous literature. We generally recognise an American joke when we hear it, even when it is not expressed in the peculiar slang of the Transatlantic dialect. There is, indeed, nothing more difficult than to put into words the precise distinction which exists between different varieties of humour. An example or two brings the distinction before our minds, but we can hardly say what are the special marks of any of the existing kinds, any more than we can verbally give a notion of a taste or an odour with which we are not previously familiar. To analyse such ethereal essences is one of the most difficult tasks of literary chemistry. Still we may assume that American humour has a characteristic flavour, more easily recognised than described, of which Dr. Holmes has given us some of the happiest specimens. Perhaps we might say that the American variety is generally drier than the English; its admirers might say that it was less gross, and its enemies that it was thinner than ours, as the American is the attenuated or spiritualized Englishman. It is the playful manifestation of the power which, in a less amiable form, we call Yankee shrewdness; it is not exactly naïve, because it is wanting in simplicity; it reminds us of the ingenuity which in practical matters has been applied to the invention of labour-saving machinery; and it often has the quaintness which is natural to an acute mind subject to the defects and advantages of looking at matters with very little respect for ancient formulas. In the *Guardian Angel* there are a good many of such amusing turns of wit as those with which we have already become familiar in the "Autocrat." Such, for example, is the remark (attributed to a kind of Yankee Mrs. Poyser) that "we can't ride to heaven in a C-spring shay"; and a short dissertation upon "squiring brains"; and the ingenious remark upon a disconsolate widower who marries speedily, "that love shuts itself up in sympathy like a knife-blade in its handle, and opens as easily."

This peculiar cast of humour, with which our readers are probably familiar, is by no means the most prominent element in the *Guardian Angel*; but it seems to be the natural product, in one direction, of the very original type of cleverness which the novel illustrates on a larger scale in another. The whole design of the book shows the same curious ingenuity in illustrating a principle which is manifested in the apophthegms we have quoted. Dr. Holmes lets us into his secret in his preface. The *Guardian Angel* is intended to enforce the doctrine already expounded in *Elsie Venner* :—

If [says Dr. Holmes] I called these two stories Studies of the Reflex Function in its higher sphere, I should frighten away all but the professors and the learned ladies. If I should proclaim that they were protests against the scholastic tendency to shift the total responsibility of all human action from the infinite to the finite, I might alarm the jealousy of the cabinet-keepers of our doctrinal museums.

He therefore very judiciously keeps his abstract philosophy—good or bad—out of sight, and treats us to a concrete story which is equally amusing whether it embodies a theory or not. The interest of the *Guardian Angel*, as of *Elsie Venner*, turns upon the phenomenon of inherited instincts and habits. We confess that the way in which this doctrine was illustrated in *Elsie Venner* strikes us as being very superior to the device employed in the *Guardian Angel*. The idea of a girl inheriting in some degree the properties of a rattlesnake was perhaps the most striking way in which the theory could be embodied, just because the effect upon the imagination was independent of the theory. It is essential to a good parable that the abstract doctrine should be thoroughly clothed in flesh and blood; that we should never be bored by coming upon a bit of bare speculation when we ought to be absorbed in an apparently genuine narrative. One could accept the belief that *Elsie Venner's* inheritance was possible to a sufficient degree for story-telling purposes; taken simply and in good faith, her story raised a very pleasing amount of awe; and when we had finished it, we could return to the principle, and feel that it had received a forcible illustration. In the *Guardian Angel*, the illustration is perhaps equally forcible in statement, but it is not worked so effectively into the story. The myth in which the doctrine here takes a substantial form is characteristically expressed as follows :— "This body in which we journey across the isthmus between the two oceans is not a private carriage, but an omnibus"; or, to use less figurative language, the experience of the heroine of the *Guardian Angel* "tends to show that some at least who have long been dead may enjoy a kind of secondary and imperfect, yet self-conscious life, in these bodily tenements which we are in the habit of considering exclusively our own." With the pleasant affectation of scientific gravity which was employed to prepare us for the rattlesnake story in *Elsie Venner*, Dr. Holmes informs us that "no less than eight distinct personalities are said to have existed in a single female mentioned by an ancient physician of unimpeachable authority." For the purposes of the story we are, of course, ready to bow to this unimpeachable gentleman, just as, in Wordsworth's great ode, we accept the doctrine of pre-existence of souls, on account of the sentiments for which it affords a wonderful means of expression. The passing away of a glory from the earth may really be explicable in a simpler manner than by supposing that we have led already a life out of the body; and the inheritance of certain mental and bodily peculiarities does not of necessity imply that our ancestors get into our skins by turns, and influence us by a real presence. Still the poet and the

\* The *Guardian Angel*. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1867.

novelist are justified in adopting any hypothesis that may provide them with the strongest appeals to our imagination. We do not, therefore, complain that poor Miss Myrtle Hayard is tormented by a variety of dead ancestors, after a very disagreeable fashion; but the dead ancestors do not affect us with such a pleasant mixture of awe and wonder as the rattlesnake. Dr. Holmes very properly keeps them in great order; it is part of his design that we should never be shocked by an obtrusively supernatural phenomenon. We are content, whilst reading his pages, to affect a quasi-scientific belief, and to talk as gravely as if the influence of dead ancestors within us were as unmistakable as that of cholera poison. The young lady affected sees one or two strange visions, but they are carefully kept within the border line which divides ordinary human experience from the supernatural. Her visions are at least susceptible of explanation as purely subjective phenomena, and some trouble is taken to show in what way they may have been suggested by the circumstances by which she was surrounded. There is thus nothing which is too shocking for our credulity; but, on the other hand, the ancestral influence scarcely presents itself in a sufficiently tangible shape. From his dread of overcharging his picture, Dr. Holmes seems to us to have erred rather in the opposite direction. The occult influences which are supposed to affect Myrtle Hayard's fate are too much in the background. We become conscious of the design when we read the book with the necessary amount of attention; but we are not constantly reminded of an awful and mysterious agency beyond the reach of our senses, whose working we trace without being quite able to seize its mode of action. In short, Myrtle Hayard's grandmothers and great-grandfathers and other relations do not wield an influence upon her life which is at all equal in its effect upon the imagination to the mysterious rattlesnake. But if *Elsie Venner* had not been previously published, we should have been more deeply impressed by the *Guardian Angel*. The characters that are grouped round Myrtle are those which might be expected in a New England country village; perhaps there are rather too many of them. Myrtle's life has to pass through different stages of temptation corresponding to the various phases of influence of her ancestry; for the different ancestors find allies in the flesh-and-blood characters who surround her. Moreover, there is a rather unnecessary complication of plot, introduced apparently to keep her at a distance from the worthy lover who is supposed to have engaged himself to a very inferior young woman before the story begins. The fault to which Dr. Holmes seems to be most liable is a certain restlessness which induces him to shift the scene rather too often to produce a satisfactory effect. At the same time the characters are sketched with great vivacity, and would be more amusing if they were not a trifle too crowded. There is the Puritan maiden aunt who is such a horrible tyrant in many American stories, and who in this case, as Dr. Holmes tells us, is drawn after a lady who lately beat a girl to death because she wouldn't say her prayers. Her character may be inferred from the following pleasant specimen of a hymn by the excellent Dr. Watts which she teaches her niece:—

Far in the deep where darkness dwells,  
The land of horror and despair,  
Justice has built a dismal hell,  
And laid her stores of vengeance there.  
Eternal plagues and heavy chains,  
Tormenting racks and fiery coals,  
And darts t' inflict immortal pains  
Dyed in the blood of damned souls.

Then there is the over keen young lawyer, the parson who creeps into the houses of silly women, duly contrasted by a venerable old colleague, and the best character in the book, who is in fact the guardian angel. This is an old professor, of great learning and equal shrewdness, who has written an Emersonian book on the universe, of which he is the sole, but the intensely sympathetic and admiring student, with a quotation from which we may conclude:—

Do you want to be remembered after the continents have gone under, and come up again, and dried and bred new races? Have your name stamped on all your plates and cups and saucers. Nothing of you or yours will last like these. I never sit down at my table without looking at the china service and saying, Here are my monuments; that butter-dish is my urn; this soup-plate is my memorial tablet. No need of a skeleton at my banquets. I feed from my tombstone, and read my epitaph at the bottom of every teacup.

We don't know whether Dr. Holmes has taken this precaution, but he will deserve to be remembered for more than the life of an average tea-cup as one who has done much towards raising the standard of American literature in this, we may hope, its still youthful, stage.

#### COPE'S INTRODUCTION TO ARISTOTLE'S RHETORIC.\*

WE cannot but regret that the study of Aristotle's Rhetoric has of late years been suffered to fall gradually out of the course of Oxford work. The Ethics and Politics happily hold their prescriptive place in the University curriculum, and increased attention has, if anything, been drawn to the logical and dialectical writings of the philosopher. Oxford scholarship and science have not often been more signally or appropriately vindicated from any suspicion of falling off than in the admirable edition of the Ethics by Sir Alexander Grant, and the no less valuable translations of the

*Sophistici Elenchi* and the *Posterior Analytics* by Mr. Poste. The greater, we cannot help thinking, is the reproach to the intellectual energy or judgment of Oxford that her teachers and students have relaxed their hold of a treatise so masterly as a piece of philosophical analysis, as well as so closely bound up with the best traditions of Oxford thought, as that of the Rhetoric. The greater, let us add, is our sense of the wisdom that has assigned to this particular study a place of higher prominence in the sister University, and the deeper our gratitude to the Cambridge scholar who has enriched our literature with incomparably the best introduction that has yet appeared to this valuable portion of the Stagirite's philosophy. Mr. Cope had given ample proof of his capacity to deal with this important subject in a series of papers in the *Journal of Classical and Sacred Philology*. Those papers we are glad to find the writer disposed to bring once more before the public in a corrected and expanded form. The subject treated in them was the origin and growth of the art of rhetoric from the earliest times to the age of Aristotle, rather than the analysis or elucidation of that philosopher's own system. The writer was led to travel over much of the same ground as that occupied by Spengel in his *Artium Scriptores*—a work modelled upon, and intended in part to replace, Aristotle's lost *Συναγωγή* *τεχνῶν*—as well as more briefly by Westermann in his *History of Greek and Roman Rhetoric*. Written from an historical point of view, those papers of Mr. Cope's would serve as a further introduction to the work of which he now gives us an exhaustive analysis and an admirable running paraphrase, together with special essays and notes upon the points of exceptional difficulty. When his promised edition of the text shall appear, the English scholar will be armed with an *apparatus criticus* such as has never yet been available in this important branch of study.

Rhetoric, or the methodical culture or practice of the ordinary gift of language and reasoning, is on one side to be regarded as a faculty or power—*δύναμις τοῦ ποιεῖν λόγον*; on the other as an art, *τέχνη*, distinguished from mere native skill or knack by its reduction to principles, and its apprehension of cause and method. In the first rude sense of the word, rhetoric is of course as old as the human intellect, or speech itself. In the more formal or systematic sense, the beginnings of the rhetorical art may be traced to the Greek colonies in Sicily. There its earliest recognised professors, Corax and Tisias, practised and taught and quibbled. By Gorgias and the wandering sophists it was transplanted into Attica, where it met with a congenial atmosphere and soil. Public speaking was in Greece the indispensable condition of eminence and influence in political life. An inordinate love of litigation exposed every citizen to the risks of forensic strife, and left him all but powerless in the courts of law but for some modicum of rhetorical skill. Moreover, as Mr. Cope pithily puts it, there was in Aristotle's younger days Socrates always prowling about, eager to engage somebody or other in duels of dialectical fence. Thus the study of rhetoric had become so fashionable as to have well nigh supplanted the old-fashioned course of training by *ῥωμαὶκὴ καὶ γυμναστική*. No doubt the method of teaching at first in vogue was shallow and empirical, and the maxims of the schools were often crude and trifling enough, until something of what we should now call the positivism of Aristotle came in to methodize what was loose and unscientific, and to give a philosophical basis to the art of speaking. It has, indeed, been a general impression that the revolution wrought by Plato and Aristotle was of a moral, far more than of a formal, character. It has been the fashion to blend together the profession of the sophist and the rhetor, notwithstanding the care of Plato in keeping them apart, under one common sentence of reprobation. In accordance with the modern acceptance of the word "sophist," there has been conjured up the image of a class whose express aim and bent it was to undermine the moral judgment, to confound truth with falsehood, and to teach the use of human speech merely as a cloak for bewildering and cheating the sense of right. Until the time of Mr. Grote, scarcely an attempt was made to do justice to the real claims of that much vilified class of men. Mr. Mill has since brought his critical ability to bear upon the question of their moral character, and the nature of their teaching. It is, then, with some surprise that we find Mr. Cope, with all his expressed deference to these eminent authorities, doing his utmost to re-echo the old, and we should have thought exploded, prejudice of a former period, and endorsing every epithet of abuse which German critics have made popular among us, from Brucker and Ritter to Stallbaum and Brandis. Both in the present work and in his edition of the Gorgias he has laboured to fix upon the foremost of Greek rhetoricians the reproach of systematically perverting his art, so as to "make the worse appear the better cause," not heeding the fact that, in the dialogue that bears his name, Gorgias is represented as emphatically deprecating such a use of it. The scarcely inferior name of Isocrates is made use of throughout as embodying the very type of the plausible and sophistical rhetorician, substituting hollow and unsound reasoning for strict logic and unadulterated fact. Persuasion at any cost of honour or truth was, we are told, the maxim of the whole school. Quickness and dexterity of verbal fence took the place of sound mental discipline and the discernment of truth. Yet even Aristotle, in his utmost rivalry, never speaks of his former master otherwise than with respect. It is true that Dionysius quotes a sneer of Aristotle at the loads of Isocrates' forensic speeches that were everywhere hawked about; yet Aristotle felt no scruple in drawing upon Isocrates for illustrations by wholesale. It may be that the philosopher felt strongly

\* An Introduction to Aristotle's Rhetoric, with Analysis, Notes, and Appendices. By E. M. Cope, Senior Fellow and Tutor at Trinity College, Cambridge. London and Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1867.



the narrow and unscientific tendency of the practice even of the foremost rhetor of his day. A system had grown up of giving to the pupil certain cut and dry bits of eloquence, *loci communes*, stirring appeals, extracts of speeches, or telling "topics," to be learnt by heart. And the whole mass of cram thus provided by the rhetorical "coach" passed as his *ῥιχνή*, art, or method of education. It was not the art of rhetoric in reality which was taught, or any scientific training that was imparted. Mr. Cope here aptly puts his point when he likens a method of this sort to that of making a shoemaker by setting up the apprentice with a lot of ready-made shoes.

It is not by any means necessary to endorse all the commonplace and rather vulgar invective that has been poured upon the fore-runners of Aristotle in order to appreciate the amount of reform actually introduced by the great master into the rhetorical teaching of his day. We are glad to be able to go along with Mr. Cope in his carefully drawn contrast between his author's method and all that we are able to deduce of the comparatively narrow and empirical systems of the preceding rhetorical schools. In one fundamental particular we find Aristotle at once modifying the sophistical definition of his subject. For the art or faculty of persuading, which assumes success to be the rhetorician's all in all, he substitutes the faculty of observing or discovering in every given case the possible means of persuasion—*ὑποθέσθαι περὶ ἕκαστον τὸ ἐνδεχόμενον πειθάνον*. Οὐ τὸ πείσαι ἔργον αὐτῆς, ἀλλὰ τὸ εἶναι τὰ ἐνδεχόμενα πιθανὰ περὶ ἕκαστον. Art does not depend upon the result so much as upon the method employed. A patient may be treated no less *secundum artem* though he should die under the hands of the physician. Napoleon was not the less a general because he lost the battle of Waterloo. So, too, a thorough knowledge of his art will give the rhetorician a mastery of all the tricks and quibbles of verbal fence, though he will disdain to use them; just as the most consummate master of the art of healing will be really the most potent over the means of dealing death. It is in either case the *ἥθος*, the motive or moral temper of the artist, which determines the use of his skill for good or evil ends. Art is conversant with causes and effects in every direction, though differing from science in being exercised in the sphere of the practical and the contingent. The art of the orator or rhetorician, acting upon and through the volition or emotion of the hearer, does not admit of absolute certainty in its results, even where the strictest rigour is observed in its logical processes and the utmost fidelity maintained to facts. This would be to confuse *ῥιχνή* with *ἐπιστήμη* or *θεωρία*, which Aristotle is careful to keep apart. In a loose or popular sense, indeed, we find the terms art and science applied indiscriminately in many cases to one and the same branch of knowledge, and *ῥιχνή* and *ἐπιστήμη* are used as convertible both by Plato and Aristotle. Not only politics, but the useful or mechanical arts, may be thus brought under the category of science. Subjectively considered, all such branches of applied science can be referred to the common head of *ἔξῃς*, the habit of mind in which they originate. In the *Posterior Analytics*, *ἡγεμερία*, *ῥιχνή*, *ἐπιστήμη* are all *ἔξῃς*. In the contrasted definitions of art and science given in the *Nicomachean Ethics*, art in general is divided into two branches, *πρακτικὴ* and *ποιητικὴ*, according as our view ends in the action of the artist or in the production of artistic work. And in the latter acceptance it is defined *ἔξῃς κατὰ λόγον ποιητικὴ*, a conscious active state of the intellect, guided by rules, resting on fixed principles. Rhetoric thus regarded becomes, as Aristotle lays down at the opening of the *Ethics*, a branch of *πολιτικὴ*, the architectonic or master craft, as cognisant of the *αἶδος*, not merely of the *ἔα*, like the subordinate or empirical arts which belong to the *δημιουργός*, not the *ἀρχιτεκτονικός*. This distinction is shared by rhetoric with *στρατηγικὴ* and *οἰκονομικὴ*, the highest amongst the *ἐνθάδε*. Some further distinctions regarding the nature of art are drawn out by Mr. Cope from an interesting chapter at the opening of the *Metaphysics*, and illustrated by the remarks of more recent writers. To follow Aristotle or his commentator through the various subdivisions or branches of the art of rhetoric would be to give to our article too scholastic or technical a tone for the taste of the general reader. We would, however, invite particular attention to the chapters on demonstration or science, dialectics, and rhetoric in their mutual relations, together with that on the syllogism, enthymeme, and example, as modes for functions of proof. As regards the difference between enthymeme and syllogism Mr. Cope had latterly given way to the opinion of Sir William Hamilton, that it lay in the probability of the former and the certainty of the latter. We think him right in reverting to the view which he had himself arrived at in the first instance—namely, that the distinction was really one of form, one premise being suppressed or understood in the enthymeme. On the subject of the *ἀρεταὶ τριτῆς* some excellent observations deserve to be mentioned touching the rules or principles of evidence admissible in Attic jurisprudence, in contrast to the practice of our own age and country.

In his chapter on the lost works of Aristotle on Rhetoric, Mr. Cope sums up clearly and exhaustively the conclusions of the most recent scholars. We think he is right in concurring with Heitz in his answer to the merciless scepticism of Valentine Rose, in accepting as three substantive treatises the works which have been spun out by Diogenes and the "Anonymus" into a list of eight or nine separate titles. The first of these was the *Συναγωγή ῥιχνῶν*, of an historical or critical kind, anterior probably to the extant treatise. It is authenticated by Cicero, who describes

its contents. The second was a dialogue called the "*Gryllus*," the name of a favourite pupil, Xenophon's son, who fell at Mantinea, about which Rose shows himself unjustifiably sceptical. The third was the so-called *Theoetecus*. As to the precise meaning of this term much controversy has been carried on among the various Aristotelian commentators and expositors. After carefully sifting the allusions of Aristotle himself to the work, together with the passages of Cicero and Quintilian which bear upon the question of its authorship, Mr. Cope comes to a conclusion in which he had been unconsciously anticipated by Spalding, but which is not less satisfactory than original. There were in reality two treatises on rhetoric in which the name of Theodectes was involved. There was, first, the treatise written by Aristotle, called *Θεοδικτεῖον*, in honour of his fellow-pupil Theodectes. And there was besides this, 'H Θεοδικτεῖον ῥιχνή, the work of Theodectes himself, who had studied with Aristotle under Isocrates, and was distinguished as a dramatist no less than a public speaker.

If a shade of doubt lingered in any mind as to the spuriousness of the "Rhetoric to Alexander," for a long time attributed to Aristotle, it would be dispelled by Mr. Cope's exhaustive criticism. His searching analysis extends, not only to the technical structure or formal argument of the work, but to the moral temper which pervades the whole. It would be difficult to say on which ground the structure of proof is more convincingly established. The forger has, indeed, in not a few instances, overdone his art, with the aim, as Victorius suggests, of adding to the pecuniary value of his work by fathering it on the great philosopher. He makes Aristotle lecture his former pupil like a schoolboy, forgetful of the change of relations that had taken place now that the little Alexander, to whom he gave lessons at the court of Philip, was in the full tide of his Eastern triumphs. In point of style the work is comparatively loose and unscientific. The logical part is wholly omitted. Many words and phrases occur which are not only unknown in Aristotle's undoubted writings, but opposed to his acknowledged usage. On technical points, such as the classification and analysis of *πίστεις*, the scope and functions of *τεκμήριον*, *ἐνδύμημα*, *σημείον*, and *ἡλεγχος*, the writer's notions stand in thorough contrast with those of Aristotle. In the very arrangement or division of the parts of a speech, a no less characteristic difference appears. The preface or introductory portion is simply a *παρασκευὴ*, or "preparation" of the audience, putting them in a certain frame of mind whereby their good will may be enlisted beforehand, their passions aroused on either side as the case may be, and the weak points in the proofs to follow slurred over. Mr. Cope, it may be, makes too much of the "immoral, or at all events the unmoral character of the treatise, its disregard of all considerations of truth or right in the attempt to carry conviction," which he thinks brought into strong relief. A tolerably close chain of proofs brings the authorship home to Anaximenes, an historian and rhetorician contemporary with Aristotle, whose own art of rhetoric it preceded by a few years. The earlier work is worth studying, were it only for the testimony it gives to the vast philosophical and moral gain secured by the treatise of Aristotle. A new and superior stand-point is laid down by the latter for the student of rhetoric. A work so strongly marked by its philosophical arrangement, as well as so rich in the elements of moral perception, should never be suffered to lose its prescriptive place as an adjunct to both logical and ethical study.

#### CAMBRIDGE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.\*

WE have before us the successful essay for the Le Bas prize on the subject proposed by the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge for the year 1866, "Cambridge in the Seventeenth Century." It is a very entertaining and readable book, commencing with a sketch of the early state of that University in the days of monks and tournaments. Passing on from the days of schoolmen to the revival of letters, and the age which invoked the

soul of Sir John Cheek!

When thou taught'st at Cambridge and King Edward Greek,

it brings us, towards the end of the first chapter, to the age of the Puritans, who left their mark on Cambridge as on everything else that is English. The second chapter passes from the preliminary stage to the real subject, and gives us a glimpse of the University in the age of the Synod of Dort; when "idle plays" and "academical interludes," hovering in the train of the Court, did much to dissipate the studious mind. These were "generally written and acted by members of the University." . . . "No royal visit, nor, indeed, that of any distinguished personage, was considered complete without one or more of these performances." On one such occasion, in 1616, "The great hall of Trinity was the place of performance, and on such occasions could be arranged so as to accommodate two thousand persons. The undergraduates and bachelors were 'the gods' of the theatre, and on their approval or disapprobation the fate of the play generally hung. They smoked, hissed, threw pellets, and set the proctors at defiance." Perhaps the last trace of these "occasional" inspirations has lingered down to almost our own day in the "Tripos verses"—light, airy, and

\* *Cambridge Characteristics in the Seventeenth Century; or, the Studies of the University, and their Influence on the Character and Writings of the most distinguished Graduates during that Period.* By James Bass Mullinger, B.A., St. John's College, Cambridge. London and Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1867.

fluent effusions of the truant Muse—although these too, we believe, under the influence of a more realistic style of scholarship, have become at last nearly or quite extinct. "The gods," however, seem to preserve their divine lineage; and the rowdy ebullitions of the gallery still assert now and then their Olympian pedigree, although genuine uproariousness of animal spirits within modern recollection seems to find its haunt chiefly on the banks of the Isis.

In spite of the protests of Bacon and the complaints of Milton, the schoolmen's cobweb logic continued, during the first half of the century, to engross the attention and perplex the mind of the student. The number of Aristotle's translators and commentators had multiplied, as we learn from a note, which cites Hughes's *Life of Barrow*, to near twelve thousand by the end of the sixteenth century. Ramus's *Logic*, a popular book, and of a new school, did not much mend matters; or rather, in Bacon's opinion, made them worse. Theology, of course, had among advanced students the lion's share of attention, and we read of several high-minded and earnest men who, whether they Arminianized or Calvinized their pupils, seem to have struck some sparks of thought from the mind in the process. The public disputations were then the palestra for the established or rising champions of the Academic ring. Such a one is described by Bishop Hacket, "the Church of St. Mary being scaffolded for that use," where "Mr. Samuel Collins" (created doctor at this commencement) "was called on to stand in the gap, and maintain the truth in three 'Theses against all assailants.'" The imagery of Hacket's description is a curious medley of classics and Old Testament. Collins found a worthy foe in Williams, afterwards Archbishop, and the wordy fray is described in a strain which reminds us now of Dares and Entellus in Virgil, now of Messius and Cicirrus in Horace. It seems to have been the reign of jargon, and we pass over it lightly with the following lively quotation:—

It is impossible, perhaps, in the present day to adequately realize a time when not simply the constant stimulus of newspapers and magazines was wanting, but the greater part of that literature of which we as a nation are so justly proud was still unborn; when Chaucer and Shakespeare and Ben Jonson were as yet the only really national poets; when the inductive philosophy, although attracting attention, was far from commanding deference or assent; when, throughout the long list of divines who adorn our Church, and still live in their influence on posterity, Hooker is almost the only name that had as yet appeared. The only modern literature, indeed, of any recognised value at that time was the Italian, and it is needless to point out of how little avail that literature would then be to the majority of our forefathers.

False taste, pedantry, bombast, and affectation are conspicuous among even the more original minds of such a period, whilst second-rate ones and imitators are absolutely lost in them. We pass over again, therefore, lightly the specimens of the *litera humaniores* which Cambridge has to show at this period, merely pausing to notice the Latin poetry of Milton, which extorted praise even from so grudging a critic as Dr. Johnson. The strife of Puritan and Royalist, which soon clashed fiercely on many a battle-field, was rife already in Academic bowers. On this theme our author wisely says:—

The historians of this period who have during the last twenty years principally obtained the public ear have so uniformly and strenuously espoused the Puritan cause that it becomes necessary at the outset to endeavour to recall ourselves to a somewhat more impartial view of the motives and feelings by which each party was actuated. It has been the fashion with these writers to treat the religious peculiarities of the one party with particular tenderness, and those of the other with particular contempt. The mannerism of the Puritan, his sombre garb, closely cut hair, unstarched linen, nasal twang, and ludicrous nomenclature, have been touched with light and lenient hand; while the minor traits of the Anglican party, of which Laud is selected as the representative, have been treated with unsparring ridicule.

Over several pleasing biographical sketches we cannot now linger as we could wish—those of Jeremy Taylor, better known than the rest; of Joseph Mede, Laud's chaplain, and tutor of Christ's College when Milton was an undergraduate, "though there is no evidence that they came much into contact," and whose "great work, the *Clavis Apocalyptica*, is still a book of some authority with writers on prophecy"; of John Smith of Queen's, whose sermons, addressed to the audience of his college chapel, "are of a very high order," and in whose premature decease at the age of thirty-five his University "sustained no ordinary loss"; of Rust, whose *Discourse of Truth* contains "foreshadowings of Dr. Clarke's celebrated theory respecting the eternal relations of things as constituting the great laws of right and wrong"; of Henry More, in whom more signally than in any other the spirit of Plato lived again; and of Dr. Whichcot, Provost of King's College, who, himself a Latitudinarian in views, was tutor to some of the former, and lived in personal friendship with them all.

Among this calendar of wise and pious names it is strange wholly to miss George Herbert, who, having been Public Orator, as his biographer Walton informs us, in 1619, might surely claim the tribute of a passing notice. His friend and spiritual client, Nicholas Ferrar—or Farrer, as Walton has it—is commemorated as living that life of retirement and psalmody which surprised his friends, delighted his old tutor, and earned the contempt of the Puritans, as "a contemplative idle life, a lip-labour devotion, and a will-worship." Herbert is, indeed, mentioned barely among a string of poetic names on the last page but one, where the author is enumerating his omissions. He is, indeed, so well known as to require any such apology the least of any. Still the essay would, we think, have been the better for a special notice of his gentle fame.

We pass on to the fourth chapter, and the "new schools of thought" which sent an uneasy thrill of alarm through the more

literal "schools" of our ancient Universities, shortly before the century had half run its course. This and Chapter V. are the most highly elaborated parts of the whole essay. The writer appears to have turned over with some perseverance a considerable array of literary authorities. The name of Descartes is of course the leading one, and the impression which the whole leaves upon us, if popular rather than profound, is that the author possesses a considerable power of seizing on the distinctive traits of various and widely differing minds, and of condensing the results into a readable narrative. There is little, we must confess, to convince us of a first-hand acquaintance, on the essayist's part, with the greater portion of the philosophic writers to whom he in this part of the book refers; whilst in several passages involving judgments on important points he is content to follow Hallam, sometimes avowedly, sometimes without any mark of quotation. We will subjoin a few examples in illustration of our meaning. The following passages are from Hallam's biographical sketch of Descartes:—

Descartes was twenty-three years old when, passing a solitary winter in his quarters at Neuberg on the Danube, he began to resolve [revolve?] in his mind the futility of all existing systems of philosophy, and the discrepancy of opinions among the generality of mankind, which rendered it probable that no one had yet found out the road to real science. He determined, therefore, to set about the investigation of truth for himself, erasing from his mind all pre-conceived judgments. . . . He laid down for his guidance a few fundamental rules of logic, such as to admit nothing as true which he did not clearly perceive, imitating the method of geometers (*Hallam's Hist. Lit. Eur.* vol. iii. p. 229, fol. ed. 1839).

The following is our author's paraphrase of the above:—

It was in the winter of 1619 that a young French officer, pacing the snows of Neuberg on the Danube, the solitary scene of his winter quarters, fell into a vein of philosophical speculation. . . . It was now that he began to ponder on the *futility of all existing systems* with which he was acquainted, and the singular disagreements prevalent among mankind respecting alike the methods and the results of scientific investigation. . . . The true road to knowledge, he felt certain, had yet to be discovered, and he resolved to lay aside all the notions he had imbibed, and commence anew for himself; to admit nothing as true that he did not clearly perceive, and, having satisfied himself of the correctness of a few simple axioms, to proceed much after the manner of the geometers of his day.

The next half page of either author runs on in a strain of similar parallelism. Again, Hallam says a few pages further on:—

Descartes was perhaps the first who saw that definitions of words, already as clear as they can be made, are nugatory or impenetrable. This alone would distinguish his philosophy from that of the Aristotelians, who had wearied and confused themselves for twenty centuries with unintelligible endeavours to grasp by definition what refuses to be defined.

Our author thus dilutes the preceding, keeping to a few key-phrases:—

In our own University a heavy blow was inflicted upon the endless and word-splitting definitions of the schools. The barren employment in which for twenty centuries the human intellect had expended its highest powers could no longer maintain its ground. . . . The absurdity of seeking to define words expressive of notions too simple for analysis, when placed in so clear a light, struck dismay into simple logomachists.

In the same way, Mr. Mullinger has two quotations from Dugald Stewart regarding the claims of Descartes in comparison with those of Bacon or Locke, and regarding the fundamental and undefinable character of elementary mental processes. Both are to be found in Hallam, the second with the mark of quotation from him. There is a third quotation from Dugald Stewart which Hallam does not give, but to which he probably refers in paraphrastic language in a later passage on Hobbes, p. 313, "The eulogy of Stewart on Descartes, &c.," comp. Essay, p. 122. As regards the Neo-Platonist school of Cambridge philosophy, he is similarly indebted to Professor Maurice; but here his indebtedness is more generally acknowledged. A statement of the "real difference" between Descartes and Bacon seems at first sight to promise more of originality, but on turning a page back we find the germ of it—and something more—in two quotations given from Cousin and Degerando.

Again, in the estimate given of Cudworth by Hallam, comparing him especially with Hobbes, we read:—

In some respects Cudworth has, as I conceive, much the advantage; in others, he will generally be thought by our metaphysicians to want precision and logical reasoning; and upon the whole we must rank him in philosophical acumen far below Hobbes, Malebranche, and Locke.

Mr. Mullinger has on this subject the following:—

Though scarcely equal to his acute antagonist [Hobbes] in argumentative power, Cudworth was undoubtedly the superior in information.

He proceeds, however, to point out some special defects in Hobbes in a way which places his criticism on a more independent footing. Pursuing the same train of thought, he says of the Cambridge Platonists:—

Nowhere perhaps do their virtues come out in brighter contrast than when sustaining against the philosophy of Hobbes the teachings of a nobler inspiration.

So, when speaking of Cudworth's *Intellectual System*, he says:—

There can be little doubt that the writings of Hobbes were the occasion of its production.

Which in Hallam (vol. iv. p. 187) appears thus:—

Cudworth was one of those whom Hobbes had roused by the atheistic and immoral theories of the *Leviathan*.

And again, in a passage of which we have above quoted the latter part, Hallam says:—

Hobbes is the adversary with whom he [Cudworth] most grapples; the materialism, the resolving all ideas into sensation, the low morality of that



writer were obnoxious to the animadversion of so strenuous an advocate of a more elevated philosophy.

Again (vol. iv. p. 189):—

The language of Cudworth, and indeed the whole hypothesis of a plastic nature, was unable to stand the searching eye of Bayle, who, in an article of his dictionary, pointed out its unphilosophical and dangerous assumptions. Le Clerc endeavoured to support Cudworth against Bayle, but with little success.

Our essayist says:—

Cudworth's theory . . . obtained but little currency; it was indeed exposed by Le Clerc, and feebly defended by him against the sagacity of Bayle, but has failed to receive the sanction of any modern philosopher.

It is perhaps more remarkable that the essayist's comment on a quotation from Cudworth (Essay, p. 170), beginning, "To Hobbes this language must have appeared unintelligible," refers to "language" partly borrowed from Hobbes himself, without apparently any consciousness on the part of the essayist that it was so. Hobbes, as quoted by Hallam, had said:—

The doctrine of right and wrong is perpetually disputed both by the pen and the sword; whereas the doctrine of lines and figures is not so, because men care not in that subject what is truth, as it is a thing that crosses no man's ambition, profit, or lust. For I doubt not but, if it had been a thing contrary to any man's lust of dominion, or to the interest of men that have dominion, that the three angles of a triangle should be equal to two angles of a square, that doctrine should have been, if not disputed, yet by burning of all books of geometry suppressed, so far as he whom it concerned was able.

To this Cudworth, as quoted by the essayist, retorted:—

We believe that to be true which some have affirmed, that were there any interest of life, any concernment of appetite and passion, against the truth of geometrical theorems themselves, as of a triangle having three angles equal to two right, whereby men's judgments might be clouded and bribed, notwithstanding all the demonstrations of them, many would remain at least sceptical about them. Wherefore mere speculation and dry mathematical reason, in minds unpurified and having a contrary interest of carnality, and a heavy load of infidelity and distrust sinking them down, cannot alone beget an unshaken confidence and assurance of so high a truth as this, the existence of one perfect understanding Being, the original of all things.

The words which we have italicized point assuredly to Hobbes, the peculiar *bête noire* of Cudworth. But to say "the language would have been unintelligible to Hobbes," which is probably a slipped popular phrase for "the argument would not have been admitted" by him, is, to say the least, a mode of speaking highly inappropriate.

We think that the supposition that Hallam and the essayist merely followed the same authority is not sufficient to account for all, or for the greater part, of the coincidences which we have above noticed. No doubt it is satisfactory to find a *débutant* accepting the guidance of one, on the whole, so trustworthy in this domain of literature as Hallam; but we think he should have been rather more copious in his acknowledgments. The essay concludes with two chapters which complete the subject; the one chiefly political, giving an account of the troubles which beset the University during the Great Rebellion and Protectorate, and the other marking the new point of departure for study in the foundation of a Chair of Mathematics and of the Royal Society. The two most conspicuous and representative names in the last period of the century which we have travelled over in Mr. Mullinger's pleasant company are those of Dr. James Dupont, the schoolfellow of Busby, scholar and fellow of Trinity, and professor of Greek; and Isaac Barrow, alike famous as a divine, a classicist, and a mathematician. The Book of Job in Homeric hexameters was an exploit of the former. A more significant one, as marking the historical epoch, was a set of congratulatory verses, addressed under the title of the *Oliva Pacis*, to "His Highness the Protector Oliver." The concluding lines are given by Professor Huber, in his *History of the English Universities*, as follows:—

ὦν πᾶς σὺ λαὸς ἐπισημήσει ἄνθρωπος,  
οὐκ ἀγαθὸν πολυκοιρανίῃ ἐς κοίρανός ἐστιν.

As Dupont prepared the way for Bentley, so Barrow passed on his Lucasian chair to Newton—names greater in their respective walks of study than any before or since. But here, just as these great protagonists are appearing on the stage, the curtain falls on the Cambridge of the seventeenth century.

#### ENGLISH WRITERS.\*

IF we must find a fault with the second portion of Mr. Morley's valuable work upon English literature, it is that of occasional exuberance in unimportant details. A book of which the object is to tell the whole story of the development of the English mind is not likely to be too short, even if it confines itself pretty closely within its proper limits; and it has already cost Mr. Morley more than a thousand pages to bring that story down from Cædmon to Dunbar. Antiquarian curiosity may be gratified by learning that Chaucer's salary as Clerk of the Works in Richard the Second's palace from 1389 to 1391 was two shillings a day, and that in 1398 he was reduced to borrow six and eightpence from the King's Exchequer. The mention of a later royal grant to the poet of a tun of wine per year for his life may be condoned on the ground of analogy to the payment in similar kind of later Laureates. But historical gossip of this order is in reality no more relevant to the growth of the English mind than the

manner in which Shakspeare disposed by will of his second-best bed and its hangings; and a profuse notice of such facts, like the elaborate and painful over-accuracy of a modern pre-Raffaellite foreground, distracts attention from the proper harmony and meaning of the great consecutive picture which Mr. Morley is unrolling before us.

Subject to this drawback, and here and there to a rather unnecessary prominence of the writer's personality, the half-volume before us is a thoroughly interesting historical treatise. The first volume embraced the whole period of the formation of the English language, and brought the reader into the presence of Chaucer. The object of the second is to trace the influence of Italian literature upon the expression of English literary thought, from the time of our first great English poet to the dawn of the Elizabethan age; and the present instalment deals with the rise of that influence from the very revival of Italian letters, to the date of the Scotch poet Dunbar, who began to write within a century of Chaucer's death. Mr. Morley rightly points out that, however largely this foreign influence determined the form of English writing, the thought and the tone of our poets remained essentially original and national. However deeply Chaucer was indebted to his study of Boccaccio for the framework, incidents, and even the manner of his tales, the voice and the mind of the teller were throughout English, and not foreign. Nor is less to be said of Chaucer's friend and contemporary Gower, the author of the *Confessio Amantis*. Healthy earnestness of spirit, vigorous sense of right, and a manly morality replace the voluptuous sentiment of Italian or Provençal poetry so uniformly as to give an altogether new character to what, in the hands of weaker adapters, might have been a mere paraphrase. While they wrote as cultivated and well-read lovers of Latin and Italian literature, Chaucer and Gower wrote none the less as Englishmen whose only mission was to place the ripe and useful fruits of their own intellect before English hearers. For those who will take the pains to study them, Chaucer and "old Gower" alike "sing a song" that is still easily recognisable as the purest and most genuine English, both in language and in style.

Mr. Morley reminds his readers, with almost apophthegmatic incisiveness, of what superficial students are apt to forget—the comparative nearness of Chaucer to ourselves in the chain of our island's literature:—

Six centuries before Chaucer, Bede, foremost of Christian scholars, was the historian of England, and Chaucer wrote his *Canterbury Tales* not quite five centuries ago. It would take only seven men living to the age of eighty to transmit from father to son memories of Chaucer himself at his prime. Every man of fifty has lived through more than a tenth of the time since the *Canterbury Tales* were written. It is only because we have done so much during these five centuries, and every stroke of the work has told upon our present, that we are content to look on Wiclif, Chaucer, Gower, and the author of *Piers Plowman*, as men of a remote time who lived in the dim caves about the bubbling sources of our literature. They did not live at the sources of our literature, and they are not remote. Their aspirations were ours, their ways of thinking ours, their battle ours, except that we have the advantage of a few points gained.

With Chaucer our own day begins; but he is not the dayspring of our literature. Long before Chaucer, Alcuin gave light from the English mind to the empire of Charlemagne. It was our Geoffrey of Monmouth who, suddenly invading the sober domain of the chroniclers with a gay troop of masquerading fancies, gave European fame to King Arthur. And when these had grown to a strong body of romance, it was our Walter Map who, with the spiritual breath of his own genius, put into them a Christian soul. In prose and verse, for century after century before the time of Chaucer, there was a literature here of homespeaking earnestness, practical wit and humour, that attacked substantial ills of life; sturdy resistance against tyrannies in Church and State; and, as the root of all its strength, a faithful reverence for God.

In connexion with the fact that Chaucer was not a rude verse-writer struggling with the difficulties of an unformed language, but a highly educated poet in a civilized age, is to be noted the seldom sufficiently recognised harmony of his verses, which, if properly read, are as rhythmic and as musical as English verses can be made. It would indeed have been a fitter subject for wonder if they had been otherwise, since the gifted genius who wrote them was familiar with the varied power and sweetness of Virgil, Ovid, Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio. Yet most of Chaucer's modern readers begin by supposing that his rhythm is uncouth, and are obliged to puzzle out as nearly as they can the true accent and pronunciation of his language by ear and by common sense alone. Mr. Morley gives a few very plain and accurate rules for reading Gower and Chaucer, the observance of which ought largely to facilitate an acquaintance with their real merits as writers of true verse:—

Considering the inordinate stress laid upon rhymes and verbal harmonies by the Provençal school of poets, and all those whom they inspired, it is obvious that no poet of the fourteenth century would have been accounted tolerable if he wrote rugged verse. If the text be accurate, and we pronounce their words as men pronounced them when they were first written, the lines of Gower and Chaucer are, indeed, perfectly smooth. It is hard to suppose that, at a time when throughout Europe even inordinate stress was laid upon mechanical excellence in versifying, our best poets and ablest men were unable to count syllables into sets of eight or ten, and arrange words so that their accents should fall in the proper places; and a closer study of our early writers has removed, during the present century, much of the delusion of ignorance that ascribed to ruggedness of theirs the inability of later readers to return to the old methods of pronunciation. Thus in Gower's English, as in modern German, the word eye is a dissyllable:—

Whose eyē may nothing asterte  
The privetēs of mannēs herte.

So are the words love, name, vice, chirche, pope, write, hera (hear), were, and the like, when a consonant follows; but before a vowel they are monosyllables. The addition of "th" to such words as "make" and "speke" did not, in Gower's time, as now, transform them into dissyllables; but

\* *English Writers*. Vol. II. Part I. From Chaucer to Dunbar. By Henry Morley. London: Chapman & Hall. 1867.

"maketh" and "speketh" were words of one syllable. Let us apply these rules to the reading of what seems to be a rugged couplet:—

And all maketh lovè well I wote  
Of which min herte is ever hote.

Here "maketh" is, as always, a monosyllable, and "love" is a disyllable, because the "e" precedes a consonant; as "herte" in the next line would have been a disyllable, if its final "e" had not been followed by a vowel.

Another point especially to be remembered in the reading of old English is that the French words introduced into the language, being still near to their French source, retained much of their French pronunciation, and that this fact often affects the placing of the accent. The accent now placed on the first syllable was in Gower's time on the last syllable in such words as nature, honest, comin (common), honour, justice, envy (which made envious, as

How Perse after his falsè tonge  
Hath so thenvious belle rong),

purchase, Constance, reason, gracious. In such a word as conscience, we have an example of the accent placed as in French, and the sounding of the final e before a consonant, thus making the word a double stumbling-block to those who require of writers in the fourteenth century foreknowledge of the pronunciation of the eighteenth or nineteenth—

But sone, if thou wilt live in rest  
Of conscience well assised,  
Er that thou slee, be well avised.

As Chaucer's *Troilus and Cressida* was built upon Boccaccio's *Filistrato* (from which, indeed, many stanzas are almost literally taken, though the general colour and moral effect of the poem are as different as English from Italian), so was his conception of the *Canterbury Tales* founded upon Boccaccio's *Decameron*. The contrast between the original model and its transfiguration by Chaucer is as broadly marked here as in the other case. We feel bound, by the way, to remark to Mr. Morley that, in a misquotation from the *Filistrato* which he puts into Cressida's mouth, he has unwittingly and very unnecessarily exaggerated the sensuousness of Boccaccio. Graceful as the frame and the tales of the *Decameron* are, its level of morality is, to say the least of it, not exalted; and the point of view from which one story after another is told is too unvaryingly the same. The personages who tell them are all similar, and similarly situated—young, rich, and idle. The cynicism which is apt to grow out of the contemplation of an overwhelming and irresistible horror like the plague of Florence or the guillotine of the Reign of Terror has turned their hearts to stone and their feelings to sheer ironical indifference. Their only purpose in Boccaccio's garden of delight is "to help each other to forget the duties on which they had turned their backs, and stifle any sympathies they might have had for the terrible griefs of their friends and neighbours who were dying a few miles away." Chaucer's manipulation of his theme is very different. He gathered with a broader grasp characters from the most diverse phases of English society of his day, to weave them into his rich tapestry. In place of ten courtly lay figures in a garden, knight and squire, sailor and merchant, parson and doctor, monk and nun, ploughman, bailiff, and miller, are thrown together in the chance medley of a pilgrimage, with a goal to reach and an object in reaching it. Mr. Morley justly appreciates the author of the *Canterbury Tales* as showing himself, in the breadth of insight into human life and the human mind which transpires through the words and histories of his several speakers, to have been the most dramatic genius of England before the time of Shakespeare. The actual framework of the pilgrimage appears to have been the poet's crowning labour, and was certainly not begun till he had nearly reached the age of sixty. Many of the component stories were probably written separately during earlier periods of his life; but their digestion into one harmonious and balanced whole is the work of the fully ripened and chastened intellect of a man who, like Homer's Odysseus, had seen the cities and known the minds of many men.

Thomas Ocleve, one of Chaucer's school noticed in Mr. Morley's volume, wrote a plaintive eulogium on his great master which at any rate shows the appreciation of Chaucer in his own time by those who were most competent to speak of him:—

O, maister dere and fader reverent,  
My Maister Chaucers, flour of eloquence,  
Mirrour of fructuous entendement!  
O, universal fader in science,  
Alas! that thou thyne excellent prudence  
In thy bedde mortalle mightest not bequethe,  
What eyled dethe, alas! why wold he sle the?

O dethe, thou diddest not harme singulere  
In slaughtre of him, but all this loude it smertethe!  
But natheles yet hast thou no powere  
His name to sle, his hye vertu astertethe  
Unlayne for the, whiche ay us lygly hertethe,  
With bookes of his ornat endityng,  
That is to alle this lande enlumynyng.

Passing northward of the Border, Mr. Morley notices during the period now treated by him the rhyming Scotch chronicler Andrew of Wyntoun, who has preserved an early form of the myth of Macbeth's three weird sisters. Wyntoun knows nothing of an actual meeting of the witches with Macbeth and Banquo, but makes them the creations of a dream. In modern phraseology, he tells his story thus—

He thought, while he was so sitting,  
He saw three women by ganging:  
And those three women then thought he  
Three weird sisters most like to be.  
The first he heard say, ganging by,  
Lo, yonder the thane of Crumbarwey!  
The tother woman said again,  
Of Moray yonder I see the thane!

The third then said, I see the king.  
All this he heard in his dreaming.

Lady Macbeth was Dame Gruoch, Duncan's wife, which supplies a complication of motives for the tragic deed. The impartial chronicler is obliged to add that Macbeth was for seventeen years a good King, attentive to the Church, and

All his tyme was gret plenté  
Abowndand, both on land and se.

Mr. Morley directs his readers' attention to the rarely read poem by James I. of Scotland, "The King's Quair." We have no room for further extract beyond that of a few simple verses from the greater Scotch poet Dunbar, from his "Lament for the Makars" (poets) of his acquaintance whom death has removed from his society. They will irresistibly remind many, as they have us, of Wordsworth's touching lines on a similar theme:—

In Dunfermline he has ta'en Broun,  
With Maister Robert Henrisoun:  
Sir John the Ross embraced has he:  
Timor mortis conturbat me.

And he has now ta'en last of aw,  
Gude, gentle Stobo, and Quintine Schaw,  
Of whom all wichtis has pite:  
Timor mortis conturbat me.

Sen for the Death remeid is none,  
Best is that we for death dispoine,  
After our death that live may we:  
Timor mortis conturbat me.

#### MISS YONGE'S LATEST STORIES.\*

THE accomplished authoress of the *Heir of Redclyffe* is not an idler in the field of literature; we have evidence of her industry and versatility in two stories which she has published recently. In the *Six Cushions* Miss Yonge keeps her old ground; but in the *Danvers Papers* she turns to fresh pastures, and gives us "an Invention," dated 1683.

The *Six Cushions* is the most eminently characteristic of the two, but it is an unfavourable specimen of the well-known style. It is impossible to conceive any sensible man getting through such a volume; but then, it may be argued, the tale was not intended for the sensible man, though this is not expressly stated. It is difficult to imagine what profit or amusement is to be extracted from such puerile pages. The title *Six Cushions* suggests a fairy tale or Eastern fable, and one can sympathise with the disappointment of some imaginative child on discovering that, in lieu of dower, many-tinted pillows for some hour, or enchanted cushions for a fabled princess, these six are votive offerings to be worked in wool for a church. No doubt, to the reprobate mind of such a child the title would seem a delusion, if not a snare. An austere moralist will, however, reply that folly is bound up in the heart of a child, and that the dignity of fiction requires deeper aims than mere amusement. Six cushions, four feet long, have to be covered with needlework of orthodox pattern. The clergyman of the parish wishes the work to be completed in six weeks, for the re-opening of the church, and he desires it to be the offering of those young communicants who had belonged to his class for religious instruction. The young ladies are delighted with the proposal, and eagerly bend forward to listen to Dr. Henderson's conditions, which we will quote:—

"You must remember that this may be called work for the sanctuary, and that it would not be reverent towards its purpose to make it mere idleness for your hands while visiting or amusement is going forward, as to have it discussed by way of gossip. Moreover the work should be entirely your own, and done in time that belongs to yourselves, and not to your parents or your studies; and it must be finished in the six weeks of our absence, or there may not be time to make them up. Even I—little as I know of such affairs—can see that more or less of self-denial and perseverance will be needful in each case; but I am inclined to think," and he gave the smile that especially gained the hearts of his girls, "that there lies the salt of the matter." There was a pleased silence, not without emotion.

Any one may from this keynote imagine the variations—how the moral is pointed, how the tale adorned.

Pleasures of various kinds, even that of flirting for a season, assail the girls. There is a plot amongst the brothers to obstruct the work, for they resent the doctor's pretensions to interfere with the domestic comfort of their holiday, and one great schoolboy puts forth the manly resolution that it is the duty and pride of every free-born Briton to resist priestcraft and spiritual despotism; and, therefore, by way of nipping the evil in the bud, the six cushions are to be thwarted and abolished by all the members of the honourable assembly. This conspiracy rouses some of the girls, the work brings out the character of the workers, and the only one who entirely fails is the quiet lowly girl who expected to bear off the palm. There is a gushing young creature who liked to imagine that her work resembled that of the women who wove the veils and hangings for the Ark, and asked her mamma if it might not be a little like; to which she replied, "Dear child, I like your thoughts; only you know a thing like this must be done in soberness and vigilance." "O, mamma, do you think such a matter could be only one of my flashes in the pan, as papa says?"

The most comical thing in the story is the effect produced by the work on Bride MacLaine, whose canny Scotch mother, Lady

\* *The Six Cushions*. By the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." London: J. & C. Mozley. 1867.

*The Danvers Papers: an Invention*. By the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." London: Macmillan & Co. 1867.



Euphemia, did not at first approve of Dr. Henderson's doctrine of cushions, but ended by confessing her obligations to both. The work "came in as a thermometer" when her daughters' heads were being turned by gaiety. "They had it on their conscience, and there was the proof if they grew neglectful. I do assure you," said candid Lady Euphemia, "it brought mine back to her bearings without one word on my part." Bride nearly fell in love with an idle youth, then tried to repair the work she neglected by sitting up at night, and even gave up a picnic; finding this, the mother adds that then she knew "that her conscience and her cushion had done their work." Another girl, more tender-hearted, is supposed to have worked some of her fancy for the same young fellow into her cushion. At the conclusion of a conversation between the Scotch lady and Dr. Henderson, she tells him that his idea of the teaching of the Church was contrary to her own education and prejudices. So at first she was averse to much which she thought tended "to dizziness and folly and irreverence," which she afterwards saw had been to "these young things a real expression of devotion, and training in it." "Because it tends to the glory of God," said Dr. Henderson.

On these points we know that Miss Yonge expresses the opinions of a considerable party. The drift of her works is too well-known to need to be dilated on, even did we care to enter upon a vexed question in a review of a book like the *Sir Cushions*. We object to such stories because writers exaggerate what is good in itself till it becomes an absurdity. They attempt to create an artificial conscience, and, by over-emphasizing trifles, foster a spirit of morbid self-consciousness—such, for instance, as the doubt which besets one of the writer's model young ladies, who deplores to her sister the waste of time involved in evening parties. "It took her a full hour this afternoon to make those wreaths of heather; and I began wondering whether it was a vanity or one's duty to let them take so much time and pains." Frivolous and uninteresting as the chatter of young girls may be, the indulgence of such scruples only converts them into prigs and casuists. The perception of the ludicrous is not wanting in Miss Yonge; it often restrains her from sermonizing, and it imparts an air of vitality to some of her sensational dialogues, and saves them from utter absurdity. The redeeming characters in the volume are those of Mrs. Rose and her daughter Mary. The mock humility of the mother and daughter, who are satisfied by affecting superiority to worldly delights that are beyond their reach, and their gratification in anticipating the failure of the other cushion-workers, whose fashionable enormities they deplore, are really clever, and unfortunately true to life.

To turn to the *Danvers Papers* is a relief after the puerilities of the *Sir Cushions*, although it is not very lively reading. As an imitation of the style of letter-writing at the close of the seventeenth century the book seems successful, as both phraseology and sentiment are in keeping with the assumed period. There is an air of authenticity about these papers which is well kept up, and the characters invented to suit certain family portraits are cleverly sustained. The Danvers family are hot Cavaliers and High-Churchmen, whilst the heroine of the story is a certain Lady Penelope Bernard, who was brought up under strong Puritan influence, and married against her will to Sir Thomas Danvers, a coarse blustering Tory squire. Lady Penelope is represented as a pale prim girl, rather fretful and sanctimonious. The "Papers" disclose the trials of this loveless marriage and the household discords of the ill-matched pair, Sir Thomas's followers being rollicking and disorderly, while my lady strove to establish "godly discipline" amongst her maidens. Penelope is banished to the country for indiscreetly writing to Lady Russell, and openly displaying her political bias. The lady is high-spirited and obstinate; her strictness, "so far from recommending her religion, drives her husband into worse company and greater excesses than he would ever seek after if she did not shut herself up, and hold aloof from all innocent mirth and pastime." She is resigned and suffering, and clownish Sir Thomas is always offending her by his licence, whilst his wife repels him by her severity. They become still further estranged by the death of an only child, a sick boy, the mother's unremitting care and fears for whom had become wearisome to Sir Thomas. Affliction, instead of bringing them together, only divides them further, as the child dying suddenly, the father is summoned from his cups, and stumbles into the chamber of death. The unhappy lady drives him from her with cutting words of reproach, and the intervention of friends, who perceived how stricken Sir Thomas is, cannot induce her to believe in the sincerity of his grief. Soon after Sir Thomas goes to London, and Lady Penelope is relieved by solitude.

The landing of the Duke of Monmouth at Lyme Regis causes Lady Penelope's Protestant zeal to blaze up; she throws open her house to him, and receives him with all possible honour. She implores the Duke's favour for her Tory husband, and imagines she has done him a service. Sir Thomas returns in great wrath, and can scarcely believe that his wife "has received and banqueted rebels." In fury he rages at the lady, who bears herself like a martyr, and is at last carried to bed in a swoon, when Sir Thomas swears that his father's loyal house shall no longer harbour a traitor. To her great alarm, her husband has Lady Penelope hurried away on board ship, and she "expects to be mewed in some lonely tower, to die in foreign parts." She is, however, only taken to Castle Ballymore, Sir Thomas's property in Ireland. The violence she dreads is a matter of necessity; and though the truth does not become known to her

till long afterwards, the fact is that the reception of Monmouth nearly cost Lady Danvers her life, and Sir Thomas required all his friends' interest, and the sacrifice of the bulk of his fortune, to commute his lady's offence. In their rough banishment we begin to see Sir Thomas's good qualities, and feel provoked at Lady Penelope's temper; so we can excuse his swearing that he would rather she raved like a termagant than drone him crazy with her "accursed submission."

The gist of the book is that an ill-assorted pair may in the long run come together, instead of drifting further apart. Sir Thomas's loyalty to the Stuart cause leads him to take an active part in the Tory politics of Ireland, and he is supposed to be killed at the battle of the Boyne. At the news of his death all the favourable points in his character are revealed to Lady Penelope, who upbraids herself, with the generous violence of her nature, for not having earlier recognised his magnanimity and worth. Fortunately the hot-headed and generous-hearted squire, though cut down, was not left to die on the battle-field, but was carried to a cave, and concealed by faithful Irish tenants. There he is tended by his wife, who braves all danger to nurse him in his concealment. The sequel is readily foreseen. The long-married couple become devoted to each other; they escape from Ireland, and find a happy home in the New World.

In this little book the authoress of the *Heir of Redcluffe* frees herself from the trammels which spoil her *Sir Cushions*; and the result will be satisfactory to Miss Yonge's judicious admirers. In the *Sir Cushions* she has only succeeded in giving a fresh example of the old truth that novels written to inculcate or illustrate a system must always fail as works of pure art.

#### THE POULTRY-KEEPER'S MANUAL.\*

IN illustration of the principle that "it never rains but it pours," this poultry manual came to our hand when the volumes of Tegetmeier, Wright, and Mrs. Arbuthnot were barely out of it. It seemed expedient, therefore, to postpone any notice of it until the subject should admit of being again brought upon the carpet through some fittingness of season or occasion. Perhaps no time can be fitter than the present, when autumn is giving place to winter, and the approach of December is suggesting to plain, practical, work-a-day poultry fanciers the value of such breeds as are hardiest, and can best stand inclemencies of wind and weather, and to breeders for the show-yard the risks and rivalries and triumphs of Bristol and of Birmingham. Both classes will have an interest in the *Poultry-Keeper's Manual*, and, though it may be doubted whether, as a whole, it is as handy and systematic as the three treatises which we reviewed in the summer, it cannot be denied that it is full of seasonable hints, calculated to refresh, on the one hand, memories that may be hazy as to the "standards of excellence" so all-important to the exhibitor, and, on the other, to suggest, to the common-sense henwives who have an eye to winter poultry, prudent choices and precautionary measures. Of course, neither for the book before us nor for any remarks we may make upon it will the "winners of a hundred fights" be the better or the worse; and to the practical farmer or farmeress, no doubt, book-knowledge will always be secondary to experience. Yet things worth knowing are to be learnt from every manual which, like that under review, is a record of collective experience; and while one reader may find a hint to guide him as to choice of breeds for his poultry-yard, another may glean sound advice as to the construction of his houses and runs, out of pages designed to explain and illustrate the whole question of domestic poultry.

One cannot commend too highly the practical hints on selection of stock with which the volume opens, or the clearness with which the right aim of plain common-sense poultry-keeping—eggs and poultry all the year round—is defined. To this end we are counselled to lay in some half-dozen Dorking hens, and as many Cochins-Chinas, both lots to be egg-producers in summer, and the latter to succeed the Dorkings, when they fall off, as winter layers. By observing the habits of both, employing the Dorkings as mothers in the early spring, and the Cochins from April, and arranging relays of early-hatched pullets, when the older hens are worst as egg-producers, in the autumn and their moulting season, it will not be hard to keep up a continuous yield of eggs. To secure good chickens, the *Poultry-Keeper's Manual* prefers the Dorking cock to the Cochins, and would allot two of one of these breeds to the aforesaid dozen hens. The perpetuation of the much bone, little breast-meat, and undue legginess of the Cochins will be avoided by crossing with the Dorking, and a large-sized useful fowl will be the result of the half-breed. But, while they were recommending a cross, the editors of this volume would have done well to suggest Brahma rather than Cochins hens. Some cross with the Dorkings is desirable to get size and aptitude to fatten without the risks of loss incident to breeding the true Dorking in large numbers, owing to its delicacy of constitution. In a very interesting prize essay "On Rearing Poultry in an Ordinary Farm," communicated by Mrs. F. Somerville to the last number of the *Royal Agricultural Society's Journal*, the crossing of five Brahmapootra hens with a Dorking cock is said "to have exceeded the most sanguine expectations." "They are not to be excelled as parents, layers, or sitters; their eggs are large, and the birds very good for the table." It is important also to learn, from the same quarter, that "these cross-breeds stand the

\* *The Poultry-Keeper's Manual*. By Contributors to the "Journal of Horticulture and Poultry Chronicle." London: 171 Fleet Street. 1867.

winter months far better than the pure." Perhaps the neglect of the superior claims of the Brahma to the honours of preference in cross-breeding is owing to the editor's espousal of the much-debated belief that Brahmas and Cochins are in fact both one. "The Brahmapootra," says the *Poultry-Keeper's Manual*, "ought to be called the Black-speckled Cochin China"; and it is added that "the notes upon the habits and qualities of Cochin China fowls (see p. 65) apply exactly to the Brahma." Yet surely, whatever we may think as to the vexed question of the origin of the latter—and there are indisputably some stray arguments for a common origin—candour must oblige us to own that in the one item of *breast* the Cochins and Brahmas differ *toto celo*, so that the fowls cannot be regarded as identical in their present state; and of the two the Brahma has those particular points of superiority which one would fain reproduce in a cross. Mrs. Arbuthnot, if we recollect aright, goes so far as to say that "a cross of the Cochin deteriorates the beauty of all other varieties, and adds nothing to the value of chickens so obtained"; and though this may be a sweeping dictum, yet, if it contains any germ of truth, such of our readers as are inclined to adopt the suggestions of the *Poultry-Keeper's Manual* with regard to breeds will do well to read "Brahma" for "Cochin."

But is it not a defect, in this portion of the volume before us, that it has no alternative hints as to selection of stock? Is there no breed or cross-breed upon which, if tired of Dorkings and Cochins, and the changes rung on them, one may fall back with profit and satisfaction? A pretty good case might be made out for the game fowl, which lays and sits well, takes good care of its brood, is a capital forger, and is not only hardy, but also has a rare tenure of undecayed breeding powers; but we can understand that these are not recommended because their pugnacity, to say nothing of their hereditary love of vagabondage, unfits them for a limited area. Yet surely the French breeds, the Houdans especially, deserve equal attention and favour with Dorkings, Cochins, or even Brahmas. As to the merits of the French varieties, considering their remarkable rise in public repute, the information given by the *Poultry-Keeper's Manual* is certainly scanty. The physiognomy of the Crevecoeur and of the Houdan is so far dwelt upon that one is said to have the face of a satyr and the other of a man (no compliment, by the way, to the latter, since elsewhere the faces of both birds are said to be not unlike); but—saving that the early maturity and small amount of bone of the Houdan chicken, and the table qualities of the Crevecoeur, excellent in everything but its black legs, are commemorated—there is scarcely adequate notice of a race of fowls which, if cultivated to the full, might make poultry as important a staple of English markets and homesteads as it is of French. Enough is not said of that fertility and hardiness in the Houdans, whether adults or chickens, which give us all the prime points of the Dorking without its delicate constitution. The Crevecoeur is, no doubt, a bad sitter; nor is it so hardy as the Houdan; but both are by no means ill adapted to be denizens of a limited poultry-yard, because not impatient of confinement like the game fowl. Before passing from the subject of breeds, a word must be said on what seems to us an inconvenient and unsystematic arrangement of them in the manual before us. This arrangement is alphabetical, and though it is obviously awkward to discuss Anconas and Andalusians before Spanish fowls, yet if the great families were kept distinct, and their members classified under their legitimate heads, nothing would be much amiss. Here, however, Dorkings come next before Ducks; Ducks are followed by Dumpies; and the erect, clean-built Game fowl finds himself in strange proximity to the slouching Goose. This arrangement is not only inartistic, but also confusing; and on that account the pages on "different breeds" would be the better for re-arrangement, the opportunity afforded by which would serve also for adding fuller information as to particular varieties.

Turning to the head of "Poultry-yard and Fittings," our readers will find many useful hints in this manual. Poultry fanciers of limited means and experience will often hope to do the "housing" part of their hobby cheap by calling to aid the tinkering processes of a country carpenter, and generally, after having been thoroughly disgusted by a long bill, will find the accommodation and the handiwork very imperfect. It is in the interest of such that the book before us discusses the question of walls, roofs, &c., and advises that if we have wooden walls to our poultry-houses (brick, no doubt, are preferable) these should be *tongued* after the manner of railroad sheds, and that the corrugated iron roofs of the same sheds might be adopted with advantage—a ceiling, however, being added for the sake of warmth. It would be enough, probably, as in the roofs of iron churches, to have an under-roof of boards, and to lay sheeting of felt between the iron and the wood. A choice of plans for poultry-houses is given in pp. 11–15, and these are all adapted for a limited space. The last plan given is the most ambitious, and provides a long passage at the rear of the sheds, which passage, it is suggested, might be covered with glass, and *grapes grown on the rafters*. But this blending of poultry-houses with vineries is, we suspect, prettier on paper than in practice. It has been tried at Bromley, and nothing can look more deplorable than the vines in the corridors there. "You see, sir," said a common-sense working-man to us in explanation, "fowls like dust, and vines don't." When one finds experience and theory agreed as to the superior healthfulness of fowls that have a liberal grass run, there can be little doubt that "moveable houses" are a grand invention to the poultry-fancier who has even a few acres of land. Mrs. Arbuthnot has testified to her successful adoption of

these, and in this volume we have the authority of M. Giot, and the fact of their use at La Flèche and Le Mans quoted in recommendation of them. To these may be ascribed the remarkable healthfulness and success of Lady Holmesdale's poultry. The happy fowls—"quorum plaustra vagas ritè trahunt domos"—circulate from place to place, destroying insects, worms, and grubs, manuring the stations at which they tarry, and enjoying far more health and fresh air than in inclosed courts. These moveable houses should be kept stationary in some sheltered spot during winter, and begin their peregrinations towards the middle of March. They sometimes with advantage follow the course of the plough in the tillage-field. Messrs. Crook of Carnaby Street advertise a portable house, large enough to roost from twelve to sixteen full-grown fowls (5 ft. high, 3 ft. 7 in. wide, and 4 ft. 6 in. long), for 5*l.* 10*s.*; the galvanized wire run to match the house being an extra, but not a costly one.

The question of "frames for roost," "feeding-troughs," "water-troughs," and suchlike vessels, is also handled in these pages with so much minuteness that the incipient poultry-keeper need never go wrong, if he will recur to them. One of the most amusing and not least necessary diagrams is what we may venture to christen a "sparrow-sell"—a square wire network box, so to speak, the only access to which is a swing door, also of wire, hinged at the top. This, it seems, the fowl can learn to open, but the sparrow cannot. Any one who has watched the audacity of these interlopers in devouring the chickens' food right before their noses will feel a lively satisfaction in mastering the explanatory letters of the aforesaid diagram, particularly the letter "D," which represents "a disgusted and hungry sparrow" in the condition of Tantalus cut off from the fruit "so near and yet so far," or of the Peri outside of the gates of Paradise. Up and down the book occur many remarks, which will, when found, repay a careful perusal. Under the head of "Fattening" it is not amiss that wrong notions should be corrected; for instance, that a fowl which is barely skin and bone can be put up, and fattened into plumpness in confinement; or, again, that any amount of feeding will avail to make a hard fowl tender. "Hardness is the result of age, and the distinction between 'old' and 'not very old' is after a certain age nonsense, so far as eating is concerned. A fowl is an old one at ten months as certainly as at the end of ten years."

Nor is the *Poultry-Keeper's Manual* deficient in appropriate hints to young hands at exhibiting. Old hands, of course, have these things at their fingers' ends; but for such as need a manual, the subjects of preparation and transit are fully yet succinctly gone into, and a sensible distinction is drawn between "fatal" and "venial" defects, which, if well studied, would serve to prevent disappointment. In the latter class are the faults which "fowls have in common with others, and which therefore suffer the same comparison as merits":—

In the former may be classed the absence of the fifth claw on one foot of a Dorking; a falling comb in a Spanish cock; or a crooked one in a Cochin hen; spikes and gills on the head of a Polish cock; streamers in the tail of a Sebright bantam, or a hen tail in that of black or white birds of the same breed; a black breast in a spangled Hamburg or a Polish cock, or a splashed one in a grouse Cochin cock; five claws where four only are correct; four where there should be five; mixture of colour in the legs of the fowls composing a pen; a crooked breast in a game cock; a white breast in a Polish or spangled Hamburg cock; light-hackle in a spangled, and a dark one in a pencilled Hamburg.—P. 45.

Here assuredly is a science in itself. Timid people will perhaps be frightened by so formidable a list. But it seems, for their comfort, that "fatal" faults become "venial" under particular circumstances. When in any class no pen is actually meritorious, and none bad enough for disqualification, "it comes to a weighing of merits and demerits. In a nation of blind people he who has one eye is king." Surely, however, such a victory is not to be coveted, though we can quite understand that the absence of mere fancy points, important only for eye-service, ought not to be considered a grave defect.

The approaching Birmingham show, we observe by the local papers, promises to be an improvement on its predecessors in many respects—particularly as regards the new regulations as to the sale of poultry. Birds will no longer be claimable at catalogue price; but, to prevent trickery, the whole of the prize and commended birds will be put up to auction in Bingley Hall, at the catalogue price, whatever is realized in excess of it being divided between the Society and the exhibitor. It is further noticeable that more special prizes are offered for the French breeds, and that the Houdans and La Flèches are to be placed by themselves, instead of competing with "any other distinct" variety in the miscellaneous class.

But, after all, poultry-keepers' manuals appeal to those whose aim is the market, or the home-consumption, rather than to those who go in for exhibitions; and to such persons we can commend, so far as it goes, the handbook we have been discussing. Its value would be enhanced, however, by revision and rearrangement.

#### LIVES OF INDIAN OFFICERS.\*

(Concluding Notice.)

PASSING by much which Mr. Kaye's readers will linger over with interest in this Walhalla of worthies, it may not be out of place if here we glance briefly at the spirit which actuated and perfected the work of these Indian heroes. In the lives of

\* *Lives of Indian Officers.* By J. W. Kaye. 2 vols. London: A. Strahan & Co., and Bell & Daldy. 1867.



all of them may be traced, with more or less distinctness, that ardent devotion to duty which a famous statesman once condemned by the well-known epigram—*surtout point de zèle*. In the East, where every Englishman is expected to perform the work of half a dozen home officials, and where under such labour, if unsupported by some powerful stimulant, both body and mind must inevitably and speedily succumb, "enthusiasm," as Henry Lawrence wrote, "is not to be despised as the delusion of a heated brain, but it is to be valued as an energy imparted to the human mind to prompt and sustain its noblest efforts." Cut off in a great measure from the influences of home life; isolated among hostile peoples; chafing under the petty yet disconcerting miseries of barbarism, and feeling but too surely a diminution of physical and mental power, our countrymen in India have great need of some soul-stirring aspiration, not merely for the performance of ordinary and present duties, but for ensuring readiness in dealing with any great and unlooked-for emergency. Dante's motto, "Abandon hope all ye who enter here," is singularly appropriate for inscription over that portal of disenchantment through which the mediocre men engaged in the onerous duties of Indian administration too often pass.

This ardent temperament of devotion to work has no necessary connexion with that restlessness—the fruit of ignorance—which unceasingly and unreasonably thirsts for change of old forms or old habits of government. Of course there will always be more than a sufficient number of Anglo-Indian dunces, who, like the people Goldsmith mentions in connexion with his philosophic Chinaman, will be surprised to find a native of India "born so far from London, that school of prudence and wisdom, endued even with a moderate capacity." But the impulsive intuition of Mr. Kaye's heroes is of a very different type, and it is not to men of their stamp that any serious errors arising from unnecessary change can be traced in Indian administration. If, for example, there is a Government which has passed through a more serious trial in this respect than any other, it is that of the Punjab, of which Henry Lawrence wrote, "Whatever errors have been committed have been, I think, from attempting too much—from too soon putting down the native system, before we were prepared for a better." And yet the events of 1857 show how the solicitude for native interests displayed in that province must have (silently perhaps, though without doubt effectually) influenced that ardent enthusiasm for which the Punjab executives were so widely celebrated. In fact, this eagerness for work, and this earnestness in executing it, seem quite compatible with the dictates of a cautious policy. If ever there was a man who invested his duties with the warm colouring of romance, that man was Malcolm. And yet, when engaged on the settlement of Central India, he writes, "The fault I find with the younger politicians is not so much that they despise the natives and native government, as that they are impatient of abuses and too eager for reform. I do not think that they know so well as we old ones what a valuable gentleman Time is; how much better work is done when it does itself, than when done by the best of us." The drawback and dark side to this tendency to idealize the ordinary routine of official duties consists of course in the reaction, the sense of disappointment, the sickness of hope deferred, which from time to time depress an ardent spirit and drag it down to the level of common men. Not the least characteristic and valuable part of Mr. Kaye's volumes is to be found in the numerous pictures of both mental phases as displayed in the private journals or letters of these Indian heroes. Malcolm chafing under temporary supersession; Metcalfe at six-and-twenty saving 3,000*l.* a year as Resident at the Court of Delhi, and yet disappointed with life; Burnes helplessly fretting at Lord Auckland's Afghan policy—these are samples of many appropriate instances adduced in this work of the reaction caused by climate, or by surrounding conditions, on men whose every-day life was passed in a state of high mental tension.

There is perhaps no episode of the history of late years more worthy of study by Englishmen than the series of events connected with our intercourse with what are called the States of Central Asia. For such a study not only involves the consideration of questions of policy a true understanding of which seems day by day more necessary to the permanence of our Indian Empire, but it includes the hazardous adventures of British travellers whose daring enterprise and courage have made known to us those mysterious peoples who now occupy the early haunts of the human race. A large portion of Mr. Kaye's second volume forms an exhaustive narrative—teeming with the vivid incidents comprised in the lives of Burnes, Pottinger, Conolly, and Todd—of our Central Asiatic policy down to the catastrophe of Caubul, a narrative which, although displaying in a striking manner the foibles and shortcomings of Englishmen, is one that any nation might justly be proud of. The first phase of English diplomatic action in Central Asia was due perhaps as much to the anti-Gallican prejudices of Lord Wellesley as to the idea of guarding against the perpetually threatened attacks of Zemaun Shah (the then ruler of Afghanistan) on India. It fell to the lot of Malcolm to be chosen as ambassador for furthering our interests in Persia. Personally, we are told, he made a profound impression on the Persian Court. "His fine stature, his commanding presence, and the mixture of good humour and resolute prowess with which he conducted all his negotiations, compelled them to form a high estimate of the English people." And the favourable first impression which he thus created was of the highest utility when, two years subsequently, the Persian envoy was unhappily shot in an affray at Bombay. The

Governor-General immediately despatched Malcolm to make the best of so untoward a circumstance—an important duty which he appears to have performed with the highest tact. The relatives of the murdered man were indeed treated with such liberality as probably earned him the *sobriquet* of Malcolm the Munificent; and it was afterwards said in Persia that "the English might kill a dozen ambassadors if they would always pay for them at the same rate." The apprehensions of the invasion of India reached a serious height when the war between France and Russia was brought to a conclusion by the Treaty of Tilsit. At this juncture Malcolm was once again deputed to Persia, while Mountstuart Elphinstone and Metcalfe were severally despatched to the Courts of Caubul and Lahore. The results, however, of two of these missions were of no great importance as far as regarded the defence of India, for both Persians and Afghans were fully sensible of the advantages which their geographical position gave them. With Runjeet Sing alone was a defensive treaty entered into, the good results of which endured during the lives of Elphinstone and the Old Lion of the Punjab, the two contractors of the treaty. Among the crowd of Scotchmen who have done such good service in the East by their spirit of adventurous enterprise, was Alexander Burnes, who gives the following summary of his travels in the countries of Central Asia:—

I saw everything, both ancient and modern, to excite the interest and inflame the imagination. Bactria, Transoxiana, Scythia and Parthia, Khazasm, Khorassan, and Iran. We had now visited all these countries; we had retraced the greatest part of the route of the Macedonians; trodden the kingdoms of Porus and Taxiles, sailed on the Hydaspes, crossed the Indian Caucasus, and resided in the celebrated city of Balkh, from which Greek monarchs far removed from the academies of Corinth and Athens had once disseminated among mankind a knowledge of the arts and sciences, of their own history and the world. We had beheld the scene of Alexander's wars, of the rude and savage inroads of Gengis and Timour, as well as of the campaigns and revelries of Baber as given in the delightful and glowing language of his Commentaries. In the journey to the coast we had marched on the very line of route by which Alexander had pursued Darius, while the voyage to India took us on the coast of Mekran, and the track of the Admiral Nearchus.

Arthur Conolly, a young subaltern of cavalry in whom the spirit of adventure was strong, had just previously made an unsuccessful attempt to enter Khiva. He had been plundered by Toorkamauns, and had narrowly escaped being sold into slavery—a circumstance which probably laid the foundation of those ardent aspirations for the abolition of man-stealing in Central Asia which so strikingly influenced his future career, and to which his imprisonment and murder may be partly attributed. Among the politicians employed for the furtherance of our interests in Central Asia, when the great anti-Russian policy was actively entered on, Burnes and Conolly naturally held a prominent place. Another officer (who was deputed to instruct the artillerymen of Persia) was D'Arcy Todd; of whom Wolff remarks, in his *Journey to Bokhara*, that "if the British Government in India could be aware how highly respected Todd rendered the British name throughout Toorkistaun, they would not have sent him back to his regiment." In other words, if a competent man had been at that time at the head of affairs in India, poor Todd would not have been made one of the scapegoats of official imbecility. The fourth officer connected with these affairs of whom Mr. Kaye gives a memoir was Eldred Pottinger, whose courage and constancy contributed so effectually to the preservation of Herat, the well-known fortress at the gates of Hindostan.

How Dost Mahomed was driven out of his kingdom, and how Shah Soojah was set up in his place, and kept there for a brief space by the aid of British money and bayonets, are matters of history with which we have here no concern except so far as they are connected with the fortunes of individual Indian officers. In this view, the whole series of events in Caubul is of the most absorbing interest; and English sympathy must ever be powerfully stirred by the cry of agony uttered by a Burnes as he dies butchered by an Afghan mob, or the broken-hearted wail of the unfortunate Conolly from his Bokharan dungeon. What more touching passage was ever penned than the following, which we extract from Conolly's journal? Speaking of his own and Colonel Stoddart's prolonged imprisonment, he says:—

We had viewed the Ameer's conduct as perhaps dictated by mad caprice; but now, looking back upon the whole, we saw instead that it had been just the deliberate malice of a demon, questioning and raising our hopes, and ascertaining our condition, only to see how our hearts were going on in the process of breaking. I did not think to shed one warm tear among such cold-blooded men, but yesterday evening, as I looked upon Stoddart's half-naked and nail-lacerated body, conceiving that I was the special object of the King's hatred, because of my having come to him after visiting Khiva and Khokund, and told him that the British Government was too great to stir up secret enmity against any one of its enemies, I wept on entreating one of our keepers, the gunner's brother, to have conveyed to the Chief my humble request that he would direct his anger upon me, and not further destroy by it my poor brother Stoddart, who had suffered so much and so meekly here for three years. My earnest words were answered by a "Don't cry and distress yourself"; he also could do nothing; so we turned and kissed each other, and prayed together, and then said, in the words of the Kokundees, "My bish!" Let him do as he likes! he is a demon, but God is stronger than the devil himself, and can certainly release us from the hands of this fiend, whose heart he has perhaps hardened to work out great ends by it; and we have risen again from bed with hearts comforted, as if an angel had spoken to them, resolved, please God, to wear our English honesty and dignity to the last, within all the filth and misery that this monster may try to degrade us with.

We cannot attempt any notice of the lives of Henry Lawrence, Nicholson, and Neill, to which the remainder of Mr. Kaye's second volume is devoted. The events in which these great

men filled so prominent a place are of so recent a date that they are part of the every-day thoughts of Englishmen, at any rate in their more serious moods. The wounds of the great national tragedy and struggle of 1857 are scarcely yet scarred over. Let it suffice here to say that the calm wisdom of Lawrence, the great administrator; the stern impetuosity of Nicholson, the terror and the idol of savage frontier tribes; the moral daring of Neill, the terrible blood avenger, all meet with new and valuable illustration in this work. And, in conclusion, we may remark that Mr. Kaye's present volumes, apart from their value in an historical point of view, may be expected to produce one important result—the attraction of English sympathy to deeds of our countrymen which, from being performed at a distance, and from being exterior to the every-day aims of home life, not seldom escape observation; or, when gaining a certain sort of notice, are too often left unrewarded, and speedily forgotten. Hitherto, unfortunately, there has been plenty of excuse for such indifference; for, if we except Macaulay's sketches of Clive and Warren Hastings, there are few, if any, writings fitted to enlist popular sympathy in Indian matters. Mr. Kaye's work is therefore most opportune, and amply supplies that demand for knowledge about Indian affairs which, it is satisfactory to note, has been for some time past steadily on the increase. And though these biographies cannot be said to elucidate all the wants and capabilities of our Indian Empire, they may at any rate help towards inducing that mood of mind which is the first requisite to a thorough understanding of the problem which we are engaged in working out in the East.

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12 Dessert Spoons....	1 4 0	1 10 0	1 12 0	1 15 0
12 Tea Spoons....	16 0	1 0 0	1 2 0	1 5 0
6 Egg Spoons, gilt bowls....	10 0	12 0	12 0	13 6
2 Sauce Ladles....	4 0	8 0	8 0	9 0
1 Gravy Spoon....	6 6	9 0	10 0	11 0
2 Salt Spoons, gilt bowls....	3 4	4 0	4 0	4 6
1 Mustard Spoon, gilt bowl....	1 8	2 0	2 0	2 3
1 Pair of Sugar Tongs....	2 6	3 6	3 6	4 0
1 Pair of Fish Carvers....	1 4 0	1 10 0	1 10 0	1 10 0
1 Butter Knife....	2 6	4 0	5 6	6 0
1 Soup Ladle....	10 0	12 0	16 0	17 0
1 Sugar Sifter....	3 3	4 6	4 6	5 0
Total.....	9 19 12	12 9 0	13 9 6	14 17 3

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